

Zombina And The Skeletones, Counting On Your

I well remember when we first met
The office party in El Salvador
You won my heart with a tequila shot
Soon we were swearing we'd never part

Baby, I hate you
I hate to tell you that I hate you
I tell you, I hate you baby

'Cause I'm counting on your suicide
I can't be happy while you're still alive
And as the minutes crawl slowly by
I'm counting on your suicide

Out in the desert, the honeymoon
Under a blanket we watched the stars
And if they weren't so far away and made of burning gas...
Then I'd give them all to you

I can't understand, someone tell me what happened
'Cause I... I don't love you
I must have been drugged for a couple of years
'Cause I... I don't love you
Oh, I... I don't care where we've been
You never meant that much to me anyway