

Poor Bailey

"Psycho Bitch"

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Well you said you found my letters in a box in your closet
You thought it was odd how they reminded you of me
And all those letters you wrote were disposed of long ago,
Polluting the air, dispensed out of my chimney
And those things, those things, that haunted my dreams,
I brought all I could bring,
I sang all I could sing
And that ring, that ring, that god-awful ring
Its cheap metal wore a hole
It turned my finger green
And they say talk is cheap but your words cost me quite a bit
If you want my advice, I'd be glad to give you it
You should go play out on the freeway or go jump off a cliff
Just get away from me, psycho bitch!

My memories of you are too awful to be true
Well I saw my future, I didn't see you
I'm doing fine, doing great, just learning from my mistakes
I'm too busy to love, too lazy to hate you,
But I ain't gonna lend myself out again
I don't care how you're doing, I don't care how you've been
Well it's clear as can be, it's as bad as it seems
You're a liar, a thief, a rotten human being
And it must suck to have to live inside those shoes
With every chance to win, still, you're determined to lose
Well I could care less which trail you chose
Just get away from me, psycho bitch!
Get away from me, psycho bitch!
Get away from me, psycho bitch.
Oh, get away from me, get away from me,
Get away from me, psycho bitch.

