Well

Eef Barzelay

You put your hands upon it
But it only ever squirms
You're staring in the mirror
And you're counting every germ
I'm not surprised she left you
That she found the nerve to tell
The thing you claim to love so much
You don't do very well

I'm sure someone will love you
'Til the day that they must die
And someone will mourn for you
With bitter, tear-stained eyes
Will this be enough for you?
You got them in your spell
Because the thing you claim to hate
You do it very well

Was it written in the stars
Or in your mother's gut
Will you be as pure as snow
Or just some angry mutt?
The price of it has just gone down
And you did not think to sell
But in doing all these hateful things
You are unparallel
At doing all these hurtful things
You really do excel

The truthfulness must leave the room
If I ever wish you well

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