

Holding Back

88 Fingers Louie

I can't believe the things I've said
Like all the times I'd hope that you were dead
What's going on inside my head?
To think of you is only making me red

You shut me out and I can't believe it
Was I so blind that I couldn't see it
You offered love and I didn't need it
I'm tired of holding back
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It's getting old, your bigotry
I'm getting fed up with the things you're telling me
Your world's so dark that you can't see
That all your anger is your only energy

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