

I was taking every hit from you
You drive-by shooting son of a bitch, and I'm done
Oh whoa, I'm done
Who told you that you could rewrite the rules, and do you
Really take me for a goddamn fool cause I'm done
Oh whoa, I'm done

And you can drag me out before some authority
If that's what you have to do to feel like you can punish me
But I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't keep the peace anymore
With your dogs, with your dogs, at my door

You've been punning my weaknesses, slandering my name
You spent all your time trying to place your blame, and I'm done
Ohh, I'm done
I used to think I hold the best parts of me
To sew the holes in your life and the cracks in your seams
And I'm done
Oh whoa, I'm done

And I'm sorry that you don't like your life
But I fought for my own victories and for the beauty in my life
My joy, my joy, my joy takes nothing from you
No, my joy, my joy, my joy takes nothing from you

Well, you criticize my numbers, you hammer out the rules
Wait for me to fuck up, and find yourself some proof
And I'm done
Oh whoa, I'm done
You just soak in the hatred of a sorry line
Yeah, you hide behind decorum and a fake smile
And I'm done
Oh whoa, I'm done

And you can drag me out before a judge and authorities
If that's what you have to do to feel like you can punish me
But I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't keep the peace anymore
With your dogs, with your dogs, at my door
Well, I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't keep the peace anymore
With your dogs, with your dogs, at my door