

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 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

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.