

Camden, Black Paper, Black Ink

And I hate what you told me
'Bout what I think
That it's a black paper
Written on with black ink
Now let me tell you one thing
About what you said
I'd rather die
Than to have you here in my bed

Yeah, try to stand up
While your face is nailed to the floor
Yeah, this is what it's like
To feel what I felt before

But I loved you when you left me
Yes I loved you when you left me
I loved you when you left
Yeah I loved you when you left me

Don't criticize
My 2 packs of smokes a day
You don't even know
How to spell 'ashtray'
I don't like your mother
Don't like her one bit
'Cause she says
Vegetarians are stupid

Yeah, try to stand up
While your face is nailed to the floor