

Cut Up Angels

The Used

If we cut out the bad
Well then we'd have nothing left
Like I cut up your mouth
The night I stuffed it all in
And you lied to the angels
Said I stabbed you to death
If we go at the same time
They'll clean up the mess I lost my head
You couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun Watch you bite into the bottle
Watch me kick out the chair
Let you chew up the glass
And laughed as you just hung there
I had thought of rose petals
Mostly perfectly pure
Then I thought of your petals
And the abuse they've been through I lost my head
You couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun You lost your head
I couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like
(Yeah)
Almost feels like
(Yeah)
Almost feels like a gun
Whoa, whoa (Whoa, whoa)
I told the angels
(Whoa whoa)
Can't stay in heaven
(Whoa whoa)
I asked the devil, the devil, the devil
(Whoa whoa) If we cut out the bad well then we'd have nothing left
Like I cut up your angels
Yeah you stabbed me to death I lost my head
You couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun You lost your head
I couldn't come
This lust to my brain almost feels just like a gun I lost my head
You couldn't come

Lust to my brain almost feels like a gunI lost my head

You couldn't come

Lust to my brain almost feels like a

(Like a)

Almost feels like a

(Like a)

Almost feels like a gunFeels like a gun

Feels like a gun

Feels like a gun

Feels like a

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