

Voltaic Crusher/Undrum to Muted Da

of Montreal

I write a thousand songs for you a day
But I never run out of things to say
You're my Ulysses that I'll never end
Now that I fucked up, lost you, sweet friend

Everything is in the trash
And it's my fault
I destroyed us, I know
It's unrecoverable

If there's a God, he will repair your heart
If there's a God, send her an angel
Make him handsome and clever and not crazy
And you notice something wonderful
Someone to love her volcanically

And please, please, please God, don't be a bastard
Christ knows she deserves something nice for a change
Christ knows she deserves something nice for a change

I am a flaw, I'm a mistake
I am faulty, I always break
I tried, you don't believe me, but I did
I tried to mature, be responsible, dot dot dot
But my heart is juvenile
And my character's not so hot

You gave me your hand, I gave you a fist
Please don't lose any sleep over me, baby, I hardly exist
You gave me your hand, I gave you a fist
Please don't lose any sleep over me, baby, I hardly exist

You gave me everything, still I resist
Please don't lose any sleep over me, baby, I hardly exist
I hardly exist