

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

 Oh, I never felt my heart beat faster

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