

T.H.T.

Sum 41

You don't have the answers but you're always blaming me.
It only lies in your behalf in animosity.
You decide it's up to you, make it what you'll be.
After all you seem to be it makes no sense to me.

Don't point your finger at me
It's all your odyssey.
It's such a foolish game so quick to point the blame
And now tables have turned.