

Rustic Overtones, Valentine's Day Massacre

It was more than the blues, you slaughtered Valentine's Day
Why don't you send your pretty flowers to my grave?
Cause it was more than the blues, 'cause this is February
And high upon the roof I hear the rain
Tell me why is it necessary for
These winter months to make my bones so sore
Tell me why is it necessary for me
I got to feel the pain from the year before

It was a massacre on Valentine's Day
Those blues wouldn't go away; those blues wouldn't go away
It was a massacre on Valentine's Day
Those blues wouldn't go away; those blues wouldn't go away

Why don't you ask her of the massacre?
I'm sure her face will tell it all.
Did you see my face on her picture wall when you were there?
And after there was laughter and her friends all threw a ball
While I cried all night in the bathroom stall
Now the chocolates melted wet
I saw Ms. Candy Heart with Mr. Cigarette
While the band played vulgar symphonettes
That's when I tried to steal your heart again
But you looked just like the Jezebel
Flushed pink and red and you were drunk as hell.
Well, St. Valentines ring the holy bell
It looks like cupid's arrow fell.

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Some things take some time but I can't lag behind
There's only fourteen days this month and then a day
But when spring comes, I never want to go out in the sun
Then I get the shakes around Labor Day
Some things take some time you know
Some things take some time you know
Some things take some time you know

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