

Quit

Hey Mercedes

quit
if you're through with it
you are gonna make me sick
sitting there with your hands in your hair
quit
if you're through with it
you are gonna make me sick
no one cares who you carried to get here
quit
in a quiet murmur of spit
cash it in with a whisper of wit
haven't you seen them
loving your commitment
the show of a man who feigns
a love that i love
now i said it
so by the time you come to
we'll know just what to do
we'll be singing and dancing
for the death of romancing
yeah i have finally found her
yeah show me where it hurts
quit
here's your punishment
you had the best that you will ever see
you wasted it
now she sees the good in me
quit
we could talk for hours and hours about you
but we don't
what good could that possibly do
so by the time you come to
she finally forgot you
we'll be singing and dancing
our rebirth of romancing
yeah she has finally found me
yeah i'll show you where it hurts
you won't hear me breathe
i sleep so soundly

hear me
stepping over heads to get ahead
at that rate you will surely get your due
but you'll have to wait around
until you are dead
you won't hear us breathe
we sleep so soundly
your lost love and me
we're not listening
(so how does that feel now
cut the power to the amplifier
cut the cord to the generator
break every living mirror
in your ever-elevator
on paper you hate her
but to her face you're a savior)
pu my headphones on
and you'll all be gone

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