

88 Fingers Louie **"Well Done"**

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Trust what a fucked up word
It's more often misunderstood
The last time we talked was all my fault but I'm not the
one to blame
You had a million chances to prove me wrong when I
was right
I'm not what you had in mind
Do you remember when things seemed more at ease
Didn't put forth the effort to please ourselves
Now I won't look back and things will never be the
same.
You had a million chances to prove me wrong when I
was right
I'm not what you had in mind
What's on your mind I need to take a look inside
I gave you a million chances
Don't fool me with those second glances
I need to take a look inside
Beaten beyond a reasonable doubt, do you know what
I'm talking about

I've seen it all a million times it's time to take back what
was mine
You had a million chances to prove me wrong when I
was right
I'm not what you had in mind
I've spent many hours screaming, while my feelings
were concealed
Now I wanna take a moment and tell you how I really
fell
Don't blame my unforgiveness you can't have what is
gone
Quit searching for an answer, what we had is done
Could I ever take it back, and start again.
Today's the day I walk away, and realize this is the end
Trust, some fucked up word you often misunderstood
Last time we talked I took a walk and learned to forget
your name

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