

The Lips

"Alarm Clock Killer"

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I hear you on the phone telling all your friends I'm a
liar.

Telling all your friends you see fire in me, no desire in
me.

Well your left eyebrow is always on the burn.
Your right eyebrow is always my concern.

Tell me tell me tell me, what the fuck do you see in me?
'Cause I don't see it.

Well I heard you on the phone, heard you on the
phone,;
I hear you on the phone and you broke my new alarm
clock.

I saw you in my class. You're holding photos of a mall
rat.
And wondering if you'll get your paycheck yet, your
paycheck yet.

But your left signals, they tell where to run.
Your right signals, they tell you where to turn.

Tell me tell me tell me, where the fuck do you think
you'll run?
'Cause I can't help you.

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