

# Therapy?, Gone

I know about the scars on your arms  
I know your baby wasn't born  
I know that your mum hates your dad  
I know that it fucked up your head

Hang on, it's gone  
Hang on, it's gone  
Hang on, it's gone  
Hang on, it's gone

The violence buried away  
The violence buried away  
The violence buried away  
The violence buried away

You know you can share anything  
You know I'm listening  
You know I'll kiss away the tears  
You know I understand your fears

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