Misery is all we know lately Saturdays are all the same Sympathy is overrated Like a snapshot when you've lost the game

Now it's all the funeral I've become a serial Killer of us both Now it's all the funeral I've become a serial Killer of us both

No, I
Don't want to get thrown in your ocean
Don't try
You know that we already know it
It's over

At your own burial Don't forget to cry At your own burial

Licking up my eighty-first birthday Every day this body goes to waste Remembering how I would raise an army When we went back to your place

Now it's all the funeral I've become a serial Killer of us both Now it's all the funeral I've become a serial Killer of us both

No, I
Don't want to get thrown in your ocean
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