Collide

Corey Smith

We chart our courses but always collide,
We stumble from the wreck wait for the rescue to arrive,
They put out the fire but the smoke never clears,
It's a blanket of lies getting thicker by the year.

I'm not throwin' stones,
I've got a glass house of my own,
But I won't pretend I was wrong,
When I'm not the one to blame.

You took off your gloves with my back to the wall,
You threw the first punch and I took a hard fall,
But I'm on trial now they beg for my plea,
They label you the victim and they put the cuffs on me.

I'm not throwin' stones,
I've got a glass house of my own,
But I won't pretend I was wrong,
When I'm not the one to blame. (no!)

I'll forgive and forget,
I'll turn the other cheek,
But I won't lay in your bed,
When it's your turn to weep,
When it's your turn to cry yourself to sleep.

I'm not throwin' stones,
Got a glass house of my own,
But I won't pretend I was wrong,
When I'm not the one, I am not the one,
To blame.

We chart our courses but always collide.

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