

Cutesy Monster Man

Iron Chic

I want to smash my face into that god damn radio
It may seem strange but these urges come and go
I'm seeing double now, I tell the truth in stereo
I don't say much and when I do it's not enough
I can taste the grief, feel that old anger bubble up
It makes it hard to breathe
It makes a case for throwing up
So I medicate and when my eyes are red enough
I start thinking straight and I can face the day
Face down, lights out
Put some music on maybe I'll come around
Maybe find the will to sing
And all the things I could never say
Will come pouring out of me
Through my broken teeth
The best and worst of me
I sold my soul now I age but don't get old
And to this day it's the best deal I ever made
All the things I could never say
Will come spraying out of my face
Through my broken teeth
The best and worst of me