

Little Head

Sinner

I can dish it out but you know I can't take it
When you told me every time
That you came that you were faking
So I guess I'll never know
If I was mackin, yes or no
Got a seven foot cut on my foot the day before
When you pulled out my glass heart
And broke it on the floor
I guess I'm gonna go
To the house of broken hearts and bloody toes

It hurts to think about
I got no doubt - I figured out

My little head is so shot without you
My little head can't hold the thoughts
You put inside my mind when you walked out

Just a little scratch but it feels like it did
When you've fallen off the short bus
And landed on your head
I felt a little low
When you told me where to go
Right straight down to hell
Cramping up your style
But your style ain't cramping me
But whatcha gonna do
When you're sleeping with the enemy?
I'm always at your show, in the very back row

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I got no doubt - I figured out

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