

That One

P.O.S.

Okay, Tom
Bring a pen, a pad, a couch, a blanket, pillow and I'm out
I wrote this thing from 31st to Clinton, foaming at the mouth
Can I sleep in your den? I'm mad 'bout how she's shanking me with my house
I wrote this thing from amongst the best
She aimed it out, the time
Give me the biggest f**king shot of disastrous ass-backwards
Triple X 1000 proof shit in a glass
Better get the whole bottle
Better yet I'll get water, I don't drink
Just give me the keys to your Civic
It's the director's to the brink
I'm, um..
I'm kind of in the mood to get shot
I'm sort of kind of in the mood for suicide by cop
The little fake hold up the clerk but I'm not loaded
The jerk at his work at my worst
By the burst, it's a loaded gun
And when the cops come
I'll aim it at they face until they lay me to waste
People will blame it on race, riot, and f**k up the place
Deface all in they path and
That's what I call a crime of passion
Tom, give me some NyQuil and a Tylenol
I wanted you in space
But not the shit that I do to the wall
And maybe I should call
And maybe I just f**k the f**k off
Cause, it's my fault, and I f**ked it all
What am I, 10 again?
This shit was messed up from the beginning
And I knew I'd fall in love and then I'd lose it
And lose a friend
Maybe it's her fault
She never seemed to try
Tom, give me a second, I've got something in my eye

Love to the next hugs
Kisses to the sex life
Hot with emotion, baby, tell me what you need
Sex to the love to the thing
Not enough, to the anger
How'd you lose your love for the leaves?

Drowning
I'm not waving, I'm drowning
I'm not waving, I'm drowning
I'm not waving, I'm drowning
I'm not waving, I'm drowning

Tom
Until she turned and can't sleep
I'm sorry to keep you upright
Never mind man
Hey, what's up
Good night, good night, guys
My bright eyes ain't shuttin'

I'm sick of arguing, so barging in seemed like it
would help something
My puppy love turned to a leash dog and a steamer
I'm on a plank, she's riding pistol in a Beamer, yo
I'm thinkin' my best plan involves a meat cleaver and a steak knife
Someone's gonna die tonight, but not her
Not my princess, not my baby bird
Not my sweet chickadee turned angry vulture, clawing nerves
Red, tough, black and white and dead all over
Ask the hour, "How many licks does it take before it's over?"
"Twice is nice"
I asked you, "Please, toss my taped up clover"

Neither of us listen
(Neither of us listen)
I asked you, "Please, toss my taped up clover"

But neither of us listen
Till we both pay the price
Like

Why you never listening?
Why don't you care?
Why it gotta be like this?
Why don't you care?
Please, baby, talk to me
Please go away
Please, will you look at me?
Please, baby, stay
Can we stop this shit?
Can we try?
Can we make a go of it?
Please don't cry
Can we stop this shit?
Can we try?
Can we make a go of it?
Please don't cry

I'm not waving, I'm drowning

I remember
Bruised head, and a bruised heart
And I remember
Tossing with tears, cause the sleep's hard
If you remember
That face smell on a pillow cover is not the smell of
love anymore
That's loss and pain
Vain happenings, you're
No longer the recipient of casual looks, I see
They say you're all I see
So much compassion in her stare
How can it be in the back of my eyelids, haunting me
A picture featuring your fat lower lip, and brown hair
Yo; your side of my bed is cold and will be
Remember when you threw my side with "So?"
and so you bought that bed with me
You picked the Sheets, and spent the time
You broke in the springs with me
Your first decision now change up your life and give it a try
With all the guys in the world, remember that you chose me
My best...you can have it if you want it

I gotta know, I gotta feel like this
Cause life goes any day it can
Any day that it can
I need a knuckle to absorb
It's a different kind of love you're missing - best friends
Cause everybody's fine and it's freedom again