

No One Likes A Bleeder

Page France

(one, two, three, four)

hey you with the sun in your eyes
mother warned me you'd be back
and all my twisting for a better life
is only splitting my sides
hey you with your feet on the ground
i always knew that you'd come down
and i've been shaking hands to get inside
but when i finally did i found
i'd rather nobody know my name for now

hey you with the red on your face
you're always running away
no one likes a bleeder what can i say
you bled all over my name

la la la-la-la-la-la-la
la la la-la-la-la-la-la-a-a-a
la la la-la-la-la-la-la
la la la-la-la-la-la-la-a-a-a

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