

# Trophy Scars, Artist. Artists.

I said to the waitress, "Hey, another coffee"  
Refills are free, and I'm feeling pretty lonely  
The diner's kinda cold and a little bit empty  
Just then she walked in, and she tried to ignore me

It's my ex-wife, and she's looking kinda sick  
I recently just learned she's been blowing crazy shit  
"Oh, baby, how ya been? I haven't seen you in a bit  
I know we aren't great friends, but can you take some time and sit, huh?"

Thanks, hun, you look very pretty  
I know that you know that I know, and it hurts me so much  
I can't help you... I wanted to help you  
Let me please help you

How come?  
How could you do this?  
You're so goddamn gorgeous  
You're so goddamn selfish  
I love you to pieces  
Kid, I'm dying  
I'm tired of crying, ok?

Just stop  
Look what your man's done  
He made a mess, and he's selling me sick  
I'm so sickening  
Sick of me  
Sick  
I'm so sickening  
Sick of me  
Sick  
I'm so sick

Hey, it's ok  
I love you the same like when we were just kids  
Oh, babe, it's just me  
I know we don't talk much  
I love you... please stop this  
Just stop this, just stop it, just stop

Stop it  
Stop this  
I can't sit here and watch while you make yourself sick  
I'm so sickening  
Sick of what?  
Sickening  
Sick of me  
Sickening  
Sick of her  
Sickening  
Sick of sick

My bad  
I'm an awful example  
A hypocrite and a cheat  
So I'm sorry

It's just  
I won't let this happen again  
I let my hair grow  
And I tried to forget you  
Don't break my heart  
And let this shit kill you

I can do what I want  
'Cause my ex-girlfriend don't give a fuck about  
Jamie Devine can do what he wants  
'Cause his ex-girlfriend don't give a fuck about

All of us got these broken dreams  
A fractured love over drugs that scream about  
Forcing yourself to do what you want  
'Cause your next girlfriend will make you write about  
So all of us can do what we want  
'Cause our ex-girlfriends don't give a fuck about  
Sweetheart please! You can't give up  
Please love yourself and stay with us around

I won't ever know how things end up  
I miss her lots, but we rarely talk... oh, well  
Oh, Jamie please, let's get a drink  
I think it's 'bout time we leave this place, ya know? ya know? ya know?