

I don't know a damn thing that goes through your head  
No, not anymore, no, not ever again  
It must have been something you said while you tore  
Away at what's left of the paint on your bedroom door  
So I'll tear away at the pain I try to ignore  
Day after day, oh, you sure do know just how to push me away  
(Just how to push me away)

And if I went to start all over  
Would it even make a difference in your brain?  
Your brain, your brain, your brain  
Tell me you can't just start all over  
When you made up your mind, you did so permanently  
Yeah

So I'll tear away at what's left of the pain I try to ignore  
Day after day, oh, you sure do know just how to push me away  
Oh yeah, oh yeah

Would it even make a difference in your brain?  
When you made up your mind, you did so permanently  
Would it make a difference in your brain?  
'Cause your mind's made up