

Dramatica

The Sheila Divine

i'd say it to the mayor
tell it to the papers
if you gave me a match
i'd torch the place
i'd do it as a favor
you can bet that i would savor
i'm just talking trash
as i destroy the place
friendship built you up
but i will tear you down
for all that i've become
that past still hangs around
it's hard enough to bear
what seems so unfair
that a moment went and changed you

the clouds never part there
the sun never rises
it is dark all the time
i mean no surprises
i'd say it to the mayor
tell it to the paper
if you give me a match
i'll burn the place