

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