

## Wifebeater

Daan

Bruises colors  
reminding my fist of the spring  
screaming to try to convince you  
That you couldn't sing  
Well I know you don't like it  
But I know for sure you won't tell  
These two daddy charges  
They sure are the hardest to sell

Tell me what did I do?  
What makes me so clumsy  
When I show my deep love for you  
Is it brutal or oral  
I'm shooting always the wrong dove  
Well I know it doesn't rhyme  
Tied to my birthtown stove  
Well I hate the things I do

Morning regrets by the one  
Who forgets what he's done  
Mental attacks by the priest  
With a stick church to run  
You could call it expressive  
But at least I ain't using no gun  
I thrive on the sound of a slowly torn  
up dress

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