

# Diary

## Low Millions

I used to screwdriver  
I couldn't find the key  
I had to know your secrets  
The thoughts you kept from me I read how you resent me  
You even dreamed that I was dead  
You said, "You thought that I'd look stunning  
With a bullet in my head" Ooh, it's too bizarre to believe  
Ooh, you can't be talkin' 'bout me  
That's the way I have to read it  
In your diary Now we can fight if you want to  
Unhappily ever after  
Or you can just tell me to my face  
If you think I'm such a bastard I knew you'd weren't happy  
Yeah but who'd have guessed of this  
To read that you were planning  
To betray me with a kiss Ooh, it's too bizarre to believe  
Ooh, you can't be talkin' 'bout me  
But that's the way I have to read it You'll probably just leave me  
And I'll fall apart, might as well just kill me  
Why don't you finish what you started? Ooh, it's too bizarre to believe, ooh  
You can't be talkin' 'bout me  
That's the way I have to read it  
In your diary In your diary, in your diary, in your diary

Lyrics provided by

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