When I Get Home, You're So Dead

Mayday Parade

The words are coming I feel terrible Is it typical for us to end like this? Well it's just another scene From a movie that you've seen one hundred times

Cause baby you weren't the first, or the last, or the worst. And I've got to fill the blanks in the past with a verse We could sit around and cry but frankly your not worth it anymore.

So say hello to all the boys at the top of this table that you're under Lip sync lullabies This is sorry for the last time And baby I understand that you're making new friends This is how you get by The moral this time is Girls make boys cry, and die

On any other day we'd shoot the boy But your simple toy Had caused a scene like this Leave him hanging on the walls Just a picture in the hall Like a hundred more

Consider this as a gift as you taste him on your lips And he's making you scream with his hands on your hips I hope he's leaving you empty baby this is just a fix For such a simple little...whore...

So say hello to all the boys at the top of this table that you're under Lip sync lullabies This is sorry for the last time And baby I understand that you're making new friends This is how you get by The moral this time is Girls make boys cry, and I die

Oh whoa, whoa, yeah.

And your name remains the same All that has changed is this pretty face.

So pull the trigger It never gets closer You want to start over Never start over

Pull the trigger It never gets closer You want to start over But never start over

So say hello to all the boys at the top of this table that you're under Lip sync lullables This is sorry for the last time And baby I understand that you're making new friends This is how you get by The moral this time is Girls make boys cry, and die

Say hello, say hello

Lip sync lullabies This is sorry for the last time And baby I understand that you're making new friends This is how you get by The moral this time is Girls make boys cry AND.