

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