

777-1000
But you're right

You say i am driven by my need to be adored
Of course such an m.o. Makes me end up abhorred
I'll protest tooth and nail and your analyses i will fight
But in the end if i am honest i know that you're right

You accuse me of only seeing how it all impacts me
And when the going gets real tough my impulse is to flee
You say i have never had even an ounce of foresight
I'll close my eyes and ears but deep down i know you're right

You say i play the victim and pretend that ive been wronged
I weepingly bemoan the thought i somehow don't belong
But if you catch me vulnerable in the cover of the night
I'll whisper that of course its so and oi know that you are right

I protest
But you're right
I confess
And you're right
I don't care
That you're right
I don't care
That you're right