

Dead Eye Dick, Sentimental Crap

In the maw of my abyss
I feel a wave amidst the calm
It could be rage, it could be bliss
Or the dark before the storm

You have to know
My back's been broken many times before
I'll let you in one more time
This sentimental crap has got to stop

You know I have my axe to grind
It's has kept me at your throat
I may be deaf, I may be blind
But I'm not dumb enough to choke you

You have to know
That I haven't any room for all your baggage
I'll let you in one more time
This sentimental crap has gotta stop

I watch you dress with studied grace
I wonder who you wish you were
It's in your eyes, it's in your face
I think I'd like to sleep with her

As the scars within me crackle
And my heart begins to groan
Is a messy bed any better
Than a made one all alone