

Zebrahead, Postcards from hell

I didn't see the signs posted on the road
Dead end gives way to the cliff that soars
And I lose control your face still looks bored
One, two, fuck you!
I won't change for you
Wrong way
This time it's going down
You say I'm immature
to hang around
Okay
Face-plant to the ground
I won't change for you
I won't change for you
Tonight I wash my hands of you
You set the bar I could not live up to
Tonight the light in breaking through
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell
This relationship is over as we scrape the ledge
and you call me a loser falling over the edge
Like you're cutting all your losses
Like a bet you can hedge
One two, fuck you!
I won't change for you
A black eye
and my heart is ripped out of my chest
Crucified
For not passing any of your stupid tests
Good-bye
Right now I could care less
I won't change for you
I won't change for you
Tonight I wash my hands of you
You set the bar I could not live up to
Tonight the light in breaking through
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell
We've come a long way
Don't look down!
Your heart is rotten
Your heart is rotten
Too bad it was the wrong way
Won't be long now
Till we hit the rock
Bottom
Tonight I wash my hands of you
You set the bar I could not live up to
Tonight the light in breaking through
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell
Tonight I wash my hands of you
You set the bar I could not live up to
Tonight the light in breaking through
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell