Bad things

Soho Rooms

A bullet in your head is how I want it
Your body on the floor -- a Kodak moment
You're a waste of air and a waste of space
I want sharp objects to fly into your face
I hate you now more than I ever did
I wanna kill you, dig you up and do it again
I want a car to run over your head
Put it in reverse and do it again
I would be lying if I said that it wasn't true
I only want bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
I want very bad things to happen to you
It would be really great if you drowned in a lake
Or put a bag over your face and watched you suffocate
I'd celebrate at your wake, I'd bake myself a cake
'Cause you're my favorite person that I love to hate

And you're the reason that murder should be legalized
If it was, you'd be dead and in the ground by five
Just in case I forgot to say --
I hate you motherfucker in the very worst way
And I would be lying if I said that it wasn't true
I only want bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
I want very bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
I want very bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
I want bad things to happen to you
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