Mail Order Girlfriend

Sugarbomb

My mail order girlfriend doesn't write anymore
Her pens must be empty her hand has grown sore
Cross examine the postman
Nothing but junk mailDay I day out same old thing
Day in day outI'll laugh out the window and wear my cocoon
When nobody listens like the man in the moon
It's all very hopeless
This unbearable opus I singPatient
So patientJust like a coma tell me when it's over
Just like a coma
Just like a coma tell me when it's over
Just like a coma
Its over I feel it
She'll never come visitI'll waste in my brain dead daze to no end
Through pages and pages of utter nonsense
My heart like a pulsar squeals like a squad carChorusJust like a coma tell me when it's over
Just like a coma
Just like a coma tell me when it's over
Just like a coma
Its over I feel it
She'll never come visit
Its over I feel it
She'll never come visit

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