

## Girls Rock Boys

Wakefield

Forgiveness is where it begins  
You have none  
And I am wearing thin  
Something's got to give  
My intentions were never to harm  
You thought you found the one  
But I was just a false alarm  
I'm never half of what you are

I'm not complaining  
I'm just sick of blaming myself  
Try, no one seems to give a shit  
Why we made it to the fifty yard line  
Nothing's ever good enough  
Everything's fine  
I feel like I'm wasting my time

You always run to see if I chase  
I stand back and let it blow up in my face  
I really think I hate these games  
I'm only kidding, among other things  
I hate this you treat me like a mental case  
Find someone else to take my place

I'm leaving this week alright  
I made up my mind this time  
So I'm leaving this week oh yeah  
I made up my mind this time