Dead Man's Shoes

The Virginmarys

I am the king of conflict
What I want, what I see, never what I need,
I'm like a cat and a mouse,
Throwin stones from a smashed glass houseWhere those freaks don't stop knockin
Another day another ememy
When I'm inside out
I'm inside out.I want you more than happiness
But I need you like the plague
I wear my heart on a broken arm
I'm like a rusty razor blade
I want you more than happiness
So I guess I'll do what I choose
Hey girl lay off my dead mans shoesI am the king of conflict
Diggin in to the hole in the market
Standin tall on my hands and knees
Such a fucked up recipeI want you more than happiness
but I need you like the plague
I'd live alone if i had a home
be lyin in this mess I've made
I want you more than happiness
So I guess I'll do what I choose
Hey girl lay off my dead mans shoesNo rest no sleep no peace no life one no guarantees
No home no job no cash no boss no suit no sign on me
I want you more than happiness
So I guess I'll do what i choose
Hey girl lay off my dead mans shoes

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