

Thought You Were On My Side

Cock Robin

Not without reason have I been wrong
Just a few tough demands
On a personal friend I could lean on
Desperate and selfish, I know that I was
We drank all our fill
But I'd swear there was poison in my cup
Of your good intentions what has become?
I thought you were on my side
Must you add the weight?
You said it would be even
When splitting up the stakes
I thought you were on my side
Were we not the rage?
Down the center line,
What's yours is yours and mine
Just like always

Hurting for freedom, hell-bent for lust
It's an unlikely thing that
I'd keep bumping in
to someone I could trust
I'm far from resigning, though
I'm faint from exhaust
Just because I'm on edge
Do I have to let somebody come push me off?
Is it the belonging, or
something you've lost?

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