

Abrasive Wheels, Slaughterhouse

she wrote dear john I love you but all good things must end
Ive gone to live in Manchester with your best friend
I must have been so nieve I must have been a fool
she must have been two timing me and I never knew
slaughter house slaughter house
I gave her everything that I ever had
Whats he got that I aint got its driving me mad
Thrown to the slaughter house for somebody new
Im gonna break that bitches neck thats what Im gonna do
Slaughter house slaughter house
Now Im sitting in an empty room with no one as a friend
Just thinking what shes doing with him Im going round the bend
Now all that I think of is getting my revenge
I wonder if they think of me when theyre in bed
Slaughter house slaughter house