

The Past

Never Shout Never

And I sing songs about the past.
How I was raised and I was thrown out on my ass.
Cause I didn't care about going to school.

And I saw the look in her eyes.
My mother nearly cried when I had told her that I wanted to go.
Just to prove them wrong.

I've been smoking cigarettes since I was only fourteen.
Just to find an escape from this town that was so mean to me.

And I sing a songs about my friends
The way we grew up and all the loose ends we used to laugh.
Cause we didn't give a damn.

And I saw the look in my brother's eyes.
When I told him I was leaving,
He could help but despise me.
He's wanted out his whole life.

I've been smoking the green since I was merely sixteen.
Just to find an escape from this town that was so mean to me.

And I sing songs about the past.

I plead for relief.
This town won't receive all the things that I want, the things
that I need.
And I'll beg and I'll beg.
I'm down on my knees.
Mamma, oh mamma, let me please leave.

I plead for relief.
This town won't receive all the things that I want, the things
that I need.
And I'll beg.

All I ever wanted was love.