

Standard Bitter Love Song #6

The Mountain Goats

I don't like what I've turned into
There's a hole in my chest in the spot that you wormed out through
They say it's on the mend
But it hurts me when I bend, yeah

And I saw you down at Angie's place
That rippling smile on your perfect face
Well it really doesn't suit you
When I see it I want to shoot you, sorry

And I don't like what you said to me
I don't like what you said to me
But I guess I'll have to deal with it
Let the bullet hit me and I just reel with it
Isn't that right?
Isn't that right?
Isn't that right?
Isn't that right?