

## Please

Gontier, Adam

Can't you see that I'm sick of this?  
Chances are, you are oblivious to how I feel  
Sitting on your throne, and I'm sure that I'm not alone

Tell me please, who the fuck did you want me to be?  
Was it something that I couldn't see?  
Never knew this would be so political  
And please, I'm still wearing this miserable skin  
And it's starting to tear from within  
But it's obvious that doesn't bother you, so please

I didn't think that you'd sell me out  
Now I know what you're all about  
You might feel in control of things  
But you're not holding all the strings

Tell me please, who the fuck did you want me to be?  
Was it something that I couldn't see?  
Never knew this would be so political  
And please, I'm still wearing this miserable skin  
And it's starting to tear from within  
But it's obvious that doesn't matter to you

I've swallowed all your answers  
I've swallowed all my pride  
You've used up all your chances  
Can't keep this all inside

Tell me please, who the fuck did you want me to be?  
Was it something that I couldn't see?  
Never knew this would be so political  
And please, I'm still wearing this miserable skin  
And it's starting to tear from within  
But it's obvious that doesn't bother you  
So please, don't keep telling me that it's okay  
I don't buy all the shit that you say  
And quite honestly, I'm fucking sick of it  
So please, if I cut off this nose from my face  
Then I wouldn't feel so out of place  
But it still wouldn't be quite enough for you  
So please