

The Half

Ruben

I say a whole lotta thing but the words doesn't really come through

I do a whole lotta things that are wrong and I know that I do

And it puts my head in overload, overload, overload, overload, overload, overload

Overload, overload, overload, overload, overload, overload

You've got your opinion, but you don't know my past

You don't know my reason, you don't know the half

You don't know the half

You don't know the half

I'm not that cold, I just don't use my words in the way that you do

I've learned to grow but I still feel the lows a little different than you

And it puts my head in overload, overload, overload, overload, overload, overload

Overload, overload, overload, overload, overload, overload

You've got your opinion, but you don't know my past

You don't know my reason, you don't know the half

You don't know the half

You don't know the half

You don't know the half

You don't know the half

And I can try to put it in words for you

And serve it on a silver plate

I can write it on a thousand pages too

But still

You'll have your opinions, 'cause you don't know my past

And you don't know my reasons, you don't know the half