

Gc5 "Rufused"

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Backlash, once again a stiff reaction to imagined stimuli
Outside, we are tied and you're a victim of your pride
I know just how you feel when you pretend you're all alone
Lonely, you're such a fraud you won't even pick up the phone
And the only thing that holds me here is my patience
So don't tell me that I'm selfish, Don't tell me you're abused
Everthing I own, everything I do, all that I've been through
Shows me how my ardor is misdirected
My faith in you refused
Outcast, looking for something, someone better than me
I say look at yourself and tell me what you see
Last week you were mincing words with the skill of a priest
Sunday comes and goes and now you swear you're incomplete

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