

I've got a surgeon's precision and a drunk man's hand  
They say I've stopped growin', so I do what I can  
Nothin' ever changes but the cigarette brand  
But don't panic, it's just routine  
Don't panic, this is just routine

You've got roses on the brain, and I'm all wilt  
You've got snowflakes in your veins, and I'm all melt  
You don't got blame on your breath  
God bless, but all I taste is guilt  
Ooh

Misery will bury you  
I'm so sorry if I'm scarin' you  
What was I supposed to do  
As opposed to lovin' you?

I've got a surgeon's hand and a drunk man's passion  
Totally limbless and I'm ready for action  
Nothin' ever changes but the taste of tobacco  
But don't panic, it's just routine  
Don't panic, this is just routine

You've got roses on the brain, and I'm all wilt  
You've got snowflakes in your veins, and I'm all melt  
You don't got blame on your breath  
God bless, but all I taste is guilt  
Ooh

Misery will bury you  
I'm so sorry if I'm scarin' you  
What was I supposed to do  
As opposed to lovin' you?

You've got roses the brain, and I'm all wilt

But misery will bury you  
I'm so sorry if I'm scarin' you  
What was I supposed to do  
As opposed to lovin' you?