

# Pain, Put 'Em Back

Put your tears back into your eyes  
Adjust your hair  
I am in no mood for theatrics  
Or fake despair  
It almost makes me hunger  
For symbols, signs, and semaphore.  
Subtle shades of metaphor too ingenious to ignore.  
Instead of that you sit there and cry,  
You moan, you lie.  
You crumple like an old piece of tinfoil  
You claim you'll die.  
What the hell possessed me to ever catch a date with you?  
I should have known that it was wrong  
To trust the judgment of my schlong.

Put your tears back (your tears back), yeah.

I hate the way you drool when you talk  
I hate your clothes.  
Moses knows his roses and I know  
It's time to go.  
Thirty-Something episodes,  
Forced amusement at your joes.  
Daisy chains and yogurt stains  
Sneaking under windowpanes.  
You think I'm not aware of your script  
So well rehearsed  
The close-up camera follows your lipstick  
Back in your purse.  
If you were better at it  
Then maybe we could still be friends,  
Write and talk and keep in touch  
As it is I hate your guts!

Put your tears back (your tears back) yeah.