

## Holding Back

88 Fingers Louie

I can't believe the things I've said  
Like all the times I'd hope that you were dead  
What's going on inside my head?  
To think of you is only making me red

You shut me out and I can't believe it  
Was I so blind that I couldn't see it  
You offered love and I didn't need it  
I'm tired of holding back  
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It's getting old, your bigotry  
I'm getting fed up with the things you're telling me  
Your world's so dark that you can't see  
That all your anger is your only energy

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