

# Killwhitneydead, I Wouldn't Kick Her Out Of Bed For

I was just another target  
I was just (was I just?) the next victim  
She stabbed me over and over with her sharpened lies  
Those eyes cut like the blade of a knife  
Craved my flesh with her razor tongue  
Such barbed and serrated words  
You saw right through me  
Ripped right through me  
I am not a target  
I am not a victim  
You can't have me