

A Love To Hate Letter "Dead On The Dance Floor"

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She said that she would never run away,
From the problems that we both knew that we would
have to face,
Well she grabbed her car keys and she made her great
escape,
Finally pulling over but a thousand miles too late,

That fucking bitch!

And now I'm racking my brain, trying to see,
What she actually ever really meant to me,
I want to grab her heart straight from her chest,
Hold it in my hands and watch,

That fucker bleed!

It's been six whole months, since I have played her
game,
I've moved on, I can't even remember,

Her name

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