

Street Bulldogs

"Every Night"

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I walk every night looking for something right
And I doubt every time (all the time) if what I've done
was wrong or right
The way I chose became the victim of your hate
Because you can't understand this way, I'm ok
I tried to be your friend and help you every time you
needed me
I know I lost your friendship
But I'm being what I am
It could be wrong, right, easy, hard, fast, slow or wild
It's hard to accept and understand because one day I
trusted you
I tried to be your friend and help you every time you
needed me

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