

HELL REPLIED

Grey

Too much of anything is bad for you
I wish I knew that 'bout a month or two ago
We made our bed but it's not made for two
Video game that you know you lose, I know it's true, but

I feel six feet underneath the ground
Dig my own grave to get me out
I'm haunted by her every night
She's heaven-sent but hell replied

She's a bouquet of barbed wire
Yellow Lambo with the flat tire
Like cocaine to a high flier
Such a bad girl but what a good liar
Like a tattoo that starts fading
Hollywood star but she knows she's faking
First bullet in a ceasefire
Such a bad girl but what a good liar

What, what a good liar

If she's the crime then you can lock me up
Throw away the key 'cause I don't give a fuck no more
I'll do my time then she'll get back in touch
It all makes sense but I'm so confused, I know it's true, but

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