

Bob Mould, Hair Stew

I see you sleep with him
And yeah, I guess that's cool
Well, I just stand at the foot of the bed
And now yo watch me stew

It's not a matter of pride
It's not a matter of anything
I just watched someone die in this room
Now you're watching everything

You can go anywhere
I'm not in love with your hair
And now you stand there and stare
I'm not in love with your hair

And I don't give a fuck about it
I don't give a fuck what you do
I'm so sick of being with you
I'm so fucked up being with you