

Suicidegirls

Atmosphere

[Voice messages from upset girlfriends]

Hey you fucking asshole

Hi Sean, I just got finished cleaning some vomit out of my car

Sean, I'm so fucking pissed at you I could rip your goddamn arms off and..

Anyways, I don't care, I don't wanna fucking talk to you

I don't wanna talk to you anymore

I don't know what your deal's been lately, but I fucked you like 15 times

And you just take and take

and you just fuck everyone over in the end anyways

Okay and number 2, being fucked up

is not an excuse to piss in the goddamn fish tank

I'm sick of your bullshit. I'm sick of you acting like you can just fuckin..

Leave a trail of destruction and shit

everytime I'm around you and I'm fucking tired of it

It's just not cool, my roommates told me

what the fuck you did after you got stupid drunk as usual

I don't ever want you in my fucking house

in my fucking car, anywhere near me

It's fucking over, I don't want to talk to you anymore

I don't want to think about you anymore, I don't ever want to see you again

Even if you don't care, you can never ever come into my house again

Fuck me? Fuck you. Rot in fucking hell

Fuck you, go fuck yourself

You should care, if you give a fuck at all (?) you'll call me

Hear me out, don't come fucking crying to me when your world falls apart and

you have nowhere to turn, alright? Have a good day...Already? Already? Already? What'd you call 'em?[Slug]

I can't imagine some of the things that you've seen

City to city with no spot to sleep

I know she will run with opposable thumbs

She's trying to overcome all of the maniacs(?)

Coast to coast, who knows the most?

Age before beauty, sleep before scrutiny

Who could it be now, here she comes

With an eve(?) of her tongue and the games that she runs

Little girl dolls(?) never get lost, pay the cost, embrace the flaws

Let her get tossed in the back of a mid-size

Trying to look at life through those kid's eyes

"Jackpot", that's in quotes

Sometimes you gotta let go if you wanna get votes

But fuck the votes, I spin towards the clouds
A bullet in your head sits still allowed
I used to pretend that I gave a fuck
Now a do give a fuck, a little too much
Let's see what you got Naomi
Back view from Missouri, show me little homey

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