

Come On Life

Melissa Ferrick

Come on life, I mean, give me a little more
Behind my back, that singer is stabbing
And what gives here, my karma is begging
What is it I did to deserve this
It's scratching, and without words I'm blinking out the
Madness that surges into my throat
When I think of what she wrote to you, right after
I went and I told her how much I loved you and how afraid
I was for us

One key opens my front door, the same key opens my back
Door
No space or time is ever going to work here, when all I
See you say is that you think it's going to get better
Well I don't think that it is, right now it's just tough
But you have to live away from what was us
With false regard for my well-being
All that time behind my back Sneaking around with someone
I though was my friend
So come on life, I mean, give me a little more
Behind my back, that singer is stabbing
Everybody be on the lookout because there is a singer and
She is out here and she is stabbing
Yeah, yeah, yeah