

## 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