What are you typing Are you still lying Is there some truth to this You have a degree in photography And you take it out on me Where are your friends All of your girlfriends Could they all be that bad You ask me to hold you and then you're not there It has something to do with your dad I'm afraid of you And all the things that I know love can do Is quilt and emotion or some kind of tax The man upstairs makes you pay Where is the money and where is the time That it looks like I just pissed away

I'm afraid of you
And all the things that I know love can do
Why do I put my rain into your fire
It has something to do with my mom
I'd never hurt you but I wouldn't worry if you were lost at sea
Where is my pride where is my self respect
Does it serve any purpose to you
I'd never leave I am too fucking scared of what you and your la
wyers might do
I'm afraid of you
And all the things that I know love can do
I'm afraid of you
Everyone would be if they only knew