

# Mayday Parade, When I Get Home, You're So De

The words are coming I feel terrible  
Is it typical for us to end like this?  
Am I just another scene  
From a movie that you've seen 100 times?  
Cause baby you weren't the first or the last or the worse  
And I've got to fill the blanks in this past with a verse  
And we could sit here and cry but frankly you're not worth it anymore

Say hello to all the boys at the top of this table that you're under  
Lipstick lullabies  
This is sorry for the last time  
And baby I understand that you're making new friends  
This is how you get by  
The moral this time is  
Girls make boys cry

And I...  
On any other day would shoot the boy  
but your simple toy  
Had caused a scene like that  
Leave him hanging on the walls  
Just a picture in the hall  
Like 100 more  
Consider this as a gift as you taste him on your lips  
and he's making you scream with his hands on your hips  
I hope he's leaving you empty baby this is just a fix  
For such a simple little whore

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And...

And your name remains the same  
All that has changed is this pretty face

So pull the trigger  
It never gets closer  
You want to start over  
But never start over  
Pull the trigger  
It never gets closer  
You want to start over  
But never start over

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