

# Last Bitter Song

Hello Saferide

Now, this will be the last bitter song  
It will be my last, real bitter song about you

From now on, I'll write about flowers and butterflies  
Chickens and kittens and shit  
From now on, I'll try to look myself in the face  
From now on, I'll try to find someone who knows I exist

So I won't have to feel like I do  
When I write my bitter songs  
This is my last real bitter song  
About you

I won't have to mention she was blonde and thin  
With a peanut for a brain and volleyballs for chest  
I won't have to mention: that's always what happens  
When you leave him your key, he ends up having sex in your apartment with miss Non-Bitterness

So this will be the last bitter song  
I'm feeling cheerful already  
I'd like to break his neck, if I may

But most, I'd like to cut off that hair  
And cut off that head  
And cut off those volleyballs

And I hope her heart gets broken  
And I hope she turns bitter, really really bitter  
Like me