

Husband

Amigo The Devil

Trust me, I'm not jealous, I'm just hoping that he really messes up
I'm not so much afraid of letting go as much as scared of giving up
And all the distance that we've spent apart will never have to mean a thing
Cause every mile I travelled was to find the perfect stone to fit your ring

And I, I
Oh I, I
Hope your husband dies
I hope your husband dies

Living in the moments hard when everything I want is in the past
And now you're with this asshole, you expect me to believe it's going to last
But when I had you near me I just couldn't think of anything to say
But now that I'm alone, I got the perfect things to tell you everyday

Cause I, I
Oh I, I
Hope your husband dies
I hope your husband dies

So trust me, I'm not jealous, I'm just hoping that he really fucks things up
I'm not so much afraid of being alone, just kind of feel I've had enough
And time and time again, time reminds me you'll never be my own
We'll never have a house to decorate, a place that we can call our home

So I, I
Oh I, I
Hope your husband dies
I hope your husband dies

I, I
Oh I, I
Hope your husband dies