

The Promise Drive, 58 Reasons And A Chainsaw

I know that I don't belong here in your bedroom...
it smells like cigarettes, sex, and alcohol;
a belated celebration of a late night conversation
on the telephone that left me in pieces.
I hope you found the note I taped to your bedpost.
58 reasons....this can never work out....you will never work out.
Don't try to explain the way you explained this to me.
Your explanation's good enough for now...even though you're lying.
Your "I love you" in lipstick in the bathroom
won't mean a thing tomorrow but I'll have to wash my mirror.
It's so easy to forget about your empty words...
your cold embrace full of broken promises.
The lack of motivation, your memorized quotations,
an extensive list of flat out lies.
I made a list of my own and for once I'm not sorry.
58 reasons....this can never work out....you will never work out.
If I'd known there was going to be a massacre,
I would have brought my chainsaw.
Your actions speak louder than your screams.