

## PUSH

Tommy Richman

Throw it in my face like I don't know you  
Splitting everybody that I sailed through  
No one ever sees it from my point of view  
Don't you ever feel like you feel nothing  
Pulling all the tricks that I got tucked in  
I'm making room to feel a little something  
I'm fucking even though I know I shouldn't  
Regret it when I'm on the way home tonight  
Everyone has had a lot to say tonight  
I don't really care as long I'm alright  
No amount of hate could ever take my life  
I hope so

Breathing different when I'm all alone at night  
Seeing different colors and the shapes our nice  
Everyone here was a no show  
Every seat is empty in the front row  
Front row topics  
You don't want to be part of my options  
They telling you that I'm a little problem  
It's okay, it's not your job to solve 'em

I don't really care you got a problem  
You running through my head, yeah I want some  
You just got some traits that could spoil my night  
You made a bad mistake for the rest of my life  
(But I want you)  
Man the times were rough back in Harlem  
I was at a stand still felt like a ransom  
Then you told me on the phone everything will be okay (fuck you  
)  
Burned a lot of bridges, made decisions that can better me in e  
very which way  
Take it to the one and two and three and the four (no sir)  
You got an attitude, you're knocking at my door man  
I'ma count to five, after that you gotta go man  
Waste away waste away (nah)  
Waste away waste away (nah)  
Waste away waste away  
You don't gotta judge me  
I said you don't gotta judge me