

That Sh*t Ain't Funny

The Brothers Comatose

I can see through you like paper
I ain't fallin' for your charms anymore
Used to love you, now I hate you
Now I see the things I couldn't see before

I'm moving on and I ain't ever looking back
And when I'm gone, don't try to call
It's the only thing I ask

Well well well
What am I doing?
I'm tired of losing it all
Gettin' out of this hell
I'm out of money
And that shit ain't funny at all

I broke my rose-coloured glasses
Now I see you for everything you are
I watched it all burn to ashes
As I pack my life into the trunk of my car

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