

He Is Legend, Best In Mexico

There is something wrong with me
That's why I wrote this note
I've joined the writers who believe they have the antidote
So I will go quickly now and leave breadcrumbs on the street
I'll feel much better after I take my maternal leave

Let out a sign, pretend to die
You're going to need an alibi
A broken arm, the same smell
So just relax, no one will tell

That brings you down
You have got to keep brining me down
It stings me all over again
It's the same dream in the back of my head

I've been collecting stones that I think I'll throw at you
I can't forget your face
I'm sorry dear but that's my cue
I'll be the first to leave
And return with a ring
Just keep your ears open and one day you might hear me sing

Let out a sign, pretend to die
You're going to need an alibi
A broken arm, the same smell
So just relax, no one will know

That brings you down
You have got to keep bringing me down
It stings me all over again, it's the same dream in the back of my head

Lock me up, lock me up, lock me up, lock me up, LOCK ME UP!
No one will know