

# The Distillers, Die On A Rope

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on a rope?  
Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die?

I wish that you didn't love me no more, I've been dead for years,  
I wish that you didn't own me no more, I've been here before.

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on a rope?  
Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die? No, I won't!  
Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on a rope?  
Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die?

I want to draw the blood from your neck, spill the lies in your bed.  
I will give you a holy white rose, cut the tongue from your head.

Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on a rope?  
Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die? No, I won't!  
Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die on a rope?  
Tell me something, tell me stupid, will I die, will I die?

I belong to a line of red scent, teach the heart to reflect.  
The wound is wise for primal black eyes, there's a scarlet letter in my chest.