

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, 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 tried 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).

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