

Last Bitter Song

Hello Saferide

Now, this will be the last bitter song
It will be my last, real bitter song about you

From now on, I'll write about flowers and butterflies
Chickens and kittens and shit
From now on, I'll try to look myself in the face
From now on, I'll try to find someone who knows I exist

So I won't have to feel like I do
When I write my bitter songs
This is my last real bitter song
About you

I won't have to mention she was blonde and thin
With a peanut for a brain and volleyballs for chest
I won't have to mention: that's always what happens
When you leave him your key, he ends up having sex in your apartment with miss Non-Bitterness

So this will be the last bitter song
I'm feeling cheerful already
I'd like to break his neck, if I may

But most, I'd like to cut off that hair
And cut off that head
And cut off those volleyballs

And I hope her heart gets broken
And I hope she turns bitter, really really bitter
Like me