

This Won't Go Over Well

The Haunt

I know this won't go over well
My bad, I'm just so overwhelmed
You played me like a game, and it was hell
Now I'm dying in a Hollywood hotel

Don't come back, leave me alone
It's not my fault that you're here on your own
You stood me up tonight and wrecked my show
Don't call me, leave me alone
I swear to god, I won't pick up the phone
You're always really sorry, yeah I know

And I know this won't go over well
But, my god, I hope you rot in hell
You looked just like how cigarettes smell
So pretty while you kill all of my cells

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I swear to god, I won't pick up the phone
You're always really sorry, yeah I know

And the message is unclear 'cause you're not here
And I'm done with all the bullshit and the fear
So afraid to live each day, you fucking knew
So concerned with what the strangers thought of you

And you're just like all the others except you dress well
And I know I'm not a saint, but what the fuck else
You've played all of your cards and mine
You made me lie to everyone and say I'm fine

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