

Your Knife, My Back

Kids In The Way

Your words are shallow and dull against my skin.
Their cold bitter edge cuts deeper within.
I don't appreciate the words you say behind my back, but it's O
K.
I'm not one for getting mad.
I don't need apologies.
I don't fall for sympathy.
You can't win me back.
This will be the last time I'm kissing you goodbye.
You left me with a scar across my back.
These stones are breaking my bones as they crush me.
Your careless remarks left me here to bleed.
I don't appreciate the games you play without regret but it's O
K.
I'm not one for getting mad.
Your knife, my back.