

On

Blake Babies

I never did you wrong
But it makes a better song
Than you were off and I was on
Your twilight is my dawn
You take too long
I got off, but you go on
Call the nurse
She can stick it in you
Does it hurt to be young and beautiful, like neil and jennifer?

You're bitter and depressed
You're faking your own death
Another wasted breath on everything I said
It's better in a song
On