

Evil Selfish Fool

Those Poor Bastards

The loneliest time of the night, it is here
And I wait for your scratch on the door
It's true, you are gone, you're not coming back
And I cannot accept that no more

I know I am awful, I know I deserve this
I wish I was not what I am
Evil selfish fool

Give me your money, your youth and your charms
I'll squander and piss it away
Hand me gal whose love it is true
I'll abuse her and it will decay

I know I am awful, I know I deserve this
I wish I was not what I am
Evil selfish fool

At last I'm alone, I pity myself
Though I am the cause of my pain
Always I try to blame someone else
My presence is a big ugly stain

I know I am awful, I know I deserve this
I wish I was not what I am
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