

Why "Bitter Thoughts"

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Keep your producer guessing
When you're in the booth confessing
And say it was mostly fiction
If they ever come to get you
Better bet your bottom dollar
On the spirit, son, and father
That I'll spit and shit and holler, yeah
Cause I'm my mother's daughter
Be warned, my temper burns
Like a ginger-blow pugilist
Unconcerned, I never learned to swing elbows
Or use my fist
Trying to live and let live and focus
Invest in problem markets
But killer's on a road trip
His text says not with carcass

From the backs of tent flyers in pen
The guilt-racked liar pretends to confess

When I was a little fat kid
I'd throw fits and punch doors
My frame is the same
I've just thinned; I want more
Down pinned on the floor
Trading places with my shadow
A pallid sallow corpse for a rising hell to swallow
Fully unarmed or armed under the robes with a staff
only
Or unarmed fully under the robes
Through the ribs and inner but
But for a bulging lung of poison
Poised to voice it's cuts
And what's worse, of course
The sick and bile-y guts

From the backs of tent flyers in pen
The guilt-racked liar pretends to confess

They asked him whether he was sane
And if he'll ever kill again

Take half a clever lawyer's brain
To link the weapon to the man
Bitter thoughts, liver spots
Or bash your skull on river rocks
Love you lots, signed mom with hearts
OXOX on a Hallmark card

From the backs of tent flyers in pen
The guilt-racked liar pretends to confess

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