

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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