

Well Done

88 Fingers Louie

Trust what a fucked up word
It's more often misunderstood
The last time we talked was all my fault but I'm not the one to
blame
You had a million chances to prove me wrong when I was right
I'm not what you had in mind
Do you remember when things seemed more at ease
Didn't put forth the effort to please ourselves
Now I won't look back and things will never be the same.
You had a million chances to prove me wrong when I was right
I'm not what you had in mind
What's on your mind I need to take a look inside
I gave you a million chances
Don't fool me with those second glances
I need to take a look inside
Beaten beyond a reasonable doubt, do you know what I'm talking
about
I've seen it all a million times it's time to take back what wa
s mine
You had a million chances to prove me wrong when I was right
I'm not what you had in mind
I've spent many hours screaming, while my feelings were conceal
ed
Now I wanna take a moment and tell you how I really fell
Don't blame my unforgiveness you can't have what is gone
Quit searching for an answer, what we had is done
Could I ever take it back, and start again.
Today's the day I walk away, and realize this is the end
Trust, some fucked up word you often misunderstood
Last time we talked I took a walk and learned to forget your na
me