

Cobain

Jay Webb

Suicide notes ain't love letters
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Rotgut whiskey, cheap cocaine
Gon' make you miss me, Kurt Cobain
Gon' spend my check on pills and drinks
For the last damn time today

Ah, suicide notes ain't love letters
(Suicide notes ain't love letters)
It's a suicide note, not a love letter, ah-ah-ah

To anyone that can find the time and the light to finally listen
If my fight here is over, I pray my soul'll be forgiven
'Cause I've been hurting like hell (like hell)
I'm getting tired of myself, yeah

I cope by smoking and hoping that maybe tomorrow is different
And I let go of emotions but tell me, who am I really kidding?
'Cause grown men don't cry, just bottle it up inside, yeah

White-knuckle on the steering wheel
105 when I drive, trying just to feel
Better than feeling like shit
'Cause I only feel better when

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End my life with pills and a bottle
Fuck that bitch, she left me hollow
Drown your memory when I swallow
Drown my pride away

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