

## Pete

## Fireside

The damage done, the lie is sung  
How long you wanted to beat me up?  
Well, I appreciate if you don't act like me

And I believe in you about this case  
If you traveled this far to spit me in my face  
I must really deserve you calling me a fake

Crying in despair, don't know what to wear  
Hated the looks they threw at me  
But not as much as I sometimes hate myself

And I believe in you about this case  
If you traveled this far to spit me in my face  
I must really deserve you calling me a fake