

## 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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