

Literally Dead!!

Make Out Monday

The angels came and stole my Annabel Lee, my Annabel Lee
Darling you're dead to me
You're literally dead
You're literally!

I bought you flowers and I held your hand
Took you to the parties, even tried to dance
But in the end the roses bleed
A wind came and chilled my Annabel Lee

So tell me what the hell I'm supposed to do
When every last memory I have is of you
I couldn't forget ya if I tried
This isn't a breakup, baby you've died!

Black diamonds and formaldehyde
I tried to find a casket just your size
I prayed the angels to keep you alive
I paid the devil but the devil lied

So tell me what the hell I'm supposed to do
When every last memory I have is of you
I couldn't forget ya if I tried
This isn't a breakup, baby you've died!

I'd still bring you flowers to your dying day
Even death can't keep you away from me
I would hold your hand through the flames
Leave a plot for me next to your grave

They'll never know, they'll never know
You the way I knew your ghost
I don't wanna know, I don't wanna know
How it feels to spend forever alone

So tell me what the hell I'm supposed to do
When every last memory I have is of you
I thought of you as my wife
This isn't a breakup

I spent my savings on a wedding band
Cleaned up the puke and held your hair back
Now here comes the bride, she ain't wearing white
This is our funeral, baby we've died!

I'd still bring you flowers to your dying day
Even death can't keep you away from me
I would hold your hand through the flames
Leave a plot for me next to your grave

They'll never know, they'll never know
You the way I knew your ghost
I don't wanna know, I don't wanna know
How it feels to live forever

I don't wanna live, live with your ghost
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