

## Bottom Line

Kylesa

Lost for words of any respect  
Can forgive but won't forget  
Beat down, but my head is still up high  
Pride intact but sore inside  
Don't recognize my own reflection  
Not open to any suggestions  
I'm content with what I have  
Look back and try to laugh

I owe you nothing  
I take very little  
I would love nothing more than to swallow the fists of  
your fortune  
I won't be dragged kicking or screaming, I owe you  
nothing, I take very little

Throat is raw - blank recollection, many miles of  
separation  
Same night as the one before  
Won't complain - it's my own choice  
I'm content with what I have  
Look back and try to laugh  
Shake your head on the way down  
We're all stuck at the bottom line