

Was it always like this?
Finding new ways to clench my fist.

It doesn't take a genius to prove
I take swings at the things that remind me of my youth.

You'll never keep them guessing
Wearing other people's clothes
So just start confessing.

Mother, Father, Sister, Brother
Everybody knows.

There's nothing you can do to wash away your past.
They'll just laugh and laugh when you ask...

... will it always be like this?