I told my story to a friend
I knew we would comprehend
He knew me...and he take me from a fall
He was my voice of reason
Some pain inside my heart and said

That's supposed to hurt you know
What did done is shame
Good thing that you left when the right time came
That's supposed to hurt you know
Betrayal has no grain
Release the pain your livin' move on to a better place

I felt comfort, he got my back, stood strong within my corner I was disolusioned with my life Had to get it all in order Mind the way, again he said

That's supposed to hurt you know
What did done is shame
Good thing that you left when the right time came
That's supposed to hurt you know
Betrayal has no grain
Release the pain your livin' move on to a better place

I had been told he gave me strength to fight the fires around $\ensuremath{\mathtt{m}}$ e

Help was his middle name, through my words he saw my pain And he said to me again

That's supposed to hurt you know
What did done is shame
Good thing that you left when the right time came
That's supposed to hurt you know
Betrayal has no grain
Release the pain your livin' move on to a better place x2