

# 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