

The Last Round

Slick Shoes

I wish you could see the look on your face,
so disgusted with the words I say.
I'm not trying to change your mind.
Come to find, you're talking when you should be listening to yourself.
Stars in your eyes so bright,
you can't see the way down.
I'll turn the lamp on to light the way.
Watch your mouth, be careful what you say.
Your only friend might turn out to be your worst enemy.
You're wrong, you tell me.
Why can't you prove it?
It seems you're stuck deep in your ways.
You can't hear me, you're not listening.
Why do we have the same ideas?
Conflicting personalities.
Why do I have to be like you?