The Faint, I Treat You Wrong

I don't mean to sound like I want to fight
But the arguments I cause
Make it sound like I might
I've got to prove my point
I've got to show how your wrong
Does the topic even matter?
Whys my throat getting sore?

Tonight I'm gonna touch your hand
And take back every word i said
But not just yet
My head is steaming
I'm busy making you believe me

I know
I treat you wrong
You call me out
I turn the argument around
I'm stomping on shells
They're splashing my face
'cause my toes are too pointed
To tiptoe on eggs

I know I'm right and argue on
You get depressed and fall apart
I make my point but you don't get it
You're busy telling me "forget it"
I don't mean to sound like I want to fight
But if you'd see it my way
We could both see it
Right

Let me say it one more time
You'll agree with me this time
We could both understand
I'll just say it once more
No no no no...

I treat you wrong
You call me out
I turn the argument around
It blows up in my face
And time turns slow
I realize now
You deserve way more