

All Hashed Out

The Guess Who

People, taking me for a ride
People, nothing left inside
Knowing all along they could be the ones you're beside
Running, circumstances are all the same
Running, by now they've forgotten your name
How can they look at you bleeding and tell you the dish ran away with the spoon
All hashed out
All hashed out
All hashed out
All hashed out
People, taking me for a ride, sitting but never just thinking
People, nothing left inside, people just looking but nothing remaining
Knowing all along could be the ones you're beside
All hashed out
All hashed out
All hashed out
All hashed out