

Cheap Bad

Pretty Balanced

something wasn't right
it wasn't she
you thought it wouldn't get
around to me
but i'm too clever no
it's not her fault
i think you should go home
and drink your malt
liquor

you don't have to convince
me of her guilt
the flowers aren't helping
they just wilt
your presence merely
irritates like salt
i think you should go home
and drink your malt
liquor

don't try to talk to me
don't try to placate me
i see what happened here
it's very plain my dear
when you get bored with me
go run to her but she
isn't a bastard like
you
are

she and i take pleasure
in your tears
you've had fun but now we're
switching gears
this ain't just another
little bicker
you better go home
and drink your malt
liquor

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don't try to placate me
i see what happened here
it's very plain my dear
when you get bored with me
go run to her but she
isn't a bastard like
you
are

he cannot be trusted with the girls
and he cannot be trusted with alcohol
and he cannot be trusted with my things
no he cannot be trusted with the girls

no more shoulders on
which you can cry

i won't even give you
a goodbye
you aren't going fast enough
you better pack quicker
and get your ass on home
to drink your malt
liquor

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