Little Head

Sinner

[Butch Walker]I can dish it out but you know I can't take it
When you told me every time
That you came that you were faking
So I guess I'll never know
If I was mackin, yes or no
Got a seven foot cut on my foot the day before
When you pulled out my glass heart
And broke it on the floor
I guess I'm gonna go
To the house of broken hearts and bloody toesIt hurts to think about
I got no doubt - I figured outMy little head is so shot without you
My little head can't hold the thoughts
You put inside my mind when you walked outJust a little scratch but it feels like it did
When you've fallen off the short bus
And landed on your head
I felt a little low
When you told me where to go
Right straight down to hell
Cramping up your style
But your style ain't cramping me
But what you gonna do
When you're sleeping with the enemy?
I'm always at your show, in the very back rowIt hurts to think about
I got no doubt - I figured outMy little head is so shot without you
My little head can't hold the thoughts
You put inside my mind when you walked out
My little head is so shot without you
My little head can't hold the thoughts
You put inside my mind when you walked outMy little head is so shot without you
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