## **But Why Would You Care?**

## **Knuckle Puck**

These hands are broken and calloused But nobody seems to notice And you yelled it into permanence Have you ever come to hate The very thing that you helped to create? Cause that's how I feel every day

I am expendable
But I guess that's just the way things go
I'm a ghost in foreign postal codes
Losing faith in what brings you hope

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On the outside looking in Or on the inside sitting in the corner It's all the same to me It's all the same to me

I got my hopes up
I thought I was out of the shadows
But I'm barely six feet underneath
What I worked for years to achieve
While they were sleeping
While you were sleeping

I am expendable
But I guess that's just the way things go
I'm a ghost to foreign postal codes
Losing faith in what brings you hope

Home alone where all of my doubts are formed Home alone where all of my fears are formed

I'm sick and tired of hating life because
It's getting worse every day, I spend time alone
Wanting myself to check, scared in place of sleep
I am an unlocked door and you're a f\*\*\*\*\*g thief

You can hear me out, but why would you care? No, why would care at all? And you can hear me out, but why would you care? No, why would you care at all?

I'm sick and tired of hating life because
It's getting worse every day, I spend time alone
Wanting myself to check, scared in place of sleep
I am an unlocked door and you're a f\*\*\*\*\*g thief

Yeah, you're a f\*\*\*\*g thief