

Not My Style

The Red Jumpsuit Apparatus

Sitting with the Bible in my grasp
And a gun in my left hand
Trying hard to steady breathing
Pacing on the cold tile floor
You better look me in the eyes
When you say that you don't love me
Then she said she didn't love me anymore

I got no reason to be sure
This will never get any easier
I cried out, "Dear heavenly father
Surround me with love
Cause suicide is not my style
No, suicide is not my style"

Trying not to lose faith in this world
But it's a bitter pill to take
When there's no one left to blame
Tracing back the steps that we both took
You better take a second look
In that mirror when you laugh at me
I bet you like what you see

I got no reason to be sure
This will never get any easier
I cried out, "Dear heavenly father
Surround me with love
Cause suicide is not my style (no)
Suicide is not my style (no)
Suicide is not my (style)"

You will regret this one day
The way you walked away
You've got some cold move [?] to face
No longer my mistake
You will regret this one day
The way you walked away
(You will regret this one day)
(The way you walked away)

I got no reason to be sure
This will never get easier
I cried out, "Dear heavenly father
Surround me with love
Cause suicide is not my style
Suicide is not my style
Suicide is not my (style)"