

# I Want to Kill Something

A House

What gives you the right to stick your hand in my pocket  
I've worked hard for my things, you just can't take them  
You, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you cry like an animal from  
the pack  
And I never, ever said it was fair and I can't see the point in  
talking to you

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I didn't ask you here, this weight that I'm feeling  
Two wrongs might make this right, revenge is fleeting  
I call like an animal with an instinct  
And contempt springs to mind when I think of what used to mine

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