

# 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