

Middle Finger

Seaway

You never knew me well and I can tell you now
We had no chance in hell.
I would swear to god (if I believed that he was true)
Every time we fucked I wasn't thinking of you.

Two weeks gone by.
I'll take the long way home.
Whenever I was up inside of you I realized I was better off alone.
Beat down, passed around and used,
I'll take your self-respect and go.

Two months gone by.
Middle finger to your bedroom window.

Saying goodbye to my old thing.
Eyes wide to see what the new brings.

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