

Jim Robert, Sweet Revenge

I try to scathe the pain;
Standing alone in the rain
Trying to understand
Why she said I'm on my knees
Begging, "Oh baby please,"
Cuz I don't have a gun.

Since I don't have a gun

I just want to know
What she's hinting at me
Subtle is it though?
She's making a scene
You've gotta love it though
Yea I just need to say,
That you've gotta love it

Sick sweet simmer smile
Sun-tanned Botox style
Fly like bats from hell yea
If you'd like to survive.
Something's got to change
Cause this is my ball and chain:
"Three Cheers for Sweet Revenge"

I try to make this real;
Make it so that I can feel
Every time she looks.
My eyes bloodshot and dry
From staying up all night
Cuz I don't have a gun