

Kind Of Like Spitting "Valentine's Day Is Over"

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[Originally by Billy Bragg]

Someday boy you'll reap what you sow, you'll catch a cold and you'll be on your own and you will see that what's wrong with me, is wrong with everyone. But you want to play your little games of poetry and flowers, bitchy words and threats. You've gone to the dogs again and I'm not placing bets on you coming home tonight anything but blind. If you take me for granted that you must expect to find, surprise, surprise, Valentine's day is over, its over. Valentine's day is over, its over. If you want to talk about it well you know where the phone is. Don't come around reminding me again how brittle bone is. God didn't make you an angel, the devil made you a man. That the economy and brutality are related now I understand. I realize that as above, so below, there is no love. Valentine's day is over, its over. Valentine's day is over, its over. For the girl with the hour glass figure time runs out very fast. We used to want the same things, yeah, but that's all in the past. Lately it seems as it all gets tougher, your idea of justice just becomes rougher and rougher. Valentine's day is over, its over. Valentine's day is over, its over. Thank you for the things you got me. Thank you for the card. Thank you for the things you taught me when you hit me hard. That love between two people must be based on understanding until that's true you'll find your things stacked out on the landing, surprise, surprise. Valentine's day is over, its over. Valentine's day is over, its over. Its over.

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