

I met a girl today
Her hair smelled like lemonade
Something sweet, yeah something sour
Something that'd turn kings into cowards
But she ain't different
No, she's just the same
She likes secrets
She wants my pain
So I asked her out
We had nothing to talk about
And it was no secret one had to whisper
I think I kinda dug her sister
I ask my friends
What the hell happened to me
They say "Hey man, you're just the same"

I'm not singing for you
you think I'm telling when I'm not telling the truth
Dopesick, tongue tied, trembling, blood letting blues
I'm not singing for you

I saw my old lady
Down at the the grocery store
I said "who you buying them groceries for?"
She said "it ain't your business no more"
I don't care
What's his name
She says "Baby -
You just got yourself to blame."
I shut up
I just got sick
I turn around
I feel hell much more than shame
I say out loud
"I just got myself to blame."
Like I was singing
I'm not singing, I was never singing for you

My tongue my tongue coiled strictly for you
It pierced my lips as it shot from my mouth towards you
Your flesh swelled up and turned purplish blue
Stuck in your neck trembling, blood clotting bruise

I saw you last night at the bar we used to visit
Drinking with some prick, though you would never admit it
Though I agree with you, I should be committed
Though I'd never admit it, yeah I'd rather be committed to:

White walls, no hope-nightmare delusions of you
I'm gurgling backwards, shape-shifting fluids for you
A wasp swarm fills up the cathedral in June
I'll flood your wedding day romantically removed from the truth