

Britta Persson

"Annoyd To Death"

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Just before sleep I close my eyes
And picture your funny, funny face
I tell you I forgive you just to make you mad
Yeah, you never liked when I did that

Your skin turns red
You can't defend yourself
Your eyes turn black when you try to speak
And find that you are dumb

Trust me, I am over you
This is just a pleasure of the night
A satisfaction just as true as any caused by you
A waste of time most people would say
But hey, they don't know what it is like
How good it feels to watch you get
Annoyed to death

I heard you're going steady and that she is nice
I hope that she is ready for what will come
Have you told her you idea of love?
Does she know of your approach to life?

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You can't defend yourself
Your eyes turn black when you try to speak
And find that you are dumb

Trust me, I am over you
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