

# You Should Be Ashamed of Myself

The Bled

Welcome to the end of the night  
Where everyone reeks of stale smoke, dirty jokes  
Stop me if you've heard this one  
The ransom's over, where's my cut, cut, cut, cut?

Skewered on an open flame  
I bought you off the spit, pose for me  
Paws and knees trace around the switchblade gash  
We're all born fresh but now we rot, rot, rot, rot

I'm the bastard kid of a dead beat town  
You're just what I need to bring me down  
I've got enough strength for one more round  
Is that good for you? Well, it's good for me, baby

I'm the lucky son of a bitch you need  
To keep alive your losing streak  
I've got one more trick up my sleeve  
Does that work for you? Well, it works for me, baby

When you can't tear your eyes away  
'Coz she's got such a pretty face  
And a filthy fucking mind

And I will wait outside the gates  
But I won't leave till you show me what's on the inside  
Well, I can't shake this lack of sleep  
It feasts on me till you show me what's on the inside

I'm the bastard kid of a dead beat town  
You're just what I need to bring me down  
I've got enough strength for one more round  
Is that good for you? Well, it's good for me, baby

And our mothers sleep with lottery dreams  
Our fathers built the pyramid schemes  
Nothing is ever what it seems  
But it works for you 'coz it works for me

You just had yourself a taste  
Of how sweet the life could be  
If you could just leave yours behind