Punch "Mostly Every Day"

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Forgotten days in all the ways
About my existence I pray
Cause' I'm getting more and more depressive.
You say you love me, then you don't
And tears you cry are full of salt
Because you are lying

You just take away all you can Without having any conscience And being able to survive You blame the others

Mostly every day you smoke my cigarettes Mostly every day you say you hate me! These broken relations that we have between us Destroy my existence.

A lonely mother you would be Who has to care about a child It could be the best days of your life If you take a rest.
What a measure Mostly evey day you are mad on me And it's because of that You are alone in your world.

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