

# Mad At Myself

## Issues

I'm so mad at myself  
For giving in to what I want, never again  
That feeling we felt  
We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself I got this old girl I know she's trying to play me  
She's like a Honda, these days I drive Mercedes  
She's a killer, try to get inside my head  
Try to give her wine and bread  
But she prefers the blood I bled  
Playing chess ain't no way I'm gonna fight fair  
She's playing tricks like the vixen in my nightmares  
So damn greedy, that girl is so needy  
I'm the king of this game, but I think she just beat me  
I never should have let you in  
I needed a hit of something  
High for this feeling they call love I'm so mad at myself  
For giving in to what I want, never again  
That feeling we felt  
We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself So mad, so mad, oh  
So mad at myself  
So mad, so mad, oh I've got your melody in my head  
Feels like I'm singing it wrong  
Then again there's nothing worse  
Than being addicted to a bad song  
She's a fiend for attention  
And I'm a guilty dealer  
High for this feeling they call love  
I'm so mad at myself  
For giving in to what I want, never again  
That feeling we felt  
We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself So mad, so mad, oh  
So mad at myself  
So mad, so mad, oh Test me while you can, while you can test me  
She said she likes the edge, but then she pushed me  
You know how to make it hard, to walk away I'm so mad at myself  
For giving in to what I want, never again  
That feeling we felt  
We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself For giving in to what I want, never again  
That feeling we felt

We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself  
So mad at myself

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