

# My Last Nerve

Exodus

I'm so irritated  
Being kicked to the curb  
Every time you open your mouth  
Your try to get in the last word  
Those who live in glass houses  
Should not be throwing stones  
It all comes crashing down  
You never left well enough alone

Seasons come  
And treasons go  
The more you hear  
The less you know  
So undeserved  
No purpose served  
All yo do is fray  
My last nerve

So many excuses  
Always laying the blame  
You're always pointing the finger  
Adding fuel to the flame  
Another slander, another slur  
Another hollow apology  
So many verbal abuses  
Believe your own mythology

Seasons come  
And treasons go  
The more you hear  
The less you know  
So undeserved  
No purpose served  
All yo do is fray  
My last nerve

I'll never be your scapegoat  
Quote unquote  
Your underling  
Red light, left turn, you never learned  
A crash fit for a king

Seasons come  
And treasons go  
The more you hear  
The less you know  
So undeserved  
No purpose served  
All yo do is fray  
My last nerve