

# YEAHYEAHYEAHYEAH...

Beauty School Dropout

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

My ear to the door  
You got his name on your breath  
My blood on the floor  
I got your knife in my chest  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You make me depressed  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You make me depressed

Oh, I got some things on my chest  
While you play dumb and lay your body on his  
It's the same old situation, got you stuck in my head  
It plays like carbon copy reruns of you fucking my friends, and it goes

On and on  
It goes on and on  
On and on  
It goes on and on

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You make me depressed  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
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Look at him, think of me while you go down  
Tried to block out the noise, but you're so loud  
Do you walk how you talk when you're down on your knees?  
I can still smell the taste when you're talking to me

On and on  
It goes on and on  
On and on  
It goes on and on

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You got his name on your breath  
My blood on the floor  
I got your knife in my chest  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You make me depressed  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You make me depressed

I've been here before  
How did I do this again?  
I thought we were more  
Too bad you couldn't care less  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You make me depressed  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You make me depressed

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah