

Big Wreck, Waste

So I knew you weren't faking
About your dreams
Because when you're waking
Everything's what it seems
I know you got roses
You want to throw on my grave
But all the time you
You can't seem to stray

Oh, doesn't it hurt
To see me reaching
Words and excuses lame
Well it's time for bleeding

So mama, don't hit the fruit jar
I'd rather see you hit me
Just cause you go too far
And I'll lose what's real
You'll out fine, babe
Like father, like son
I was wasted at the forkroads
I'm too old to run

Oh, doesn't it hurt
To see me reaching
Words and excuses lame
Well it's time for bleeding

So if it's pity I need
Or rejection, I bleed
Cause I never
Cause I never
Cause I never
Asked for nothing

So mama, don't hit the fruit jar
I'd rather see you hit me
Just cause you go too far
And I'll lose what's real

Oh, doesn't it hurt
To see me reaching
Words and excuses lame
Well it's time for bleeding