

The Bloomfields

"Destruction Of Construction"

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It's you that I want and I,
Think you're gonna be the death of me and
It's not gonna work itself out on it's own.
And I don't even know if I want the truth and
I still have the pictures from the photograph booth
And no I didn't burn them if it's what I said and
I'm nothing like that monster that's in your bed.

It's not gonna work itself out on it's own
(go on go on, go on go on)
It's not gonna work itself out on it's own
(go on, selfdestruct)
It's not gonna work itself out on it's own.
(would you, would you?)
It's not gonna work itself out on it's own
(would you compliment our sunlight?)

You were my girl next door, in the worst damn way
(it's not gonna work itself out on it's own, it's not gonna
work itself out on it's own)
You were my girl next door, in the worst damn way
(it's not gonna work itself out on it's own, it's not gonna
work itself out on it's own)

It's not gonna work itself out on it's own
(go on go on, go on go on)
It's not gonna work itself out on it's own
(go on, selfdestruct)
It's not gonna work itself out on it's own.
(would you, would you?)
It's not gonna work itself out on it's own
(would you compliment our sunlight?)

Destruct!
Destroy!
Construct!
You're dead!
Decoy!
Destroy!
Construct!
Goodbye!

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