

I Know You're Fucking Someone Else

Type O Negative

Trust and you'll be trusted
Says the liar to the fool
Lust - so what if you're busted?
In love and war there ain't no rules Do you believe in forever?
I don't even believe in tomorrow
The only things that last forever
Are memories and sorrow
Out of sight out of mind
The motto of betrayal
The prophets preach to forgive and forget
I'm sorry, but I am unable You went to l'amour saturday night
Red nails and lipstick dressed two sizes too tight
His tongue down your throat
His hand up your skirt
Yeah I'm a man
But it still hurts Slut
Hooker
Cunt I know you're fucking someone else
(he knows you're fucking someone else) You had cock on your mind
And cum on your breath
Inserted that diaphragm before you left
Practicing freelance gynecology
Where there's a womb there's a way
With you it's for free Slut
You bloody whore
Cunt I know you're fucking someone else
(he knows you're fucking someone else) Done it before
So many times
I refused to learn my lesson
Gave 'til it hurt
I thought it was right
Only fools make mistakes twice So I sit home
Drinking alone
Empty bottle in my hand
Don't even try
To sort out the lies
It's worse to try to understand You make me hate myself I know you're fucking someone else
(he knows you're fucking someone else)

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