

I didn't use you, but I wish I had  
I never liked you, but I wish I did  
But I wish I did

Whether it was soaking in your poppy tea  
Or your southern hospitality  
Your voice has a sing-song quality  
And bones were made to be broken  
And bones were made to be broken

Yes, all right, I can  
With sunburned lips I can bitch  
Yes, all right, I can  
With sunburned lips I can bitch  
About another stupid summer  
About another stupid summer  
About another stupid summer  
About another stupid summer

Paste eaters like this sad season  
Strong women gripe and bite your heavy tongues  
And bite your heavy tongues

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