

Zebrahead, Postcards From Hell

I didn't see the signs posted on the road

Dead end gives way to the cliff that soars

And I lose control your face still looks bored

One, two, fuck you!

I won't change for you

Wrong way

This time it's going down

You say I'm immature

to hang around

Okay

Face-plant to the ground

I won't change for you

I won't change for you

Tonight I wash my hands of you

You set the bar I could not live up to

Tonight the light in breaking through

So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell

This relationship is over as we scrape the ledge

and you call me a loser falling over the edge

Like you're cutting all your losses

Like a bet you can hedge

One two, fuck you!

I won't change for you

A black eye

and my heart is ripped out of my chest

Crucified

For not passing any of your stupid tests

Good-bye

Right now I could care less

I won't change for you

I won't change for you

Tonight I wash my hands of you

You set the bar I could not live up to

Tonight the light in breaking through

So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell

We've come a long way

Don't look down!

Your heart is rotten

Your heart is rotten

Too bad it was the wrong way

Won't be long now

Till we hit the rock

Bottom

Tonight I wash my hands of you

You set the bar I could not live up to

Tonight the light in breaking through

So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell

Tonight I wash my hands of you

You set the bar I could not live up to

Tonight the light in breaking through

So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell