

Census Designated

Jane Remover

I can't afford to have you turn your back, not now
You stroke my cheek and tell me, "Not yet," like you always have
And all the luck I had never went that far
And I get sick thinking of how much I hate you for making it out
I laid down with a cold hand rolling down your back
You always have
You keep your promise to remember, without me
(Bite)

And I bet she's so lucky to have a voice like that
I'm young blood, fresh meat, and I like that
Can't help but think the man I love the most is lying to me
He's calling, crying, said, "Don't ever come to NYC,"
"Without me"
Without me?

Sick of religion, throwing elbows at the Marriott
You're at your buddy's house and you can find me back at the pad
Stain on your top's gotta be older than a week by now
I know your mission, paying extra for a carry-on
You'll try to buy me out, you told me this was all that I had
High in the lobby, looking crazy at the juice on her gown
She's all out of cash

And I bet she's so lucky to have a voice like that
I'm on my showbiz, everyday nonsense
Can't help but think the man I love the most is lying to me
He's calling, crying, said "You're ending up like all of your friends,"
"Without me"
Without me?

Earn him money like a man
Nails in my back remind me where I am
I'm in your phone, moaning like a cat
Your mother turns her back on me 'cause that's just who I am
You fucked me over
Sweet honey from the stand
Looking down from the mezzanine, he tastes me when he can
And I like that
Earn 'em money like a man
"I'm barely legal," told him as I spent all my advance
"You fucked me"

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And I bet she's so lucky to have a voice like that
Without me?
I'm on my showbiz, everyday nonsense
Can't help but think the man I love the most is lying to me
Without me?
He's calling, crying, said "You're ending up like all of your friends,"
(Explosive) "Without me"
Without me?

(Pinned to the wall, all I could ever imagine was you)

(Wiping me down like a trophy)
(Something I could earn)

The way it ends, you hold me like fifty thousand bills in your hand
Like I'm the princess of Ocean City
No convincing that you'll remember the poison in my mouth
Once you're in me, fifty thousand bills in your hand
Like, I'm the princess of Ocean City
No convincing that you'll remember
The poison in my mouth wants you in me

(Explosive)
(Like a hydrogen bomb)
(A blimp soaring across the United States)
(And it can't find me)
(Rotting in the middle of Oregon)
(A decomposing dream)
(Explosive)
(A decomposing dream)
(Explosive)
(A decomposing dream)
(Explosive)