

The Virginmarys "Dead Man's Shoes"

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I am the king of conflict,
What I want
What I see,
Never what I need.
I'm like a cat and a mouse,
Throwing stones from a smashed glass house
Where those freaks don't stop knocking,
Another day,
Another enemy
When I'm inside out,
I'm inside out.

I want you more than happiness
But I need you like the plague
I wear my heart on a broken arm,
I'm like a rusty razor blade
I want you more than happiness so
I guess I'll do what I choose
Hey girl, lay off my dead man's shoes
Lay off my dead man's shoes

I am the king of conflict,
Digging in to the hole in the market
Standing tall on my hands and knees,
Such a fucked up recipe

I want you more than happiness
But I need you like the plague
I'd live alone if I had a home,
Be lying in this mess I've made
I want you more than happiness so
I guess I'll do what I choose
Hey girl, lay off my dead man's shoes

No rest,
No sleep,
No peace,
No life,
No one,
No guarantees.
No home,
No job,
No cash,
No boss,
No suit,

No sign on me.
I want you more than happiness s
I guess I'll do what I choose
Hey girl, lay off my dead man's shoes
Lay off my dead man's shoes
Lay off my dead man's shoes
Lay off my dead man's shoes

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