

## Exit

Limp

Seen it all before  
Not like this  
Not my trip  
This is what I saw  
Saw the lot of you  
Doing things  
Saying things And in front of me  
You didn't seem to care  
who was there  
What was heard it affected me  
Wash my hands of you  
over this  
This is through  
this is what I mean

By now you've moved on  
I assume  
still alone With that attitude  
Now you find yourself  
By yourself,  
on your own With a big ego  
No one there to feed  
what you need  
Give you peace and or anything  
I need something good  
Something else  
This is through  
this is what I mean

It pours out of you and into me