

Marvelous 3, Little Head

I can dish it out
But you know I can't take it
When you told me everytime
That you came that you were faking it

So I guess I'll never know
If I was mackin', yes or no

Got a seven foot cut
On a foot the day before
When you pulled out my glass heart
And broke it on the floor

So I guess I'm gonna go
To the house of broken hearts & bloody toes

It hurts to think about
I've got no doubt
I've figured out

CHORUS:
My little head is so shot without you
My little head can't hold the thoughts you
Put inside my mind when you walked out

Just a little scratch
But it feels like you're dead
When you're falling off the short bus
And landing on your head

Yeah I felt a little low
When you told me where to go
(Right straight down to Hell)

Crampin' up your style
But your style ain't crampin' me
What'cha gonna do
When you're sleepin' with the enemy?

I'm always at your show
I'm in the very back row

It hurts to think about
I've got no doubt
I've figured out

CHORUS

On my mind
You're on my mind

CHORUS X 2