

Type O Negative, Unsuccessfully Coping With the

Trust and you'll be trusted
Says the liar to the fool
Lust and so what if you're busted?
In love and war there ain't no rules
Do you believe in forever?
I don't even believe in tomorrow
The only things that last forever
Are memories and sorrow
Out of sight out of mind
The motto of betrayal
The prophets preach to forgive and forget
I'm sorry, but I am unable
You went to L'amour Saturday night
Red nails and lipstick dressed two sizes too tight
His tongue down your throat
His hand up your skirt
Yeah I'm a man
But it still hurts
Slut
Whore
Cunt
I know you're fucking someone else
(He knows you're fucking someone else)
You had cock on your mind
And cum on your breath
Inserted that diaphragm before you left
Practicing freelance gynecology
Where there's a womb there's a way
With you it's for free
Slut
Whore
Cunt
I know you're fucking someone else
(He knows you're fucking someone else)
Done it before
Time after time
Refused to learn your lesson
Gave 'til it hurt
Thought it was right
Only fools make mistakes twice
So you sit home
Drinking alone
Empty bottle in your hand
Don't even try
To sort out the lies
It's worse to try to understand
You make me hate myself
I know you're fucking someone else
(He knows you're fucking someone else)