

The damage done, the lie is sung
How long you wanted to beat me up?
Well, I appreciate if you don't act like me

And I believe in you about this case
If you traveled this far to spit me in my face
I must really deserve you calling me a fake

Crying in despair, don't know what to wear
Hated the looks they threw at me
But not as much as I sometimes hate myself

And I believe in you about this case
If you traveled this far to spit me in my face
I must really deserve you calling me a fake