

Rooney, Misery

Let's make believe I'm insane
Let's make believe that I know what pain is
Let's make believe I'm not loved
Let's make believe I care for everyone

I tell myself
Maybe, You're obsessive means, You're great

I'm small, she wanted the tall guy
She's smart, but I wanted the artsy girl
So, I thank you
Yes, I thank you
For making my life a misery

Let's make believe I got laid
Let's make it known I cleaned up after myself
Let's make it known I turned off the television
Let's make it known I got home on time

I tell myself
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So, I thank you
Yes, I thank you
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