

Swan Song

Juliana Hatfield

You were gonna let me go
No guts to tell me yourself
Go ahead and rub my nose in it
You can't fire me because I quit

You make me feel invisible
Well, surely you see me now
Stretched out on the floor of your house
Foaming at the mouth
With a needle in my arm
Next to a smoking gun
And an empty razor case
And a note that says :

Dear jack I hate you. love, Diane
Dear jack I hate you. love, Diane
Dear jack I hate you
I said yeah yeah yeah whoa.

The neighborhood is gonna watch me
As I create the great finale
A perfect swan dive out the window
Crash the car off the road

You're not gonna miss me
But you're gonna remember my body
Crumpled in a heap in the middle of your street.

Clean up your mess
Clean up your mess
Clean up your mess
Clean up your mess

Finally you're carrying me
Over the threshold try to revive me
With a cold compress but it's too late
I guess your best just isn't good enough
When every warm embrace
It was a selfish act
And every smiling face
It was a trap
You shit
You stabbed me in the back

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