

So do you still
Think of me
While you're masturbating slowly over Kiera on TV
Clinging on
There's hope at hand
Is your last romantic question - would you sleep with a dying man?

But it's the end
Last curtain call
Now the band is breaking up and your big heart is feeling small
Now that you're sick
You don't belong
Every colour that you loved for right is wrong

But it's not over
Like I told you
What's another drink to settle any argument?

And how I wish
That you'd get thin
And as shallow as I am, that is a sin
You never knew
I hate inside
Did you think I told you truthfully, cause every one was a fucking lie

And at the end
I will not call
You'll be the only one to blame, and the only one to fall
Now that you're sick
You don't belong
Now then here's a song about you - are you happy that you're wrong?

But it's not over
Like I told you
What's another drink to settle any argument?

I've got a mind to hurt you now
Forgive me while I take a bow
Cause I know deep down in your heart this must be killing you
I watch you walk away
So happy that I'll never say:
Keep your mouth shut darling because I know where you live