

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