

A Week In July "Without The Bitter"

Visit "[Without The Bitter](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What are we fighting for? Wish i didnt know your name.
Dont try to come back, it will never be the same.
So now you think you know everything...
Im happy your gone, now we know you're lame.
I would rather spit than see your face,
soon the world will know that you're a waste.
We dont care now, so i ask you, please will you stop?
Stop trying trying to be someone you're not.
Long may you roam, boy without a home.
It's not your fault no one raised you to be loyal.
It's much better without you around.
I dont want to even hear a sound from you again,
forever.
I hope our ties remain severed.
long may you roam, boy without a home.
Long may you ride on all your little lies.

Visit [A Week In July](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.