

This Here Defeat

Scott Matthew

I won't write a song
To tell the world that you're gone
To tell the world of all your wrongs
I won't pen a rhyme
To justify this wasted time
To immortalize this great demise
No not this time
There ain't nothing sweet
In this here defeat
To inspire a melody to repeat
And you joked you'd get
The „best of“ from me
So very wrong
You won't even get a song
I won't write a song
So you can show all your friends
I wasn't the one
The thought that you might just sing along
It`s just sick and wrong

Nothing more to be said
No sensitive lines to honor the dead
Or how you were terrible in bed
No more to be said
So I've tried again
But this times not the same
You won't know my pain
In a gentle refrain
And you joked you'd get
The „best of“ from me
So very wrong
You won't even get a song
There ain't nothing sweet
In this here defeat
To inspire a melody to repeat
And you joked you'd get
The „best of“ from me
So very wrong
You won't even get a song