Don't pretend that you don't know me

If you mean to offend me then you're doing pretty well

And how convincingly you've shown me

That the love I thought was built to last is now an empty shell

Things can only get better
What's around the corner, who can tell?
I'll build a little place just north of heaven
I'm kinda tired of living south of hell

Don't assume you can ignore me You'd best bite your lip in case I make it after all And how contemptuously you've shown me That all my aspirations were so paltry and so small

Things can only get better
What's around the corner, who can tell?
I'll build a little place just north of heaven
I'm kinda tired of living south of hell

Some mother's talking 'bout Guns 'n' Roses
As if I give a f\*\*k, at best I think they suck
I'm too preoccupied with my memories
Not non-entities

Things can only get better
What's around the corner, who can tell?
I'll build a little place just north of heaven
I'm kinda tired of living south of hell

I'm kinda tired of living south of hell I'm kinda tired of living