

Hope you're listening
Want you to hear me
I got a lot to say
And get off my mind
You dragged my family name through the dirt
I kept my mouth shut, digested the hurt
Towards the end I heard you talking to another
Two months later, you were calling them your lover

So what makes you think that you're better
Better than anyone?

R: You're no angel
You're no angel
And no heaven would want you now

Did I jump too soon, reaching for the ledge
Pull myself up to you. You stomped my finger tips
I called and asked you back
You said it didn't matter
But no one knows that 'cause then you wouldn't be a martyr

So what makes you think that you're better
Better than anyone?
So what makes you feel
You're more perfect
More perfect than everyone?

R:

Is there any good you think about or are just all the bad times
that we had
Stored in your memory?
Found a photo from eight years ago that made me smile and wonder how you're doing
So what's wrong with me?
I guess lashing out makes it easier, something to sing about just makes it easier
Why can't I let it go? No, I won't let it go
'Cause I'm no
I'm no angel
Why would anybody want me now?