

Like a choir singing minor
You are sadder than most
Every night you're setting fire
Just to watch it all roast

Didn't your mama tell you how to behave?
I know she didn't

I can see it
I can see it
Since you're gone now, I can see it
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I can see it
Since you're gone now, I can see it

Didn't your mama tell you how to behave?
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With a slight turn you look like her
I was seeing a ghost
You don't hear a word that I say
Even fighters know it's nicer not to go for the throat
You don't hear a word that I say

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