I've got a list of things that you put me through
I place the blame, you feel no shame for what you do
You like to think of me simply as a machine
And when it's over, you are the one to lose

I've got a clue
The problem is you
Not hard to choose

Hard to believe that anything you say is true You're not worth listening to, there's nothing left to prove You can't earn back the trust you take, lying was your first mi stake

Now that it's over, you and I are through

I've got a clue
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