

Nineteen

Alex G

I'm tired of playing the part,
Of a little girl who, can't use her heart.
I'm broken, torn and scarred,
From all the poison, you threw at us.

But you won't know, cuz you can't see,
the tattered child, you've made of me.

You'll follow me, into my dreams
And spit your words, so desperately.
I'll wash my hands of this tragic mess.
And truth can't cure the blind, if they don't care to see.

Nineteen years inside this flesh,
I fought through pain, I've paid my dues,
But that's still not enough for you.
So where do we go from here?
You won't keep me trapped in my fears.

You're sinking in, your selfishness.
We're tainted by, words left unsaid.

You'll follow me, into my dreams.
And spit your words, so desperately
I'll wash my hands of this tragic mess.
And truth can't cure the blind, if they don't care to see.

Did you even notice, the look in my eyes,
When I spoke of him for the very first time?
And do you remember, when you were my age?
Do you remember at all?

Don't follow me into my dreams,
And spit your words so viciously,
I'll wash my hands of this tragic mess,

But truth can't cure the blind,
truth can't cure the blind,
I wish you'd change your mind,
But you don't care to see.!