

## Shotgun Confessional

Dillinger Four

I guess I don't know what it's like, you were looking for a fight tonight  
How can I explain my situation, convey all the frustration  
When confusion and contradiction's all I find  
I gotta know, if I may be so bold  
Are there things you don't already know?  
And I can't stand it when you look at me that way  
It's like you don't hear a word I say  
I guess the time has come and gone  
For me to give a f\*\*k about right or wrong  
Why should I justify my actions to narrow-minded factions  
Why care, why try, why waste the time?  
Will the barriers breakdown? 'cause I'm hoping that you'll come around  
Miscommunication confounds the meanings inside  
There'll always be a new crowd of finger pointing big mouths  
You may be one of them now, but they'll devour you in time