

Therapy?, Gone

I know about the scars on your arms
I know your baby wasn't born
I know that your mum hates your dad
I know that it fucked up your head

Hang on, it's gone
Hang on, it's gone
Hang on, it's gone
Hang on, it's gone

The violence buried away
The violence buried away
The violence buried away
The violence buried away

You know you can share anything
You know I'm listening
You know I'll kiss away the tears
You know I understand your fears

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