

# 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 you Wrong 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 you Tonight, I wash my hands off you  
You set the bar I could not live up to  
Well, tonight, the light in breaking through  
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell This 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 you A black eye, and my heart is ripped out of my chest  
Crucified, for not passing any of your stupid tests  
Goodbye, right now I could care less  
I won't change for you, I won't change for you Tonight, I wash my hands off you  
You set the bar I could not live up to  
Well, tonight the light in breaking through  
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell We'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, bottom Tonight, I wash my hands off you  
You set the bar I could not live up to  
Well, tonight the light in breaking through  
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell Tonight, I wash my hands off you  
You set the bar I could not live up to  
Well, tonight the light in breaking through  
So thank you very little and send me postcards from hell From hell  
Send me postcards from hell

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