

## Kennedy Curse

The Maine

Oh, this feels like the Kennedy Curse  
And everything inside is dead  
I'm on the fence about what feels worse  
The one leaving or the one in bed

In a dream she's talking dirty to me  
Just in a language that I can't speak  
Then she kisses my scars  
As she cuts out my heart  
And she places it right on her sleeve

I'm having visions of the way it will end  
I can see it all now in my head  
Well, you will cast the first stone  
And my sail will be torn  
I'll lose my vessel to a dark sea bed

Will someone just come and take my heart?  
Set it down in front of moving cars?  
I feel nothing at all  
So won't someone just come and take my heart  
And tear it apart?

Oh, my thoughts—they remain perverse  
And I know I am the first of my kin  
To be born with this curse  
So persuade and coerce  
Because I'm willing to be born again

Wish someone would come and take my heart  
Set it down in front of moving cars  
I feel nothing at all  
So won't someone just come and take my heart  
And tear it apart?  
And tear it apart?  
And tear it apart?  
Just tear it apart