

# I'd Rather Be With Them

Marika Hackman

Stale tongues, the words have gone  
And all we've left is smoky spit and heavy lungs  
And I don't want to talk it through  
But my head hurts and I hate you

So make me throw up  
I know that you will  
And wake up my mother and tell her I'm ill  
It's all coming out now, black, brown  
Wine and bile

Salty eyes and frothy lips  
Your teeth are bared and champing at the fucking bit  
Leaning on the window  
When you point down and you let go

You say: "look at the people  
Crawling like insects  
All over the pavement"  
I'd rather be with them  
'Cause I just hate this room, it smells like you

Leave it on, I like this song  
When it ends, I really must be getting on  
And the needle clicks after an hour  
And you look back and the door slams

I'm so fucking heartless  
I can't even cry  
I've opened my body, it's hollow inside  
So ring up my parents  
And tell them I'm dead  
And say how you left me  
And fucked with my head  
And I just hate your hair, and the clothes you wear  
And I just love your hair, and the clothes you wear