

## 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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