

Burnt By The Sun, Mortimer

I'm afraid you failed this term.
We can meet again on my terms.
You don't quite make the grade.
Your pleas, your opinions do not mean a thing.
You preen yourself in the eyes of all.
One call and it all comes down.
Your insolence. Your world of you.
One call and we'll watch it come down.
(One call and we'll watch it all come down).
I swear I'll make that call.
I swear- Nothing makes sense like nonsense.
It this life, you are kind, Bumbled, not.
What you've got to give is not what I want to receive.
Seven years to forgive?
I'll give you seven seconds to get out.
You gave me seven years of neglect.
I'll give you seven seconds to get out. (today).
It doesn't work that way. It doesn't work.
I've left you behind liek a fucking ticket
and that shit is never getting paid. Never.