

Please

Adam Gontier

Can't you see that I'm sick of this?
Chances are, you are oblivious to how I feel
Sitting on your throne, and I'm sure that I'm not alone

Tell me please, who the fuck did you want me to be?
Was it something that I couldn't see?
Never knew this would be so political
And please, I'm still wearing this miserable skin
And it's starting to tear from within
But it's obvious that doesn't bother you, so please

I didn't think that you'd sell me out
Now I know what you're all about
You might feel in control of things
But you're not holding all the strings

Tell me please, who the fuck did you want me to be?
Was it something that I couldn't see?
Never knew this would be so political
And please, I'm still wearing this miserable skin
And it's starting to tear from within
But it's obvious that doesn't matter to you

I've swallowed all your answers
I've swallowed all my pride
You've used up all your chances
Can't keep this all inside

Tell me please, who the fuck did you want me to be?
Was it something that I couldn't see?
Never knew this would be so political
And please, I'm still wearing this miserable skin
And it's starting to tear from within
But it's obvious that doesn't bother you
So please, don't keep telling me that it's okay
I don't buy all the shit that you say
And quite honestly, I'm fucking sick of it
So please, if I cut off this nose from my face
Then I wouldn't feel so out of place
But it still wouldn't be quite enough for you
So please