

Phantoms

Ballyhoo!

It's not fair that I have to cater to you
It's not fair that I revolve around your world
Maybe someday you will see
The wicked way you treated me
I'm sick of fixing broken bridges
And this is what you get

Do you have a conscience?
What's your problem?
Why can't we solve this now?

There's no purpose for these phantoms at our door
Take it, you can have it, I don't want it anymore
'Cause I realize I can grow up and handle this myself
Your Phantom hell

It's not fair that I rearrange to suit you
It's not fair that I have to shut my mouth
Maybe soon you'll have a clue
Of the all things you put me through
I'm sick of crossing burning bridges
And this is what you get