Hitting on the Waiter

Heatmiser

I'm so sick of having hope
Pushing the envelope
With empty threats and false teeth
My drink's been poured by a cannibal
And my corpse ain't even cold
And you want to take it away from meI know you'll take the blue ribbon
I shop myself with the starting gunYou're more cop than speeder
Hitting onthe waiter
And eating off the plate of the enemy
But I'd rather just forget about the jerking in my sleep
And the hollow words under meBut I've got second thoughts again
Second thoughts again
Or am I second guessing
Or just in second place?I've got a one year old hangover
Feels like I never will recover
But I can keep a poker face
For the rest of the chase

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