

# Vengeance Isn't the Right Word

## Southcott

In the morning I'll be,  
Too tired to wake,  
From counting the constellations,  
I renamed,  
One for every mistake,  
They're all named after you, I've acquired a taste,  
For making the same mistakes,  
Because baby I'm a mess,  
You don't want to clean up,  
You said you've had enough,  
We won't be eighteen much longer,  
This keeps getting harder, Eyes like a target,  
Is all you've become,  
You're second hand smoke,  
To a lover's lung,  
You're killing me now,  
You're killing me now,  
A saint without sin,  
And a diamond ring,  
Pawned for lust, And a broken dream,  
You're killing me now,  
You're killing me now, Telling me that it's all over,  
Try and hold your so close,  
while looking over my shoulder,  
Too many nights that I've been sober,  
Will you fade away,  
cause we just got older,  
So break down,  
And make a scene,  
We'll make all the papers,  
And magazines,  
And they'll forecast your mood,  
On the ten o'clock news, Eyes like a target,  
A fist with a gun,  
Like second hand smoke,  
To a lover's lung,  
You're killing me now,  
You're killing me now,  
One last kiss to leave me senseless,

If not pretty, just make this painless,  
One last kiss, to leave me out.

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