I don't think about the times we had because what was said made it all so clear\*

My state of mind as you left behind all the things you said that were so hard

to hear

Spare me your shit as I fill my mouth with spit For your mouth as I open up, you're outta luck Now you, you are dead I will move on with none of you

Talk, talk, talk, talk is all you do

There's nothing you can do

I will move on now I am through  $% \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) ^{2}$ 

I've given

Up on you? you let me down? you wont even try to change
Up on you? you bring me down? you wont even try to change
And now you're beggin' for my help, well I wont. NO!
All the things you said are hard to hear
You're outta luck, you're not sincere
Your mouth is where I'll shit
Talking is all you fuckin' do man