

love's not made of clay

Verzache

And I'm sad my mind would say
All love is made of clay
Just thought that I could change, change ya
Ooh
Should have just loved you when I could
Ooh
Pushing you away is all I did

A heart attack
I'm waiting for it
And a bullet
With my name on it
It's all bad
Like Brad always says
And the good news
Is I'm working my self to death
'Cause every second off is always filled with regret
And I try to tell myself all of the reasons I left
It don't change a single thing inside my heart and I'm mad
I guess it's true
They stick with you
Can't cut you loose
And I tried to

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