

When is it too many times
To tell you that I think of you every night
I don't want to make it hard on you
So I could be cruel
Yeah I could make you hate me
Would that make it easy

Did you think I forgot
The fireworks, the black eye
Trading blows on the fourth of July
But you were right, I was asking for it
I always am, it's no good
If the pain doesn't make you feel like you earned it
And I probably deserved it

'Cause all you ever say is
"What's the point; is anybody there to help me now"
It's not that I think I'm good
I know that I'm evil
I guess I was trying to even it out

Isn't that what you want
For me to be miserable like you
Well brother, you're about to get your wish
Putting my fist through the plaster in the bathroom of a motel
six
I must have pictured it all a thousand times
I swear to God I think I'm gonna die
I know you were right
I can't be fixed, so help me

'Cause all you ever say is
"What's the point; is anybody there to help me now"
It's not that I think I'm good
I know that I'm evil
I guess I was trying to even it out