

# Snake Oil

Trophy Scars

I met a girl today  
Her hair smelled like lemonade  
Something sweet, yeah something sour  
Something that'd turn kings into cowards  
But she ain't different  
No, she's just the same  
She likes secrets  
She wants my pain  
So I asked her out  
We had nothing to talk about  
And it was no secret one had to whisper  
I think I kinda dug her sister  
I ask my friends  
What the hell happened to me  
They say "Hey man, you're just the same"

I'm not singing for you  
you think I'm telling when I'm not telling the truth  
Dopesick, tongue tied, trembling, blood letting blues  
I'm not singing for you

I saw my old lady  
Down at the the grocery store  
I said "who you buying them groceries for?"  
She said "it ain't your business no more"  
I don't care  
What's his name  
She says "Baby -  
You just got yourself to blame."  
I shut up  
I just got sick  
I turn around  
I feel hell much more than shame  
I say out loud  
"I just got myself to blame."  
Like I was singing  
I'm not singing, I was never singing for you

My tongue my tongue coiled strictly for you  
It pierced my lips as it shot from my mouth towards you  
Your flesh swelled up and turned purplish blue  
Stuck in your neck trembling, blood clotting bruise

I saw you last night at the bar we used to visit  
Drinking with some prick, though you would never admit it  
Though I agree with you, I should be committed  
Though I'd never admit it, yeah I'd rather be committed to:

White walls, no hope-nightmare delusions of you  
I'm gurgling backwards, shape-shifting fluids for you  
A wasp swarm fills up the cathedral in June  
I'll flood your wedding day romantically removed from the truth