

Theory Of A Deadman, Santa Monica

She fills my bed with gasoline
You think I wouldn't notice
Her mind's made up
Her love is gone
I think someone's trying to show us a sign
That even if we thought it would last
The moment would pass
My bones will break and my heart would give
Oh, it hurts to live
And I remember the day when you left for Santa Monica
You left me to remain with all your excuses for everything
And I remember the time when you left for Santa Monica
And I remember the day you told me it's over
It hurts to breathe
Well every time that you're not next to me
Her mind's made up
The girl is gone
And now I'm forced to see
I think I'm on my way
Oh, it hurts to live today
Oh and she says "Don't you wish you were dead like me?"
And I remember the day when you left for Santa Monica
You left me to remain with all your excuses for everything
And I remember the time when you left for Santa Monica
And I remember the day you told me it's over
I wanted more than this
I needed more than this
I deserve more than this
But it just won't stop
It just won't go away
I needed more than this
I wanted more than this
I asked for more than this
But it just won't stop
It just won't go away
And I remember the day when you left for Santa Monica
You left me to remain with all your excuses for everything
And I remember the time when you left it all behind
And I remember the day you told me it's over
And I remember the day when you left for Santa Monica
You left me to remain with all your excuses for everything
And I remember the time when you left for Santa Monica
Yeah, I remember the day you told me it's over