Eagle*Seagull "I'm Sorry, But I'm Beginning To Hate Your Face"

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I don't give a damn who lead who on

It's of no concern to me

If you could tell the new man, please

To hang up my shirt

As he takes it off your shoulders

It's the least he could do

If we're going to share you

And I'm sorry

But I'm beginning to hate your face

It's a face

That always seem to put me in my place

It's a face

That's as pretty as it is empty

It's a hollow space

Into which all my words disappear without a trace

Oh don't you know

That you're you're going to reap what you sow

Oh that sex is going to come back to hurt you in the ass

Be cruel if you must

It seems as if you're trying

To take

And my desire has fashioned a new toy

And I'm sorry

But I'm beginning to hate your face

It's a face

That always seem to put me in my place

It's a face

That's as pretty as it is empty

It's a hollow space

Into which all my words disappear without a trace

I re-read all your letters

And I liked them so well that I had to eat them all

Yes, I ate them all and then slumped against a wall

I used to think of you as the sun

Flinging your joy down to every one

But your eyes have changed so soon

And your face your face

Your face is a vaccuum...

We don't talk about love

We don't talk about sex

We don't talk about dreams

We don't talk about you

We don't talk about me
We don't talk about us
We don't talk about him
We don't talk about anything at all.

We don't talk about love
We don't talk about sex
We don't talk about dreams
We don't talk about you
We don't talk about me
We don't talk about anything at all.

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