

## Shirtless, Sheetless, And

WHY?

Shirtless, sheetless and sleepless on the edge of your queen-sized bed  
Last night I didn't wanna move you cause your tendons were tight  
You said I'd be the one you remember as self-obsessed  
'Cause every fucking word that I tell you is really self-addressed  
Sure you saw me naked but I never took my make-up off  
You don't need me, your girlfriend goes cognito no nose mustache on  
And plus my eyeballs occupy the sockets like a half-dead doll  
So maybe you could kill me off in one of your songs?  
'Cause I'm not thrilled about anything  
I don't place bets on anything  
I'm not thrilled about anything... anything at all...