

Pinhead Gunpowder, I Used To

I used to want you
Now I want to make you nervous
Now I want to make you hate
Now I want to make you crazy
So that we could still relate
And we could get drunk all night
And in the morning ride your
Motorcycle through the dirt road
Countryside
Like we used to

I used to need you
Now I need to fuck up your life
Cause you pain and strife
Stab you in the heart
With a rusty knife
Then maybe you'd still be a
Skitzed out freak and maybe
You'd still like me
And at least you'd still be interesting

I used to