

I Want You Dead

Brooke Valentine

You know, there's a few things I been wanting to say
There's a few things I been wanting to get off my chest
 You feel me? Let's go
 I ran your car into a ditch
 Poked holes in your prophesies
 Used to love me
 Used to love you
 Now I hate you
 You hate me too
Would have walked on hot coals for you
 Now I don't care spit about you
 I want you dead
 I want you dead
 I want you dead
 I want you dead
I pawned your jewelry on the net
Called up your boss told him you quit
 Must have been breast fed
 Fell on your head
 You'd be better
 Slicing your wrists
Think you'll ever leave me for her
 Revenge is sweet but I
 I want you dead
 I want you dead
 I want you dead
 I want you dead
Used to love me and hug me and tell me you need me
 Hold me gently, I was sure of everything
But now you've changed you're my worst enemy
 I'd rather see you in the cemetery
 Gagging, boxed up, full of maggots
 Rotten bones in a wooden casket
But now I'm calm and cool about this
Some hopeful thinking never hurt anyone
 I want you dead
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