

Bottom Line

Kylesa

Lost for words of any respect
Can forgive but won't forget
Beat down, but my head is still up high
Pride intact but sore inside
Don't recognize my own reflection
Not open to any suggestions
I'm content with what I have
Look back and try to laugh

I owe you nothing
I take very little
I would love nothing more than to swallow the fists of
your fortune
I won't be dragged kicking or screaming, I owe you
nothing, I take very little

Throat is raw - blank recollection, many miles of
separation
Same night as the one before
Won't complain - it's my own choice
I'm content with what I have
Look back and try to laugh
Shake your head on the way down
We're all stuck at the bottom line