

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