

I'd Rather Drown

Set It Off

Thanks for treating me like every boy you meet
So please come in and take a seat
Here's the part where I learn and you will teach
On how to treat people like a piece of meat

I want a genuine, not a replica
Lethal medicine, a pin to the cornea
A sight for sore eyes, [?]

No doors exist in my fortress
The only entrance is the one I bear
You're nothing more than a temptress
I fell victim to a heartless scare

Burn the bitch down
I never will cross that bridge again
I cannot trust you easily
Or think that I'm the only one
I never let people in
And I have you to remind me why
So baby, burn the bitch down
I never will cross that bridge again
I'd rather drown

I'm the master of construction
Because I'm building walls like it's my occupation
If you portray a liar
I'll shut you out without hesitation
It's an art form of consummate skill (haha consummate skill)
Of how she plays them like the pawn
Making boys drool at her will
Like Pavlov to the dogs.

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And I have you to remind me why
So baby, burn the bitch down
I never will cross that bridge again
I'd rather, I'd rather, I'd rather!

Fail me, slit my throat so lightly
Pick me up and drop me right into my grave
And now I wonder, sit alone and ponder
Should I even bother when I see your face?
The itch I couldn't scratch
But I come crawling back but no
I'd much rather, rather, rather, rather, rather, rather

Sing it boys:
Burn the bitch down
I never will cross that bridge again
I cannot trust you easily
Or think that I'm the only one
I never let people in
And I have you to remind me why
So baby, burn the bitch down
I never will cross that bridge again

Go ahead and burn the bitch down
I never will cross that bridge again
[?]
So baby, burn the bitch down
I never will cross that bridge again
I'd rather drown