

# Lincoln, Wish You Were Dead

You say You're so sorry  
I know you are but what am I?  
Liar, Liar, Dress on fire  
Go stick a needle in your eye

You think you're so funny  
But looks aren't everything  
I gave you my telecaster  
You gave me a silver ring

It's the damndest thing I've ever seen  
It'd always turn my finger green

Even though I diss you  
I still want to kiss you  
I love you and I miss you  
And I wish that you were dead

I saw you last Sunday  
Outside of Wonder Park  
You were blowing bubbles  
In your new boyfriend's car

You were looking like a movie star  
The kind that doesn't shine that far

Even though I diss you  
I still want to kiss you  
I love you and I miss you  
And I wish that you were dead  
And I wish that you were dead  
And I sometimes wish that you were