

U Got The Fever

Sega Bodega

You're an unbeliever
The worst I've ever known
Heinous in the simplest sense and evil to the bone
You have got the fever
End your reign upon the throne
We're better on our own
Tell me why I need you
You're fucking up my home
Breaking in at 2 am to check that I'm alone
I don't fucking need you
Tell it to your face or phone?
I'm better on my own

I love when you tell me you've changed just
'Cause I changed the locks
I love when you tell me, you tell me, you tell me

Pick up the receiver
I'm sick of trying to phone
How was I so blind to see your heart was made of stone?
I'm just trying to leave you
Can't come back, this bird has flown
I'm better on my own
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Well, that about does her
The next time you find yourself in the presence of an unbeliever
Remember, that it's just fever
It can't be caught, it can't be beat, but it can be volatile
It plays tricks on them, and on you
So my advice is go home, lock your doors, turn off your phone,
and hope it'll all be okay in the morning
Even though it never is
And bud, one last thing: when your ma' tells you something, you
listen
Heaven knows they know (Heaven knows)
As Salvador can attest too