

## 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...