

Armored Saint, Envy

I see you hand in hand with my worst enemy
I can't show the anger that I feel or the jealousy

About all I can do is watch
And wish that he hadn't caught
What I had my hands almost on
But now I'm so far gone

Envy I feel, envy I feel, envy I feel

I could end things really quick
With a bullet right to his head
But she was the one who left me
So I should get you both instead

But would I really be glad
To know I gave her the sack
And be in prison for life
Over foolish spite
Envy I feel, envy I feel, envy I feel no
Envy I feel, envy I feel, envy I feel

It's a waste-envy I feel
To live with such haste-envy I feel
For just a pretty face-envy I feel no more