

Sam Jam

Covey

Wish I was there on the day
You let doctors cut you up
On a big long metal tray
Face down for eight hours straight
You were scared that you'd go blind
From the blood flow to your face
Chin dimpled and quivering

Scared just like when you were two
On the floor of the living room
Banging your feet, I would cover my ears
To keep out all your screams
But I still loved you so
I just hope that you know that
I hope that you know that

Wish I was there on the day
You were running through a cafe
Bumped into a man
With hot coffee in his hand
And he proceeded
To pour that coffee on your head
There's some kind of lesson

I swear I had have wrung out his neck
For assaulting my sister
With my knees on his chest
I'd have forced his last breath
I can still see the burns
And your coffee-stained clothes
I just hate that it happened
I hate that it happened to you

Fuck that guy, I hope he's dead
I hope he's dead
Fuck that guy, I hope he's dead