

Sad people with empty lives
Stick their noses where they don't belong
Passing judgement and choosing sides
Famished for some grief that they can feed on

You could've talked to me
You could've reached out
You could've listened to me
But instead you chose to run your mouth

Dark moments you will never know
And you will likely never hear about
But you've already got your mind made up
Beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt

You could've talked to me
You could've reached out
You could've listened to me
But instead you chose to run your mouth

I thought you knew me
But you looked right through me

Two sides to every story
It really shouldn't be that hard
But you'd rather click your tongue at this
Than tend the troubles in your own back yard

You could've talked to me
You could've reached out
You could've listened to me
But instead you chose to run your mouth