

The Sheila Divine "Dramatica"

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I'd say it to the mayor
Tell it to the papers
If you gave me a match
I'd torch the place
I'd do it as a favor
You can bet that i would savor
I'm just talking trash
As i destroy the place
Friendship built you up
But i will tear you down
For all that i've become
That past still hangs around
It's hard enough to bear
What seems so unfair
That a moment went and changed you

The clouds never part there
The sun never rises
It is dark all the time
I mean no surprises
I'd say it to the mayor
Tell it to the paper
If you give me a match
I'll burn the place

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