

Off With Your Head

Sleater-Kinney

There are many things I'm tired of
That's what she said
So she took out a knife
And said off with my head
What's the use in knowing that the rest of me is dead
What good is a brain if it's all you got left
There's a part that you have missed
Don't need proof that I exist
You don't know I'm far away
From those awful things you say
What you put at the top of the neck to replace the skull
A balloon that you found at the shopping mall
Took out a pen, drew on a happy face
Now she walks around like her own parade
There are words you'll never hear
You've got poison in your ear
You don't know I'm far away
From those awful things you say
Come on I want a new reason to feel
A way to know that all I see is real
Free from all your toxic melody
Free from all the sadness that I see

(are you sick of your skin
Here's a bag to bury you in
You've got a lot of nerve
And you'll get what you deserve)
Sing me something good this time
Tired of wicked lullabies
You don't know I'm far away
From those awful things you say

(I'm not your time bomb baby, I've got no fuse.
Go ahead and call me crazy, but that's over-used.)