

Graveblankets "Sorry"

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I'm sorry

I let you get away before you heard me say
I didn't mean a word I said especially that I want you
dead

I'm sorry

We sat on that picnic bench and drank til we started to
fence
We used words instead of swords and I don't know who
got the award

But I'm sorry

I'm a sorry son of a bitch but nothing I say seems to
make you flinch
I'd get down on my knees and say, "pretty, pretty
please!"

I'm on my window ledge eight stories down I'd be hard
to catch
A crowd gathers for the hunt and I swear I heard you
scream, "jump!"

You'll be sorry

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