

The Problem Is Me

The Get Up Kids

After the hours we spent at the interpass
Two liars fooling themselves they could last
Desperate to alter the course of our history

Could it be
Maybe the problem is me
Am I doomed to always repeat
Over and over again

I'm working hard not to throw you under the bus
This island's really too small for the both of us
You keep the keys to the house and I can shuffle off and away

Could it be
Maybe the problem is me
Am I doomed to always repeat
Over and over again

I can see
The writing you don't want to read
I'm safely in some other scene
Where everyone knows my name

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