

Bullets For Breakfast "Dear Mrs. Mata"

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sometimes life is so cruel that it seems intentional
and i know when you're on that ledge you can act
unconventional
but i know...i know...i know exactly where you've been
i've found my way out just to fall to the same things
again

i know, i know, i know exactly where you've been.

you had your mind made up when you left on a sunday
afternoon
i pray, theres something bigger out there that's
watching after you.
when your daughter looks in your eyes
does she see a martyr or does she see a lie?
you ain't as strong as you think that you are
pretending nothing's
going wrong...but neither am i.

but i know, i know, i know exactly where you've been.

emptiness and pain, happiness and hope,
I tried swallowing the keys but it gets trapped in my
throat

You're daughters beautiful, too bad her mom don't
love her dad
Fucked up and pitiful, back track on every chance you
had
You live inside a lie that you'd leave if you have a
chance
You're husband's such a fool; father only from
circumstance
Meanwhile I live inside a pool of regret
And I keep trying to drown myself, but I can't even get
wet
I can't cry myself to sleep, so it's been years since
I've slept
I'm half a man without you and I hate the half that is
left.

Mrs Mata, dear Mrs. Mata >>>fades>>> Mrs. Martyr,

Dear Mrs Martyr

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