

Dreamer's Disease

letlive.

I don't want to be a waste
I'm wasted. I'm wasting away.
While I'm out here making history, you're making love
To demons with no idea what horns have done
But I don't care. No, I don't care.
I'll die with a smile so my widow gets jealous
The ones that observed are the worst story tellers
And lust is pulling my chair from under me

Well it seems like the amorous man has a prostitute like commitment again
And it feels like my eager hands are searching for that promiscuous skin

Don't mock me by existing
My ambition went from handsome as hell straight to ugly as sin
But I don't care, why should I care?
So fuck making love, shit, I'd rather make history
I'd prefer a monument over the kiss of thee
The world is pulling the rug from under me

Well it seems like the amorous man has a prostitute like commitment again
And it feels like my eager hands are searching for that promiscuous skin

They say home is where the heart is
So where do you keep your bed?
And if home is where the heart is
Then what do I do with this empty chest?

They say home is where the heart is
So where do you keep your bed?
And if home is where the heart is
It's a crying shame we can't afford the rent

I'll stay home where the heart is
While you better yourself in bed
You'll stay out with the hardest piece of him
Between the both of your legs

I'd rather be homeless
Than smelling his scent in our bed
There's no such thing as heartache, you idiot

I'll stay home where the heart is
While you better yourself in bed
There's no such thing as heartache, you idiot
It's all inside your head

Don't you lie to me!
Don't you lie!
Don't you lie to me!
Don't you lie!
Don't you lie to me!
Don't you fucking lie!
I swear to god!

Well it seems like the amorous man has a prostitute like commitment again
And it feels like my eager hands are searching for that promiscuous skin

I'm wasting away!
I'm wasting away!