

## Your Knife, My Back

Kids In The Way

Your words are shallow and dull against my skin.  
Their cold bitter edge cuts deeper within.  
I don't appreciate the words you say behind my back, but it's O  
K.  
I'm not one for getting mad.  
I don't need apologies.  
I don't fall for sympathy.  
You can't win me back.  
This will be the last time I'm kissing you goodbye.  
You left me with a scar across my back.  
These stones are breaking my bones as they crush me.  
Your careless remarks left me here to bleed.  
I don't appreciate the games you play without regret but it's O  
K.  
I'm not one for getting mad.  
Your knife, my back.