

Nightmare Of You, God Played A Mean Joke On

An angel wrapped in a blanket
tucked away in the back of a carseat
and although it felt precious at the time, it was mean

and now purposely starving
waiting for the dreadful phone just to ring
and until it does just that, I won't do a thing

God has played a mean joke on me
now he's snickering behind some tree
along with all those other lovers I treated so poorly

Our lovelife patiently awaits
for the mind and body just to agree
They bicker, they act very coarsely, they misquote me

And now covered in cobwebs
dust collecting from my head to my feet
and someone better shake up these bones before it smothers me

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now he's snickering behind some tree
along with all those other lovers I treated so poorly
I treated so poorly
I treated so poorly
I treated so poorly