Recipe for Disaster

Career Suicide

Wanna know why there's a dead guy in my dining room
Hit a dead end with my best friend, met his end too soon
Cold blooded killer in the mirror, I don't recognize
Cold and convicted, TV depicted, right before your eyes
But it's over, I'm telling you now
Oh no, no more
Oh, I never felt my heart beat faster
Oh, it's a recipe for disaster
Oh, I never felt my heart beat faster
Oh, it's a recipe for disaster

Early evening, wine was breathing, things were going well
I took a good look at the cookbook, found the perfect spell
My preparation, anticipation, but suffered in suspense
Intoxicated, he turns out wasted, and I took offense
But it's over, I'm telling you now
Oh no, no more
Oh, I never felt my heart beat faster
Oh, it's a recipe for disaster
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