

## Eric Martin

### "Off With Your Head"

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There are many things i'm tired of  
That's what she said  
Then she took out a knife  
And said off with my head  
What's the use in knowing that the rest of you's dead  
What good is a brain if it's all you got left

There's a part that you have missed  
Don't need proof that i exist  
You don't know i'm far away  
From those awful things you say

What you put at the top of the neck  
To replace the skull  
A balloon that you found  
At the shopping mall  
Then you took out a pen, drew on a happy face  
Now she walks around like her own parade

There are words you'll never hear  
You've got poison in your ear  
You don't know i'm far away  
From those awful things you say

Come on i want a new reason to feel  
A way to know that all i see is real  
Free from all your toxic melodies  
Free from all the sadness that i see  
(are you sick of your skin  
Here's a bag to bury you in  
You've got a lot of nerve  
And you'll get what you deserve)

Sing me something good this time  
Tired of wicked lullabies  
You don't know i'm far away  
From those awful things you say  
[repeat]  
(i'm a living time bomb, baby  
Come light my fuse  
Go ahead and call me crazy

But that's overused.)

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