

Sugarbomb, Mail Order Girlfriend

My mail order girlfriend doesn't write anymore
Her pens must be empty her hand has grown sore
Cross examine the postman
Nothing but junk mail

Day I day out same old thing
Day in day out

I'll laugh out the window and wear my cocoon
When nobody listens like the man in the moon
It's all very hopeless
This unbearable opus I sing

Patient
So patient

Just like a coma tell me when its over
Just like a coma
Just like a coma tell me when its over
Just like a coma
Its over I feel it
She'll never come visit

I'll waste in my brain dead daze to no end
Through pages and pages of utter nonsense
My heart like a pulsar squeals like a squad car

Chorus

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Just like a coma
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