

PSYCHOLOGICAL WAR

RØRY

You don't fucking love me, then just tell me
You act like you hate me so just fuckin' say it
I'd rather you just fuckin' said it
I'm movin' forward

You twisted every word I ever said
Now the truth is tangled up inside my head
You fuck up again and then you blame me
Screamin' that I'm crazy
Maybe I am
I'm the one that's comin' back for more
You're just breakin' me, not any laws
Lookin' at me, tell me that I'm pretty
Swear you'd never hit me
I wish you would

'Cause if there was blood upon the floor
And I could see your fist went through the wall again
And maybe then I wouldn't have to fight no more
In this psychological war
If there were bruises on my skin
And they could see the pain you put me in again
And maybe then I wouldn't have to fight no more
In this psychological war

Here's to the years that you broke me in private
And all of my fears about breakin' my silence
Here's to the night that I finally left you for freedom
Your reputation, I left it unshattered
For some fucking reason, I still think it matters
I'm on your side, though you left me to die, why?

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If there were bruises on my skin
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No, hold on, contact
No, hold on, go back
Don't you let him in again, no
'Cause soon, he gonna win again (Win again)
No, hold on, contact
No, hold on, go back
Don't you let him in again, no
Soon, he gonna win again

'Cause if there was blood upon the floor
And I could see your fist went through the wall again
And maybe then, wouldn't have to fight no more
In this psychological war