

Wipers

"Annoyd To Death"

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Just before sleep I close my eyes
And picture your funny, funny face
I tell you I forgive you just to make you mad
Yeah, you never liked when I did that

Your skin turns red
You can't defend yourself
Your eyes turn black when you try to speak
And find that you are dumb

Trust me, I am over you
This is just a pleasure of the night
A satisfaction just as true as any caused by you
A waste of time most people would say
But hey, they don't know what it is like
How good it feels to watch you get
Annoyed to death

I heard you're going steady and that she is nice
I hope that she is ready for what will come
Have you told her you idea of love?
Does she know of your approach to life?

Your skin turns red
You can't defend yourself
Your eyes turn black when you try to speak
And find that you are dumb

Trust me, I am over you
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