

Five Across the Eyes

Off With Their Heads

I can't believe I'm not over you.
Now I don't know what to do,
so I guess I'll get fucked up
and hopefully fall asleep soon.
Now there's nothing left for me to do
but sit alone in my room.
The restraining order won't
let me get close to you.

I had a different way of loving you.
You wouldn't answer your phone
so I'd burn my fingers,
but I knew the next time I'd try calling you
that you'd be home.
I'd ask the reasons why you love me,
and why did you ever want to be with me.
Was I just there to piss off daddy?
Just please don't go until I figure
out what's wrong with me.

But that was such a long fucking time ago.
You might think it would get old
rehashing things in my life,
but I don't have a say in it.
I realize that I'm a selfish, mean, sad excuse
of a human being, and it dawns on me
that you don't deserve me anyway.