

Twenty-nine years into life.
Some things, I still can get right.
Priorities may never be straight.
And that's always a topic for debate.

So I've made up my mind.
I shouldn't be loved.

I play in a band, I work when I'm home.
Why do I feel guilty for the shit that I've done?
I've opened some doors. Slammed just as many.
Opportunity's knocked. So, how can you blame me?
I'm trapped in a life that I have chosen.
My heart's growing colder yet harder to be broken.
Again and again. Again and again.
I'm chipping away at nothing.

So I've made up my mind.
I shouldn't be loved.