

A

The Gits

There goes your burning, you can't anticipate
The things you push for now are just forgotten the next day
And then you masturbate in your thoughts in our own eyes
Then you push some things on us you wont let us deny
There you go pushing us again
Well, I wont always have to understand
There you're setting your own life on lies, forget about tomorrow, we're here to survive
You apologize and I accept it all on faith
But still you do not try to push away your old mistakes.
And now I find myself underhand to what you want, you think you
'll find it better, child?
Well, go out and find it all!