

## Bob (Cousin O.)

The Gits

Awaken in a state it's not my own  
The only thing that's real  
Is that amongst these walls,  
I whisper to a fear that sleeps in my soul  
Weighting on my conscience, but I think I know

It hurts me to be angry  
Kills me to be kind  
But my only torment  
Is my own disguise  
Waiting on these favors they only come to show  
There's not much in them for you to hold

Awaken to the sudden fact that I've  
Simply wasted chances, but I'm not yet to die  
Waiting for my temperament to calm  
Well maybe they can't hear the crap behind these eyes

It hurts me to be angry  
Kills me to be kind  
But my only torment  
Is my own disguise  
Waiting on the favors they only come to show  
There's not much in them for you to hold

It starts to become something  
I can't touch but you can feel  
But there's something else surrounding me  
It's not easy to see

Awaken to the only chance I've got  
Hide behind these walls,  
I look through the cracks  
I see the same mistakes that I once made  
All that I can tell you there is a price to pay

It hurts me to be angry  
Kills me to be kind  
But my only torment  
Is my own disguise  
Waiting on these favors they only come to show  
There's not much in them for you to hold

It starts to become something  
I can't touch but you can feel  
But there's something else surrounding me  
It's not easy to see

It hurts me to be angry  
Kills me to be kind  
But my only torment  
Is my own disguise  
Waiting on these favors they only come to show  
There's not much in them at all