

Funeral Dress, Stalking

I can't believe it but I guess it's true
Have you got nothing else to do
You're sick in the head and obsessive too
I've had enough of you

You follow me around
And call me every night
Why can't you just fucking see
That it's not alright

Why are you stalking
Why are you stalking me
Why are you stalking
Why are you stalking me

You wake me up out of bed again
Keep ringing on the phone
Why can't you get it through your brain
Why don't you leave me alone

You follow me around
And call me every night
Why can't you just fucking see
That it's not alright

Why are you stalking
Why are you stalking me
Why are you stalking
Why are you stalking me

I'm gonna pull my shades and lock the door
Pretend that I'm not home
You know that you are sick in the head
So you better call your shrink before

You follow me around
And call me every night
Why can't you just fucking see
That it's not alright

Why are you stalking
Why are you stalking me
Why are you stalking
Why are you stalking me