

Conan Gray - Family Line

tom:
 Capostraste na 4ª casa

My father never talked a lot
 He just took a walk around the block
 'Til all his anger took a hold of him
 And then he'd hit
 My mother never cried a lot
 She took the punches, but she never fought
 'Til she said, "I'm leaving and I'll take the kids"
 So she did

I say they're just the ones who gave me life
 But I truly am my parents' child

Scattered 'cross my family line
 I'm so good at telling lies
 That came from my mother's side
 Told a million to survive
 Scattered 'cross my family line
 God, I have my father's eyes
 But my sister's when I cry
 I can run, but I can't hide
 From my family line

It's hard to put it into words
 How the holidays will always hurt
 I watch the fathers with their little girls
 And wonder what I did to deserve this
 How could you hurt a little kid?
 I can't forget, I can't forgive you
 'Cause now I'm scared that everyone I love will leave me

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Oh-oh
 All that I did to try to undo it
 All of my pain and all your excuses
 I was a kid, but I wasn't clueless
 (Someone who loves you wouldn't do this)
 All of my past, I try to erase it
 But now I see, would I even change it
 Might share a face and share a last name but
 (We are not the same, same)

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Acordes

