

## Dry Your Eyes

Bobaflex

Getting kind of sick of your bullshit  
Getting kind of sick of your lies  
Crocodile tears in the crawlspace  
Trust me, honey, that ain't no surprise

You could use an attitude adjustment  
Something that'll bring you to your knees  
Maybe we should leave it in the dust  
It's busted, baby, you know what I mean  
You know what I mean

Want you to know, my heart's been broke before  
Don't you cry as I'm walking out the door  
Baby, can't you see? Your love's been killing me  
Dry your eyes as I'm walking out the door

Maybe it's the pills and the cocaine  
Maybe it's the evil in your brain  
Don't think I can take another bloodstain  
Fool me twice, I guess it's shame on me

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