

## My Terrible Personality

Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin

Yeah you gotta look at me cuz I'm staring equally  
Gotta loose focus, blur everything else  
And when we have a baby obsessed with death and grief  
I can't believe you haven't killed me yet  
It's gotta hurt to see somebody dumb like me  
You think you want her more but she wants me  
What do you want to hear?  
Whata are we doing here?  
Where did our magic disappear so fast?  
It's not that bad  
No it's not that bad  
Make fire with my eyes, potatoes turn to fries  
Ain't got no reason to tell lies  
And on our wedding day I want to hear you say  
Everything is going to be okay for now  
No it's not like that  
No it's not that bad  
Talking to myself, the bottles on the shell  
I cant' tell what's happening  
Then it slides off of me  
My thoughts are clear  
I feel wightless coming down from the clouds