

Stealing Angels "He Better Be Dead"

Visit "[He Better Be Dead](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Iâ€™ve texted him twenty one times
And still my phone donâ€™t ring
And my wild imagination is
Makinâ€™ up scary thingâ€™...makinâ€™ up scary things

No one shares a kiss like that
And then just doesnâ€™t call
Last night he promised me the world
And now Iâ€™m gettinâ€™ nothing at all!

He better be dead

His house burnt down to the ground
He better have two wheels hanginâ€™ off a crumblinâ€™
cliff
Way up in the hill

I swear in his head
Better be pressed up against a gun
After all the things heâ€™s said
If he still ainâ€™t called by now

He better be dead

I donâ€™t like being done like them
That just aint my style
Little boys playin games
You know they really get me wrong
You know they really get me wrong

If I werenâ€™t getting madder by the minute
Then Iâ€™d be worried sick
I know he knows im callinâ€™
So what the hell is it

He better be dead
His house burnt down to the ground
He better have two wheels hanginâ€™ off a crumblinâ€™
cliff
Way up in the hill

I swear in his head

Better be pressed up against a gun
After all the things he's said
If he still ain't called by now

He better be dead as a door nail
Cold as a stone
Flat on a train tracks
Whaoooooo
(not sure of lyric line)
Stiff as a board
Knock knock knockin' on heavens door

He better be dead
His house burnt down to the ground
He better have two wheels hangin' off a crumblin'
cliff
Way up in the hill

I swear in his head
Better be pressed up against a gun
After all the things he's said
If he still ain't called by now

He better be tied to a motel bed
And cuffed, gagged, and bound
He better be dead

That boy better be dead

I've texted him twenty two times
And still my phone don't ring

Visit [Stealing Angels](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.