

# Trazodone

## Trophy Scars

I eat my trazodone and go to bed  
Wake up in the morning with holes in my head  
My friend's a doctor  
He tells me I'm fine  
As long as I don't eat 'em all of the time

There's a man  
In my dreams  
He's silhouetted by the dawn's soft gleam  
He lights a smoke  
He shows his teeth  
He tells me "Son, I'm the devil you feed."

Here's the problem with the devil though  
I guess I just don't believe  
His eyes burn red and admits a grin  
He asks "Son, will you follow me?"

Then the man's face starts to change  
All of a sudden he looks just like me  
Somehow I've seen this all before  
Exactly where I'm not so sure

Or is it when?  
I couldn't say  
Time and space tend to disagree  
Then I wake  
From my sleep  
I floss the trazodone from my teeth

I take a shower and I comb my hair  
I trim my beard then I look in the mirror  
And I almost can't believe my eyes  
My mouth opened wide, paralyzed in fear...

Oh look at the martyr  
He burned himself alive out of sheer cold terror  
Some claim it was murder  
They saw the devil in his bed with his lover  
You all hate a martyr  
You hate the bed you're sleeping in and all its horror  
Her motive was murder  
Well, I'm the ghost that's haunting you forever and ever

You're right my heart it was a desert  
You're right you're love was the drink  
I wouldn't take one goddamn sip so I could die or go to sleep  
No, no, no

So she burned me like coal  
'Cause killers like her, they don't never let you go  
I love the worst kind of criminals  
The kind that eat your heart  
The kind that steal your soul

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Laying there with a ghost in my mouth  
Andy tells me to spit her out  
Oh Laur, I want to spit you out  
Laying there with the ghost in my mouth  
Andy tells me to spit her out  
Oh Laur... I want to spit her out

Everything that you said to me  
All the words that you said to me  
Everything that you said to me was make believe  
Just make believe

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