

Bleeding Through

"Guys Like You Make Us Look Bad"

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You scream "don't look", you scream "don't touch"
What have they done? What have I not?
And every time I think about your voice I
Start to tremble, and my throats aching
And anytime you need a shoulder, I'm right here
You've just gotta find a way, a way.

She sits alone, tries to adjust
She cries please let me go I won't tell anyone
You scream don't look, oh please god don't touch

You scream "don't look", you scream "don't touch"
What have they done? What have I not?
And every time I think about your voice I
Start to tremble, and my throats aching
And anytime you need a shoulder, I'm right here
You've just gotta find a way.

Oh god please help us, get her out of this
Oh god please help us, get her out of this
Oh god
Oh god
Oh lord

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