

3 O'clock

This Time Next Year

I know you asked for rain, but I brought you fire.
I didn't think you'd mind. I know it's not the same,
But I'm getting tired of listening to you whine.
Why should I pretend, you see my friend, I heard what you said.
The implications lie and the consensus says you wish I was dead
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I don't care much to talk your talk or be in the way when you decide to
Walk,
But something in you just ain't fucking right.
Fist in hand, you got a plan. I see it's your way or no other way at all.
Let me tell you, you just ruined my night.
I don't care much to justify the way you deal with the problems in your
Life,
If it's the only way that you can work things out. Eye to eye.
What would they think? The rats are in laughter
Cause they think you're slick. Our consensus is that you're a dick.
The fools you follow are role models to a head that's hollow.
The pride you'd swallow if you'd let it go. Let it go. Let it go
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