

Hurt Process, The "Show Me Your Cards"

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Suppose I were to realise, that two and two they don't
equal five
Stop hiding now, show me your cards.
Place your hands on the table, Show me what I've been
dealt.
You've stacked your accusations.
Didn't you think I'd eventually find out.
Suppose I were to realise that two and two they don't
equal five.
Stop hiding now, Show me your cards.
Face down on the table, Legs spread on the couch.
I've found the incrimination.
Now it's enough, so get out
Admit that common sence took control.
I would have found out, Take it away....don't take it
away....Just take it away

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