

Oh Jessica

I don't miss you but tell me is your mama doing fine?

I've made my bed so I'll sleep in it

But it's the other people that we leave behind

Oh pessimist

How bitter was the contents of the glass you half emptied inside?

It's this virtue that makes you not like a saint

But a mutual friend of loneliness tonight

I hope your old man's back don't give him pain

Although he scared the shit right out of me

He was just doing it in your name

Wasted at the foot of your bed, oh please

I liked you better when you're lying through your teeth

You like me better when I'm lying on the ground

We like it better with nobody else around

Remember that old car you had? It was fifty years old

And we would drive around these country roads

Risking our lives and souls

And the thing is I liked the sound of the engine

More than I did our conversation

Wasted at the foot of your bed, oh please

I liked you better when you're lying through your teeth

You like me better when I'm lying on the ground

We like it better when, we like it better when

Don't rub salt into the paint

Let it stand, let it stay

Your hands will break before the dirt

I am the worst, you are the worst

Don't rub salt into the paint

(I am the worst oh, you are the worst oh)

Let it stand, let it stay

Your hands will break before the dirt

Oh Jessica

I don't miss you, never cared for you at all

And it's bittersweet how the people we meet

Have an impression after all

Wasted at the foot of your bed, oh please

I liked you better when you're lying through your teeth

You like me better when I'm lying on the ground

We like it better with nobody else around