

# 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