I never got it right, that's how this breaks down. I never see things through, I always carry the weight for you, for you.

And now I hesitate, with every step I take I fear my back might break if I don't leave today.

Always trying to please everyone that I met and I ended up losing it all but all that shit is gone, all that shit is gone.

I guess I felt abused, is that something you choose? In a cheap disguise, I did everything for you.

Always trying to please everyone that I met and I eneded up losing it all but all that shit is gone, all that shit is gone.

All that shit is gone, all that shit is gone. I never got it right, I always carry the weight for you.