

Ill Tempered Lover

Imani Coppola

Time keeps ticking away
It wont be long until they find me out
good evening officer what seems to be the problem
whats all the fuss about
I give up I give in
let me explain before you begin
this time I committed no crime
I'm not in control so please let me go
Last night I woke up in a cold sweat
tears were rollin out my eyes first
First I laughed then I cried
dream dream I was dreamin in my livin room
playin with shot gun
loaded it up with a lime green bullet
aimed it at you hear
bang bang I shot my lover
last night I shot my lover dead

He read me my rights in a monotone voice
and then he brought me down to the station for some questioning
allowed me one call so I dialed the number of my lawyer
and got his answering machine

Please man you gotta help me
I'm in prison and I gotta break free
I've been arrested for a crime I committed
I did it I did it you get it hit it

Repeat chorus