

Hogwash "Goodbye Letters"

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His goodbye letters are getting worse,
nothing more than usual words.
a single thought eats him inside
and makes room for his pride.

who do you think you are?

I saw him today, his smile is still the same
he never spoke the name
of the barricades he has built inside
shelter from jealousy's bite

who do you think you are?
so tell me who do you think we are?

deadshot baby
love means something other than this
deadshot baby

deadshot baby
tell me, tell me if you can hear the "knock-knock"
from the coffin of good intentions

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