

Honeyrods, Wishing

(R.J. Johnson/The Honeyrods)

Yes as a matter of fact
I'm writing it down
I'm making a list, you owe me's
See a mountain of fries
can make up my mind
so pass me the ketchup bottle
You dressed like a clown
I feel like a mess
I'm making excuses for all the times
I was stuck on the street at Demonbreun
and I'm waiting for you
Wishing you never called
you said you'd never let me down
and then you went away
Yeah so maybe you're right
so what if I'm late
I'll buy you some flowers while I want
A mountain of lies
can make up your mind
so pick up the extra pieces
You think I'm a clown
make me confess
I'll give you a reason for all the times
that I made up a mess like I did today
while I was waiting for you
I robbed a store for you
And you won't feel in your arms
and you won't see in your heart
Loose cannons hold in your arms
sold all to me