

Dead Man's 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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