

GC5, The "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

Everything 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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