

One More Thing To Break

Freedy Johnston

You always tell me
I'm just one more thing to break
You wonder why
I want to fall apart that way

Crack my reason
Wearing you pretty face
Dropped me a couple times
I come around anyway

Demolition by words
Wrecked all over town
Working for one break
Head down, passed out

You always tell me
I'm just one more thing to hide
Your friends don't know me
And they wonder where you go

Take it on another phone
Put-downs in code
I've got my own ring
You might not be alone

Leave me everywhere
Waking up on a floor
Locked in a nightclub
Breaking out the back door

You always tell me
I'm just one more thing to break