

## **Closed Heart Surgery**

# **"The Waitress Is Cuter Than You"**

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Valentine's  
dinner by candlelight  
Phony cards of another day to rub in the face of this  
lonely heart  
Hold these scars, I'm looking for angels with quick  
wings  
A face to erase these memories  
Grab a pen, drip ink  
Push pen to paper, wavering thoughts of our lips sync  
Lips seething under breath and cherish tunes that I  
detest  
Rest my case, but constantly faced with the judgment  
Sittin' by for ideas but she want everyday appealed  
subjects  
Grapple the gavel of strength just to slow the anger  
No stranger to angles, I mean it was a no brainer  
But how do I leave the centripetal forces there  
Pulling me into battle with their blind subliminal warfare  
I celebrate this day to celebrate self-marketed  
disgrace  
Boycott her master to leave her feelings displaced  
Fourteenth of February, she's forever buried in my  
ribcage  
I don't want any chocolates, they remind me of how her  
lips taste

I don't want no box of chocolates, and I don't want no  
empty pockets  
All that I have got to say (Whatchu got to say?)  
Fuck Valentine's Day  
I don't want no box of chocolates, and I don't want no  
empty pockets  
All I really have to say (Whatchu say, whatchu say)  
Fuck Valentine's Day

Should've skipped a day devoted to love  
She wanted more than the chocolates, the flowers, my  
heart they ain't enough  
Since the third grade I tossed the cards and wanted  
the candy  
You want more? Well fuck you Mandy!  
The second month fell on the fourteenth day

Another ex-girlfriend, she got hell to pay  
Leaves me alone at this table for two  
Reservations at the Mack Shack, bitch I thought you  
knew!

Did we not have something pure, something true  
Well here we go then, yo this is how I do  
My bad girl, I gotta listen to Ben,  
On the thirteenth break up with you, get back together  
again

On the fifteenth I'll put it simply  
This holiday's worthless, don't try to tempt me  
Even if she's friendly, decline her gently  
Save your money my man and buy that Bentley

I don't want no box of chocolates, and I don't want no  
empty pockets

All I really have to say (Whatchu gotta say)

Fuck Valentine's Day

I don't want no box of chocolates, and I don't want no  
empty pockets

All I really have to say (Whatchu say, whatchu say)

Fuck Valentine's Day

Table for two, plus one, waiter bring some napkins

Cause when I shoot this bitch I didn't mean to,  
accidents happen

Spill her blood on the floor, cause she's a river of red  
Grab her reflection and fucking break mirrors on her  
head

I can't believe your nerve, goddamn you're actually  
sane

I'm done being nice, Mr. Nice took a vacation

I'mma chop out your heart, leave it in my truck  
packaged with tape

You ruined this whole month, motherfuck Valentine's  
Day

Emmi, Michelle, Kristen and Jen, all the Valentine's that  
I gotta regret

Emmi loved herself and no one else

Put a mirror up, and took my picture off the shelf

Michelle, shit, she was dumber than dumb

Her voice was more annoying then a blender that don't  
work

Jen never deserved, any of my gifts

And Kristen, she's the only one that I miss

I don't want no box of chocolates, and I don't want no  
empty pockets

All I really have to say (Whatchu gotta say)

Fuck Valentine's Day

I don't want no box of chocolates, and I don't want no  
empty pockets  
All I really have to say (Whatchu say, whatchu say)  
Fuck Valentine's Day

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