

Lighting up cigarettes in the seventh grade  
That's what my mother taught me  
As she was falling asleep driving down 68  
I drove just to get us back safe  
Wishing hard that I could escape

Tripping down all the steps of the local school bus  
Wishing I didn't have to go home  
Oven was heating the house if our electric was on  
I hope dad left money for us  
'Cause three days and I haven't had much

And I'm tired of being nice  
I just don't have it inside me  
I can't take much more shit from you  
And I have cut you out of my life  
You love me when you need a high  
I'm done spending my money on you

Oh, and if dad was off then boy we were gone  
Just driving around and listening to tunes  
'Cause we had peace of mind if she couldn't find us  
We were all constantly on the move  
My whole life I've been running from you, oh yeah

And I'm tired of being nice  
I just don't have it inside me  
I can't take much more shit from you  
And I have cut you out of my life  
You love me when you need a high  
I'm done spending my money on you  
Yeah I'm done now and I'm through with you  
Oh and I'm through with you, yeah

And I'm tired of being nice  
I just don't have it inside me  
I can't take much more shit from you  
And I have cut you out of my life  
You love me when you need a high  
I'm done spending my money on you  
'Cause I'm through with you  
Yeah and I'm through with you