

# When I Get Home You're So Dead

## Mayday Parade

The words are coming I feel terrible  
Is it typical for us to end like this  
Am I just another scene  
From a movie that you've seen one hundred times? Cause baby you weren't the first, or the last, or the worst  
And I've got to fill the blanks in the past with a verse  
We could sit around and cry but frankly you're not worth it anymore So say hello to all the boys at the top of this  
table that you're under  
Lipstick lullabies  
This is sorry for the last time  
And baby I understand that you're making new friends  
This is how you get by  
The moral this time is  
Girls make boys cry, and I... On any other day we'd shoot the boy  
But your simple toy  
Had caused a scene like this  
Leave him hanging on the walls  
Just a picture in the hall  
Like a hundred more Consider this as a gift as you taste him on your lips  
And he's making you scream with his hands on your hips  
I hope he's leaving you empty baby this is just a fix  
For such a simple... little... whore... So say hello to all the boys at the top of this table that you're under  
Lipstick lullabies  
This is sorry for the last time  
And baby I understand that you're making new friends  
This is how you get by  
The moral this time is  
Girls make boys cry, and I... Oh whoa, whoa And your name remains the same  
All that has changed is this pretty face (And your name)  
So pull the trigger  
(remains)  
It never gets closer  
(the same)  
You want to start over  
Never start over (All that has changed)  
Pull the trigger  
(is)  
It never gets closer  
(this)  
You want to start over

(pretty face)

But never start over So say hello to all the boys at the top of this table that you're under

Lipstick lullabies

This is sorry for the last time

And baby I understand that you're making new friends

This is how you get by

The moral this time is

Girls make boys cry, and I Say hello, say hello Lipstick lullabies

This is sorry for the last time

And baby I understand that you're making new friends

This is how you get by

The moral this time is

Girls make boys cry and I...

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