

A Bloody Canvas "Good Ol Outlaws"

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I'll cross my t's and gouge your eyes
No need to hold back dear
Wipe away your crimson tears
And whisper softly in my ear
I hope you know I hate you...
... well if these words are my weapons then I'll speak
until you bleed...
... I'll sit you down in conversation
We can talk this out like outlaws
With six shooters in our hands
And your head soon buried in the sand
I never realized how you look cuter when you scream...
... I always said you took my breath away but I should of
realized you were standing on my chest, your heel held
up against my neck like the switchblade in the alley
held up against my heart...
... well if we scream any louder
I'll be kissing your casket goodbye...
... well my words are my weapons
(I'll be kissing your casket goodbye)
I'll speak until you bleed
(kissing your casket goodbye)
I'll always hate you now

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