

# Guilty

Matt Maltese

I pull back the sheets, I brush my yellow teeth  
And I pick up the items of incriminating clothing  
She's got a guy, why did I say something to her  
I just can't help it, I'm a freak and she's my healer

There she goes, slipping through my fingers  
I had a choice to be guilt-free, baby  
There she goes, slipping through my fingers  
I had a choice and I chose guilty, baby

Through nation-wide mess, I still thought of her  
I tried horse tranquilizer just to impress her  
I kiss her then leave, how the hell did I get here  
8AM and my poor heart now sure feels tender

There she goes, slipping through my fingers  
I had a choice to be guilt-free, baby  
There she goes, slipping through my fingers  
I had a choice and I chose guilty, baby

I get the first train, I start hallucinating  
You in your underwear and me on the guillotine  
We reach the cruel end of this Greek tragedy  
Head in the toilet and an urge to scream guilty

There she goes, slipping through my fingers  
I had a choice to be guilt-free, baby  
There she goes, slipping through my fingers  
I had a choice and I chose guilty, baby, with you