

## Your Excuse

Slobberbone

Gunned down in the middle of things,  
this thing between you and me  
I had no clue, and neither did you,  
of anything so unforeseen

You're damn right, you can't fight  
the need to be your own friend  
But it gets so old, and you're so cold,  
for the one that's waiting for you in the end  
So come on

Dumb luck, I guess I messed up,  
telling you all where to go  
But it seemed so right to try to cause a fight,  
I guess that goes to show what I know

You're damn right, you can't fight  
the need to be your own friend  
But it gets so old, and you're so cold,  
for the one that's waiting for you in the end  
So I say, hell yes, I confess,  
to always wanting things to be the same  
But this change you use as your excuse  
for leaving me behind, well that's lame

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And it's too late, I guess that's just great,  
telling me how things should stay  
But the truth be known, I'd rather be alone  
than to have to live like this another day  
Come on