

Garbage, Wolves

I was busy picking up the pieces of my broken heart
I stand accused
And maybe on reflection got a little cruel
I was too brash for you
I moved too fast
Perhaps a little rude
I know i was a jerk
And impolite and
I was loud

No one can say
That i didn't need you
That i didn't want you
That i didn't love you

Which one of my two wolves will i give my attention tonight
Which one will i decide to feed
Which one will i decide to fight
I was impulsive i confess
Talked a lot behind your back
I was judgemental
Played too cool
I was not so nice

No one can say
That i didn't need you
That i didn't want you
That i didn't love you

We were young and we loved attention
We were drunk and we loved attention
We were sad and we loved attention
We were scAred and we loved attention

No one can say
That i didn't need you
That i didn't want you
That i didn't love you