

Miss Bipolar Love Fight

Blood On The Dance Floor

It's a love.
(FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!...)
Ahooo...

You're a bitch.
You're a bitch.
I'm sick of your shit.
Your dick.
Your dick.
You think your words are so slick.
You can't get it right,
always gotta be a fight.
You're heart is my pinata so sayonara.

I just wanna go out tonight.
I'm too tired to put up a fight.
I just wanna go out tonight.
The best part of fighting is the make-up sex.

Miss Bipolar,
ultimate controller,
manipulator, instigator.
Miss Bipolar,
ultimate controller,
perpetrator see you later.

Left my heart broken and sore.
You say you love me (I love you)
then you shove me to the floor.
Leave me drowning in your makeup
contemplating on our break up.
Drama is your middle name,
you certified afliency. (huh?)

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demonstrator, superstraitor. (Ahoo)
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ultimate controller,
terminator, aphyxiator.

Sunshine coming through the rain
this happiness is mixed with pain.
Sunshine coming through the right
this happiness is (CAN'T LET GO!)

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