

Mother Mother

"When "you're" Around"

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Midwest love affair I bend when I am bored,
Late-night-liquor-blue will lead me to the floor.
Can we fake it?
Can we make believe?
I'm so full of love it deeply sickens me.

But all I could do is close my eyes,
And cross my heart and hope to die,
Cause you don't fucking listen,
When I'm around.
The least you could do is take it back,
All the vicious remarks and verbal attacks,
Cause I can't fucking stand it,
When you're around

Midwest aftermath the rumors start to rise,
Did I truly do the things that you've described?
They must hate me, every single one,
It just sickens them what I consider fun.

But all I could do is close my eyes,
And cross my heart and hope to die,
Cause you don't fucking listen,
When I'm around.
The least you could do is take it back,
All the vicious remarks and verbal attacks,
Cause I can't fucking stand it,
When you're around.

But all I could do is close my eyes,
And cross my arms and hope to die,
Cause you don't fucking listen,
When I'm around.
The least you could do is take it back,
All the vicious remarks and verbal attacks,
Cause I can't fucking stand it,
When you're around.

No, I can't fucking stand it when you're around.[x2]

