

The 26

Apologies, I Have None

This could have been avoided; it could have been kept at bay
But tables turn and lessons some can only be learned through punishment
for past mistakes
Back on level ground, will we ever find ourselves again?
Past thoughts of giving up once bottled till they erupt
once buried and covered, hidden and smothered are gone just like
the past few years in a city that magnified our fears
and made it far too easy to blame London than it was to fault myself
A weak man beaten sat at bus stops freezing

On the way home, 26 to Cassland Road
but she doesn't want to get off there
no she doesn't to stop there
She doesn't want to go where tired lines repeat themselves
I love you's don't mean shit right now
Shutting down. Fuck you, London. I'm out.

Well I still act blind, I still have violent thoughts at times
I still tend to oversimplify certain situations like the time
she told me that she fucked him and I thought
I can't believe this, did she not know that I loved her?
I'm going to smash this bitch's face in
find the cunt and stab the fucker
Someone's going to die tonight
But you know that it's not right to punish her when you couldn't
ever say that you never did play your part
you never did shit that you shouldn't
that you never did things that you said that you wouldn't
you never said shit that you wish that you hadn't now

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