

Mad At Myself

Issues

I'm so mad at myself
For giving in to what I want, never again
That feeling we felt
We called it love, you called it off
And I never been so mad at myself

I got this old girl I know she's trying to play me
She's like a Honda, these days I drive Mercedes
She's a killer, try to get inside my head
Try to give her wine and bread
But she prefers the blood I bled
Playing chess ain't no way I'm gonna fight fair
She's playing tricks like the vixen in my nightmares
So damn greedy, that girl is so needy
I'm the king of this game, but I think she just beat me

I never should have let you in
I needed a hit of something
High for this feeling they call love

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I've got your melody in my head
Feels like I'm singing it wrong
Then again there's nothing worse
Than being addicted to a bad song
She's a fiend for attention
And I'm a guilty dealer
High for this feeling they call love

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So mad, so mad, oh.
So mad at myself.
So mad, so mad, oh.

Test me while you can, while you can test me
She said she likes the edge, but then she pushed me
You know how to make it hard, to walk away

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