

Thousand Times Better, A "Things Could Be Different"

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Where've you been?
I think about how things should happen
What do ya know?
I think about how things had to go
Now I see
I see everything you thought of me
And now I wonder how things could be different

If I were a rock star, you wouldn't want to leave me
If I were big and tall and handsome, you wouldn't
wanna let me be
If I had money, you would always call me honey
If you weren't such a big slut, you wouldn't leave me on
my ass

All I know
Is that this won't happen again
And you made one real big mistake
And that's dumping a musician
So many insults
That rhyme so very well
So I will write you one last verse
Then I will see you in hell

If I were a rock star, you wouldn't want to leave me
If I were big and tall and handsome, you wouldn't
wanna let me be
If I had money, you would always call me honey
If you weren't such a dumb cunt, you wouldn't wanna
leave me

And I know that you and him
Can just go off and fuckin' do whatever
And I hope, you die of slut cancer
(What's slut cancer?) It's what you got

If I were a rock star, you wouldn't want to leave me
If I were big and tall and handsome (let's not talk about
that one)
If I had money, you would always call me honey
If you weren't such a dumb cunt, you wouldn't wanna

leave me now

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