

Fences

Knuckle Puck

As I look back at the mess you left inside my head
I realize what a nervous wreck I actually am
I swore I wouldn't die a tradesman
Like every other prick in the town that we grew up in
Who you'll probably end up with

I don't think about you anymore
Cause memories of you are like a treadmill,
I keep running, but I'm not getting anywhere
I'm not getting anywhere

If I'm not over this then why do I still roam
For a better place to grow? not a backyard or my home.
Just grant me silence from your side of the county line
I think you owe me that
For kicking me when I was down

I don't think about you anymore
Cause memories of you are like a treadmill,
I'm not getting anywhere
Now that we both understand, stay on your side of the fence
(stay on your own side)
Say what you will, but I never asked anything of you
(just like you wanted to)