

Dear Juliet "Wounded"

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Your words are filled with honesty.
The kind I breathe, the kind that cuts me deep.
And I am grasping for air, I'm gasping for air now.

Yesterday feels like a fresh wound,
still I insist it's just a flesh wound.
This is my reply for all the pain you've put me through.

Don't count on me.
(Don't count on me)
Don't count on me for anything.
Don't count on me.
(Don't count on me)
Don't count on me for anything.
Looking back at all the words I sent you.
I'm doing my best to forget you.
But it still remains, your name.
The bitter taste on my tongue.
I can't forget your kiss, or the venom on your lips.
This is gonna leave a scar, I am wounded.

Don't count on me.
(Don't count on me)
Don't count on me for anything.
Don't count on me.
(Don't count on me)
Don't count on me for anything.

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