

The Trouble...

Birdeatsbaby

Honey, Sugar, Lover, Ever Baby this one is for you Alcoholic, (so) catastrophic You gave me something to do

You tie me up in a ball in a cup in a black Cadillac in the box of a Jack in a moment of truth in a mistaken youth I am tragically yours in a page in a book

Sweetheart, (my) darling, slightly charming Wrap me in nettles and thorns Precious letters, maybe it's better If you had never been born

You come inside like a victory bride but you're all dressed in crimson and blacked out your eyes and so exaggerated so much that you rip at the seams and I tear out the dice on your lips

Headache, staring Toothache tearing Earthquake, bearing How am I meant to believe? ...in someone quite like you I know once you loved me too The price you pay is critical Why did I stay? It's pitiful

Incoherence, (my) disappearance Where did my dignity go? Daytime nightmares, get your fair share? No, well I didn't think so

You slip away into slumber I lay and I crumble and pay for the price on your head and I hate to admit that your conscience is clear when you know what you did and you won't shed a tear

Shaking, Burning, in-the-grave turning Burden your demons on me Seething, writhing, raging, caving See how I split into three

Ivory runs as the night overcomes and I'm left with the cold and the dark and the numbness so unsympathetic I said no I meant it I pointlessly argue my case as defendant

Headache, staring Toothache tearing Earthquake, bearing How could you go make me bleed? ...on someone quite like you I know once you loved me too But the price you pay is critical Why did I stay? It's goddamn fucking pitiful.