

# Have U Had Enough?

Medium Build

I guess it's time we finally talk  
I guess the writings on the wall  
But it's not writing it's just blood  
From when we messed each other up

Take a picture for your folks  
You used to beg me for a choke  
But nothing happens when you die  
You think they're watching from the sky?

What if they're gathering all around  
What if they're laying money down  
What if they hate the things they made  
What if they wish it all away

That kind of thinking makes you drink  
That kind of drinking makes you sick  
That kind of sickness eats you up  
You die and leave behind a son

Take a picture for your folks  
Kill a fifth and make a post  
Air all the laundry in the street  
Tell everybody I'm a creep

If not a creep, then I'm a child  
Someone who used to make you smile  
Someone who grabbed you by the hands  
Someone who ruined all your plans

Oh yes please dish, dish, dish, dish  
Let's make a ritual of this  
Let's make a promise we can keep  
I like you better when we sleep

I guess it's time we finally talk  
I guess the writings on the wall  
Oh baby have you had enough  
Don't think you ever were in love

Don't think you ever were in love  
Take a picture for your folks  
Kill a fifth and make a post  
Air all the laundry in the street  
Tell everybody I'm a creep

Air all the laundry in the street  
Tell everybody I'm a-