

Matchbox Twenty

"Unkind"

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Bring it on baby, what you getting into
Is living on pain the thing that's getting to you
Write my name pin it up with my picture
And say it's the only thing cuz I'm not around to be
around

I'm beating and battered
Hell if my dreams get shattered then
Pain gives me the right to be unkind

Bring it on baby what's with sudden devotion
I trade a river of tears for just a little emotion
You can curse my name pin it up with my picture
And say it's the last time that I'll be around to be
around

Oh well I'm torn and I'm tattered
So the thoughts in my head they get scattered
And pain gives me the right to be unkind
(and it set's me here)

(chorus)
Right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own, when I'm alone
(dig)

Bring it on baby what you getting into
I swear at once it was the little things that mattered
But it all seems true to you
Say the hell with my name and say the hell with my
picture
Yeah but swear, for the one time you need me around
to be around
Well I'm around right now
And here I'll stand like it matters
Only once gets through then gets scattered by the rain
But pain gives me the right to be unkind
And it sets me here

(chorus)

(chorus)

(chorus)

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