

# Quit

Hey Mercedes

Quit  
If you're through with it  
You are gonna make me sick  
Sitting their with your hands in your hair  
Quit  
If you're through with it  
You are gonna make me sick  
No one cares who you carried to get here  
Quit  
In a quiet murmur of spit  
Cash it in with a whisper of wit  
Haven't you seen them  
Loving your commitment  
The show of a man who feigns  
A love that I love  
Now I said it  
So by the time you come to  
We'll know just what to do  
We'll be singing and dancing  
For the death of romancing  
Yeah I have finally found her  
Yeah show me where it hurts  
Quit  
Here's your punishment  
You had the best that you will ever see  
You wasted it  
Now she sees the good in me  
Quit  
We could talk for hours and hours about you  
But we don't  
What good could that possibly do  
So by the time you come to  
She finally forgot you  
We'll be singing and dancing  
Our rebirth of romancing  
Yeah she has finally found me  
Yeah I'll show you where it hurts  
You won't hear me breathe  
I sleep so soundly  
Hear me  
Stepping over heads to get ahead  
At that rate you will surely get your due  
But you'll have to wait around  
Until you are dead  
You won't hear us breathe  
We sleep so soundly  
Your lost love and me  
We're not listening  
(so how does that feel now  
Cut the power to the amplifier  
Cut the cord to the generator  
Break every living mirror  
In your ever-elevator  
On paper you hate her  
But to her face you're a savior)  
Pu my headphones on  
And you'll all be gone