

Smith Elliott

"Roman Candle"

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He played himself
Didn't need me to give him hell
He could be cool and cruel to you and me
Knew we'd put up with anything
I want to hurt him
I want to give him pain
I'm a roman candle
My head is full of flames
I'm hallucinating
Hallucinating
I hear you cry
Your tears are cheap
Wet hot red swollen cheeks
Fall asleep
I want to hurt him
I want to give him pain
I'm a roman candle
My head is full of flames
I want to hurt him
I want to hurt him
I want to hurt him
I want to give him pain
And make him feel this pretty burn

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