

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.