

Diary

Low Millions

I used a screwdriver, I couldn't find the key, I had to know your secrets, the thoughts you kept of me.

I read how you resent me, you even dreamed that I was dead, you said, you thought that I'd look stunning, with a bullet in my head.

Ooh, it's too bizarre to believe, Ooh, you can't be talkin' 'bout me, that's the way I have to read it, in your diary.

Now we can fight if you want to, unhappily ever after, or you can just tell me, to my face, if you think I'm such a bastard.

I knew that you'd weren't happy, yeah but who'd have guessed of this, to read that you were planning, to betray me with a kiss.

Ooh, it's too bizarre to believe, Ooh, you can't be talkin' 'bout me, that's the way I have to read it, You'll probably just leave me, and I'll fall apart, might as well just kill me, why don't you finish what you started.

Ooh, it's too bizarre to believe, Ooh, you can't be talkin' 'bout me, that's the way I have to read it, in your diary.

In your diary, in your diary, in your diary.