

## **Dead On The Dance Floor**

### **"A Love To Hate Letter"**

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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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