

## Pity Party

## Saint Motel

Your Mother Theresa with looser thighs  
Got a taste for scotch and abusive guys  
Can't clean out your ruins with them rusty knives  
So why do you keep trying

You say to me with all the tears in your eyes  
You scream at me it's not my fault, this time  
Go blame it on the Jews or the Chinese  
'Cause I'm all out of time

Your ship's sinking, now  
Go down with it

Just don't forget my comin' ends  
I'll follow you between  
I'm laying here and I wish I cared  
But I just can't wait to leave  
So don't roll over, please

You're standing in the belly of the furnace  
Just kiss the floor and mountain to the surface  
Just turn off and you won't feel no burning  
Yet you leave it all on  
If only used to turn me on

Your ship's sinking, now  
Go down with it

Just don't forget my comin' ends  
I'll follow you between  
I'm laying here and I wish I cared  
But I just can't wait to leave  
So don't roll over  
So don't roll over  
So don't roll over  
Please

Your ship's sinking  
Sharks start sensing blood  
The world might end  
It's a night I won't be by your side  
And if the world ends today  
Won't be by your side  
So don't roll over  
So don't roll over  
So don't roll over  
Please