Jessica

Dead!

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

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