

Devil's Advocate

Major League

You could never really hate me
The way that I do lately
Cause I hate me
You're so poetic
The words on your lips
I've already said it
I feel apathetic
I can see it in you eyes
You've already read it
And then I felt your teeth sink in
Behind my back, breaking open the skin again

Everything that I was good for
My awful display of comfort
Have been mixing well with the whiskey and the gin
And all the stories that I told you
About the world outside your bedroom
They clutch my mind like vices
Twisting, turning a thousand times

I sold my soul for everything
I'm writing the songs that the devil sings
The rugs swept from under my feet
I'm only worth my money earned
Every dollar you spent is a lesson learned
You were something I could never afford to keep
You could never really hate me, like I hate me