

# The Worst Of Them

## Issues

Funny how every time you push me away,  
You turn around and you beg me to stay  
Cut down by the things you say,  
It's the beating of a broken drum

One of these days you'll push me away,  
Turn around it'll be too late

Your love is addictive, I'm trying hard just to quit it  
But you're drowning yourself you won't catch a breath  
until you admit it  
Is anybody out there, I'm dying in a nightmare  
You got third degree burns and now it's your turn to  
feel what I feel  
And if it don't hurt then you know what we got ain't  
real

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This love is a monster, it's eating me alive  
Let go of my hand you don't give a damn and it's  
killing me inside  
You show me no mercy, did God make a mistake  
Put a hole in your heart and then you will start to  
feel what I feel  
And if it don't hurt then you know what we got ain't  
real

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It's the beating of a broken drum

One of these days you'll push me away,  
Turn around it'll be too late

Where will you go when you've refused my benevolence?

It's funny how every time you push me away,  
You turn around and you beg me to stay  
Every time you push me away  
You turn around and you beg me to stay  
Cut down by the things you say  
I've had enough

Where will you go when you've refused my benevolence?

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It's the beating of a broken drum

One of these days you'll push me away,  
Turn around it'll be too late

(Turn around it'll be too late)  
(Turn around it'll be too...)  
(Turn around it'll be...)  
(Turn around now)

(Turn around and you beg me to stay)  
(Cut down by the things you say)  
(Turn around it'll be too late)