

# Plans For Revenge, Any Last Words

I hope there's room in your stomach for the words I'll be shoving  
with my fist right down your coughing throat and I hope you choke  
because sometimes the best of us fall but all and all  
I remember driving up to your house and still thinking I'm still thinking  
why should I waste my time are these your last words any different from mine

I could twist this into something only your darkest fears could imagine  
I could cut your throat with one lash of my tongue... I could I could

beautiful and come what may... beautiful girls I'd like to kill  
all the blondes and green eyes: smashing smiles and sparkle eye lines  
I remember driving up to your house and still thinking I'm still thinking  
I'll get it right this time - inside this pillow talk charade of mine

if you think you're ready I'm bringing it backwards  
no pills no sex no shots no talks no attitudes or long night walks  
just one on one I'll take you anywhere but where you want to go