

So I knew you were fakin'  
About your dreams  
Because when you're wakin'  
Everything's what it seems  
I know you've got roses  
You wanta throw on my grave  
But all the time you  
You can't see doves reign

Oh, doesn't it hurt  
To see me reachin'  
Words and excuses lame  
While it's time for leavin'

So mama don't hit the fruit jar  
I'd rather see ya hit me  
Just 'cause you go too far  
And I'll lose what's real

You'll turn out fine babe  
Like father like son  
I was wasted at the forkroads  
I'm too old to run

Oh, doesn't it hurt  
To see me reachin'  
Words and excuses lame  
While it's time for bleedin'

So if it's pity I need  
Or rejection I bleed  
'Cause I never  
'Cause I never  
'Cause I never  
Asked for nothing

Yea, so mama don't hit the fruit jar  
I'd rather see ya hit me  
Just 'cause you go too far  
And I'll lose what's real

Oh, doesn't it hurt  
To see me reachin'  
Words and excuses lame  
While it's time for bleedin'