

# Dead Mans Shoes

## The Virginmarys

I am the king of conflict  
What I want, what I see, never what I need,  
I'm like a cat and a mouse,  
Throwin stones from a smashed glass house Where those freaks don't stop knockin  
Another day another enemy  
When I'm inside out  
I'm inside out. I want you more than happiness  
But I need you like the plague  
I wear my heart on a broken arm  
I'm like a rusty razor blade  
I want you more than happiness  
So I guess I'll do what I choose  
Hey girl lay off my dead mans shoes I am the king of conflict  
Diggin in to the hole in the market  
Standin tall on my hands and knees  
Such a fucked up recipe I want you more than happiness  
but I need you like the plague  
I'd live alone if i had a home  
be lyin in this mess I've made  
I want you more than happiness  
So I guess I'll do what I choose  
Hey girl lay off my dead mans shoes No rest no sleep no peace no life one no guarantees  
No home no job no cash no boss no suit no sign on me  
I want you more than happiness  
So I guess I'll do what i choose  
Hey girl lay off my dead mans shoes

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