

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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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
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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