

Floarnte B. Casona

"Kill The Girl"

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I warned you not to cry
I warned you not to sing
I warned you not to sleep around, sleep around with
everything
I warned you not to go
I warned you not to stay
I warned you not to dig your own, dig your own little
grave
I warned you not to cry
I warned you not to sing
I warned you not to sleep around, sleep around with
everything
Did I warn you?
Did I warn you?
This time I'll concentrate
Lie back in the water and wait
This thing that I intend to do is harder on me than is is
on you
I'll be a God then
Not a weak man
This day the hunter waits
He's made one too many mistakes
But he doesn't mind all the things you do
'Cause he knows that soon he'll be laughing at you
He'll be a God then
And not a weak man
He'll be a God then and not a small man

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