

My Terrible Personality

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin

Yeah you gotta look at me cuz I'm staring equally
Gotta loose focus, blur everything else
And when we have a baby obsessed with death and grief
I can't believe you haven't killed me yet
It's gotta hurt to see somebody dumb like me
You think you want her more but she wants me
What do you want to hear?
Whata are we doing here?
Where did our magic disappear so fast?
It's not that bad
No it's not that bad
Make fire with my eyes, potatoes turn to fries
Ain't got no reason to tell lies
And on our wedding day I want to hear you say
Everything is going to be okay for now
No it's not like that
No it's not that bad
Talking to myself, the bottles on the shell
I cant' tell what's happening
Then it slides off of me
My thoughts are clear
I feel wightless coming down from the clouds