

So Many Ways "Dirtfoot"

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So I can see that now you live so masqueraded.
Every ounce of the good in you has faded.
Passive aggressiveness, I thought you stood for more
than this.

Well I guess that I must have been mistaken.

I should have known you'd be the one to let her down.
Buried a friendship, no more common ground.
You couldn't help but become the company you keep.
Having to live with yourself, how could you sleep?

You wrote the book on disappointment.
Not giving, but taking for your own enjoyment.
You wrote the book on disappointment.
Satisfied with a life so dormant.

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