

Cantatonia, Some Half Baked Ideal Called Wond

Mickey wishes he was dead
Draws the sheet across his head
Never felt so alive

Moved him in to share the bed
Turns out he shared the hurt instead
Was it all worthwhile?

Must have been funny, must have been dim
Cut it up and let it all in
I don't want you to go
I just need you to know

And in the house she wouldn't dare
Hang this guilty frame with stares
Naked in a fray

I'll be the shortest person there
Oh god I'm losing all my hair
It won't suit my style

Must have been funny, must have been dim
Cut it up and let it all in
I don't want you to go
I just need you to know

She gave me nothing that I could bear to lose

And if he reaches for the door
Make sure he'll touch the wood and pause
Ask me back for more

We'll still shove us down the stairs
Still get in each other's hair
If there's any left then

Must have been funny, must have been dim
Cut it up and let it all in
I don't want you to go
I just need you to know

Do you want him to go?
Do you push him to go?
What does baby like?
What does she like?
Where does she hide?
What does she like?
What does she like?
Where does she hide?
Where does she hide?
Why does she lie?