

## The Used "Cut Up Angels"

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If we cut out the bad  
Well then we'd have nothing left  
Like I cut up your mouth  
The night I stuffed it all in  
And you lied to the angels  
Said I stabbed you to death  
If we go at the same time  
They'll clean up the mess

I lost my head  
You couldn't come  
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

Watch you bite into the bottle  
Watch me kick out the chair  
Let you chew up the glass  
And laughed as you just hung there  
I had thought of rose petals  
Mostly perfectly pure  
Then I thought of your petals  
And the abuse they've been through

I lost my head  
You couldn't come  
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

You lost your head  
I couldn't come  
This lust to my brain almost feels like  
(Yeah)  
Almost feels like  
(Yeah)  
Almost feels like a gun  
Whoa, whoa

(Whoa, whoa)  
I told the angels  
(Whoa whoa)  
Can't stay in heaven  
(Whoa whoa)  
I asked the devil, the devil, the devil  
(Whoa whoa)

If we cut out the bad well then we'd have nothing left  
Like I cut up your angels  
Yeah you stabbed me to death

I lost my head  
You couldn't come  
This lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

You lost your head  
I couldn't come  
This lust to my brain almost feels just like a gun

I lost my head  
You couldn't come  
Lust to my brain almost feels like a gun

I lost my head  
You couldn't come  
Lust to my brain almost feels like a  
(Like a)  
Almost feels like a  
(Like a)  
Almost feels like a gun

Feels like a gun  
Feels like a gun  
Feels like a gun  
Feels like a

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