

But Why Would You Care?

Knuckle Puck

These hands are broken and calloused
But nobody seems to notice
And you yelled it into permanence
Have you ever come to hate
The very thing that you helped to create?
Cause that's how I feel every day

I am expendable
But I guess that's just the way things go
I'm a ghost in foreign postal codes
Losing faith in what brings you hope

I am expendable
But I guess that's just the way things go
I'm a ghost in foreign postal codes
Losing faith in what brings you hope

On the outside looking in
Or on the inside sitting in the corner
It's all the same to me
It's all the same to me

I got my hopes up
I thought I was out of the shadows
But I'm barely six feet underneath
What I worked for years to achieve
While they were sleeping
While you were sleeping

I am expendable
But I guess that's just the way things go
I'm a ghost to foreign postal codes
Losing faith in what brings you hope

Home alone where all of my doubts are formed
Home alone where all of my fears are formed

I'm sick and tired of hating life because
It's getting worse every day, I spend time alone
Wanting myself to check, scared in place of sleep
I am an unlocked door and you're a f*****g thief

You can hear me out, but why would you care?
No, why would care at all?
And you can hear me out, but why would you care?
No, why would you care at all?

I'm sick and tired of hating life because
It's getting worse every day, I spend time alone
Wanting myself to check, scared in place of sleep
I am an unlocked door and you're a f*****g thief

Yeah, you're a f*****g thief