

## Desultory "The Bitter Man"

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So call me the bitter man cos I do no longer care. Tear off my skin, look deep in my soul and I'll show the scars I wear. I'm not crying, I'm not crying, I'm not the crying kind but you're dying yeah you're dying cos you're the dying kind.

And I've been to the end and I'll take you there so don't make me think cause I don't even care.

And I'll be happy to pour some salt in your wounds cos I'd love to see you cry. So don't trust my smile and don't trust my eyes cos I

promise you I'll lie and I won't waste my time to prove you wrong cos it would take too god damn long, take too god damn, take too god damn, take too god damn long.

You wish you'd be once again the one that wins in the end. Don't hope too much now my friend. Don't hope too much now my friend, let it go!

The words I'll never speak still echoes in my mind just gaze into these empty eyes and tell me what you find

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