

Pity Party

Saint Motel

Your Mother Theresa with looser thighs
Got a taste for scotch and abusive guys
Can't clean out your ruins with them rusty knives
So why do you keep trying

You say to me with all the tears in your eyes
You scream at me it's not my fault, this time
Go blame it on the Jews or the Chinese
'Cause I'm all out of time

Your ship's sinking, now
Go down with it

Just don't forget my comin' ends
I'll follow you between
I'm laying here and I wish I cared
But I just can't wait to leave
So don't roll over, please

You're standing in the belly of the furnace
Just kiss the floor and mountain to the surface
Just turn off and you won't feel no burning
Yet you leave it all on
If only used to turn me on

Your ship's sinking, now
Go down with it

Just don't forget my comin' ends
I'll follow you between
I'm laying here and I wish I cared
But I just can't wait to leave
So don't roll over
So don't roll over
So don't roll over
Please

Your ship's sinking
Sharks start sensing blood
The world might end
It's a night I won't be by your side
And if the world ends today
Won't be by your side
So don't roll over
So don't roll over
So don't roll over
Please