

Makin' Me Decide

(Henry Hipkens - 2/97)

There's nothing you can do
There's nothing you could say
I simply must decide
To send you on your way
Or try to carry on
Forget about my pride
Forgive you for the wrong
And makin' me decide

You could have run away
You could have said "we're through"
Though my heart would break
There'd be nothing I could do
But no, you are contrite
Pale and teary-eyed
Solemn and sincere
And makin' me decide

By far the cruelest choice
Of any I recall
The love of one who'd do me wrong
Or no love at all

Though it is a game
I never chose to play
The ball is in my court
And will not go away
Damn you for the pain
And for the way you lied
But damn you most of all
For makin' me decide