Country Clutter

Dolorean

Your life's work, is making me hurt
Whether you mean to or not
It's your desire, that we enter these fights
And you always end up on topA little heartache well, it's a small price to pay
If you know you can get what you want
It's just your way, to keep raising the stakes
You're in love with the thrill of the huntBut it stops tonight, for these wounds have yet to heal
To call out into the dark, and get no reply
That's something you should feelI've moved along, packed up my shit
If you find anything I left behind, well, you can have it
Let it clutter up your life, the way you cluttered up mineI can't explain this threshold for pain
I have to believe, it came from a love
A love misguided it's true, 'cause it was guided at you
I had no idea, what you were capable ofI walk away, I don't have to explain
You know good and well how you treated me
So move along and call off the dogs
Go ahead and find your next prince'Cause it stops tonight
Though these wounds have yet to heal
To call out into the dark, and get no reply
That's something you should feelI have moved out, packed up my shit
If you find anything I left behind, well, you can have it
Let it clutter up your life, the way you cluttered up mine
I hope it clutters up your life, the way you cluttered up mine

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