Postcards From Hell

Zebrahead

I didn't see the signs posted on the road
Dead end gives way to the cliff that soars
And I lose control your face still looks bored
One, two, fuck you!
I won't change for youWrong way
This time it's going down
You say I'm immature
to hang around
Okay
Face-plant to the ground
I won't change for you
I won't change for youTonight I wash my hands of you
You set the bar I could not live up to
Tonight the light in breaking through
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hellThis relationship is over as we scrape the ledge
and you call me a loser falling over the edge
Like you're cutting all your losses
Like a bet you can hedge
One two, fuck you!
I won't change for youA black eye
and my heart is ripped out of my chest
Crucified
For not passing any of your stupid tests
Good-bye
Right now I could care lessI won't change for you
I won't change for youTonight I wash my hands of you
You set the bar I could not live up to
Tonight the light in breaking through
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hellWe've come a long way
Don't look down!
Your heart is rotten
Your heart is rotten
Too bad it was the wrong way
Won't be long now
Till we hit the rock
BottomTonight I wash my hands of you
You set the bar I could not live up to
Tonight the light in breaking through
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hellTonight I wash my hands of you

You set the bar I could not live up to
Tonight the light in breaking through
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell

Songwriters
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