

# Why Am I Always Right

## Nightmare Of You

You were sickened with the vowing of silence  
I was taken by your permanent high  
Two lovers; are you turned on? How romantic!  
"Now I need a guillotine to get you off my mind"  
You were swept up in the buzz of a marriage  
While I was secretly hoping one of us might die  
A close call; would have ended up with the carriage  
Let's call it "X" No, let's just call it "Why?"

You're just like your dad  
Surprise! You don't only share his eyes  
It's the drink that's in your hand  
And it's that knack for telling awful lies  
Why am I always right?

As you slept away the day in my bedroom  
I found a criminal use for your pillow  
I love you terribly, I swear that this is true  
But I just can't stop my hands from smothering you  
I skipped town on a flight to your city  
There I crept up to your lover's window  
He poured a scotch and sobbed alone in the kitchen  
I took dead aim, and then I let it blow!

You're just like your dad  
Surprise! You don't only share his eyes  
It's the drink that's in your hand  
And it's that knack for telling awful lies  
Why am I always right?

You're just like your dad  
Surprise! You don't only share his eyes  
It's the drink that's in your hand  
And it's that knack for telling awful lies  
Why am I always right?

Stick a fork in a socket, do what you'd like  
Just make sure that I'm far out of your life  
Take an axe to your fingers, carve out your eyes  
And cut out your tongue  
And then we'll call this a tie

Cut out your lying tounge and we'll call this a tie

You're just like your dad  
Surprise! You don't only share his eyes  
like your dad  
Surprise! You don't only share his eyes  
It's the drink that's in your hand  
And it's that knack for telling awful lies

It's the drink that's in your hand  
And it's that knack for telling awful lies  
It's the drink that's in your hand  
And it's that knack for telling awful lies  
Why am I always right?