

Nightmare Of You, Why Am I Always Right?

You were sickened with the vowing of silence
I was taken by your permanent high
Two lovers; are you turned on? How romantic!
"Now I need a guillotine to get you off my mind"
You were swept up in the buzz of a marriage
While I was secretly hoping one of us might die
A close call; would have ended up with the carriage
Let's call it "X" No, let's just call it "Why?"

You're just like your dad
Surprise! You don't only share his eyes
It's the drink that's in your hand
And it's that knack for telling awful lies
Why am I always right?

As you slept away the day in my bedroom
I found a criminal use for your pillow
I love you terribly, I swear that this is true
But I just can't stop my hands from smothering you
I skipped town on a flight to your city
There I crept up to your lover's window
He poured a scotch and sobbed alone in the kitchen
I took dead aim, and then I let it blow!

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Stick a fork in a socket, do what you'd like
Just make sure that I'm far out of your life
Take an axe to your fingers, carve out your eyes
And cut out your tongue
And then we'll call this a tie

Cut out your lying tounge and we'll call this a tie

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