

Impious

"So Much"

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In time she might see how foolish she was for leaving
me
Might take a bruise or two before she longs for my
abuse
Running away was easy, I guess, but you left my mind
a sloppy mess
Was it so hard to talk about the stuff that I could not
figure out?
Woe, woe is me, she took her things and she ran away,
woe, woe is me (yea yea yea!)
She says she's feeling so much better
She says the air tastes so much sweeter since she left
me
Sometime I might suspect that the cause couldn't be as
bad as the effect
Crazy girls which I seem to collect and scribble down
notes like a science project
Your argument has no defense, its' a big fat lie built on
false pretense
But now I roam from home to work singing songs about
you and feeling like a jerk
Woe, woe is me, she took her things and she ran away,
woe, woe is me (yea yea yea!)
She says she's feeling so much better (so much better)
She says the air tastes so much sweeter (so much
sweeter) since she left me
Since she left me, since she left me, since she left me...
In time she might see how foolish she was for leaving
me
Might take a bruise or two before she longs for my
abuse
Running away was easy, I guess, but you left my chest
a hollowed out mess
Was it so hard to talk about the stuff that I couldn't
figure out?

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