

It Hurts

Anberlin

Is this what you want
'Cause everybody acts without a clue
Every little kiss and grin you gave
Was just a little bullshit I saw through
The alcohol I scented with your breath
You're always open up to just be used
I'm waiting for excuses that deceive
I'll meet you in the back to see them through
How did I let her inside
We're dripping in sweat, and feeling alright
Her lips were the last thing touched tonight
Your best friend is not your girlfriend