

A Bloody Canvas, Good Ol' Outlaws

i'll cross my t's and gouge your eyes
no need to hold back dear
wipe away your crimson tears
and whisper softly in my ear
i hope you know i hate you...

...well if these words are my weapons then i'll speak until you bleed...

...i'll sit you down in conversation

we can talk this out like outlaws

with six shooters in our hands

and your head soon buried in the sand

i never realized how you look cuter when you scream...

...i always said you took my breath away but i should of realized you were standing on my chest, y

...well if we scream any louder

i'll be kissing your casket goodbye...

...well my words are my weapons

(i'll be kissing your casket goodbye)

i'll speak until you bleed

(kissing your casket goodbye)

i'll always hate you now