

Sad people with empty lives  
Stick their noses where they don't belong  
Passing judgement and choosing sides  
Famished for some grief that they can feed on

You could've talked to me  
You could've reached out  
You could've listened to me  
But instead you chose to run your mouth

Dark moments you will never know  
And you will likely never hear about  
But you've already got your mind made up  
Beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt

You could've talked to me  
You could've reached out  
You could've listened to me  
But instead you chose to run your mouth

I thought you knew me  
But you looked right through me

Two sides to every story  
It really shouldn't be that hard  
But you'd rather click your tongue at this  
Than tend the troubles in your own back yard

You could've talked to me  
You could've reached out  
You could've listened to me  
But instead you chose to run your mouth