

## Jesse Malin

# "Fine Art Of Self Destruction"

Visit "[Fine Art Of Self Destruction](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm a witness to the sickness  
In a place I call my home  
On the weekend hit the deep end  
With the secrets that I own  
Like an old song with a new girl  
She never gets the jokes  
But you need her so you bleed her  
For the image it evokes

Lonely process  
Only process  
I will make it up to you

Took a long walk  
For a tall boy  
Sinking down in the couch  
Playing new wave like the old days  
Put the barrel in your mouth  
Like a sad man when he's deadpan

Never knew a work of art  
Or a father with his children  
A marriage that blew apart

Lonely process  
Only process  
I will make it up  
I will take it up to you

Oh the old time TV movies  
Thinking you got it made  
Like a dancer with a desk job  
A dee-jay with a list to play

I'm an old whore  
In a thrift store  
Looking for something black  
Like a bad dream when you come clean  
Hoping that you'll come back

Lonely process  
Only process

I will make it up to you

Visit [Jesse Malin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.