

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 damnedest 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