

The Doups "Scratching My Face"

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I took my chances on the tightrope
I filled the blank to be your scapegoat
I was the sure thing, safe haven
I drew a line in the sand, but you had to cross it. You
crossed it, didn't you

When I try reason, you go straight to scratching my
face
Why do you think that I'm just a human disgrace
If you crave for control, you're gonna, you're gonna
see me go
I'm not your dog baby, I'm not the same anymore

I tried to save you from the quicksand
I fought your demons with my bare hands
I drowned my days and my pride for you
But through the seasons I changed

And now I come to you with no hope
You don't deserve another chance, I'm done
You were the sure thing, safe harbor
You drew a line in the sand and I had to cross it

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