

Love Letters from Hell

John Maus

Well I'm fillin in for Gracie Roberts tonight, yeah
I'm feelin very sorry that it hasn't rained all year
I'm feelin very sorry that I, that I've got the fear
It's taking time to sort through my winding mind
When i can smell her on my neck
(yeah)
You've got to, you've got to run away
You've got to, you've got to find a way, baby
You've got to fade away
Until there's no one left but you
The ship is down

Skins is on the sidewalk
Filling things with acid
Mom is in the kitchen
Crying for her father
Meaningless as music
Making as amusements
Slides into the doorway
Chattering like horseplay
I am, I am sending you a love letter from hell

Fuck the boys, f**k all the boys
Fuck girls while you're at it
Load into a limousine

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