Punching Bag

Set It Off

This empty feeling sets in my chest and I start to worry
Try to push it down, cast it out, but I can't control it, ah
Hanging on by the strings that you're pullin'
So you cut me down just to push me around like I'm your

Punching bag
Just another pot calling the kettle black
Take it out on someone who won't hit you back
'Til we're all as broken as you
Oh, yeah

So say goodbye to your Mr. Nice Guy
You got your wish, he's rotting in hell
I'm up all night when you think I'm sleeping
People-pleasing's never good for your health
So go fuck yourself

On this episode of "Friend or Foe?", you're throwing stones
And hope I'd tie a rope 'round my throat 'til I start to choke
You're a sick, persistent virus under my skin
Rather set myself on fire than let you win
I could give you the world, but you'd poison the seas
I could let down my guard, but then all that I'd be is just your

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