

Almost, The

"Monster, Monster"

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Sick of drinking poison
Sick of worrying
Sick of telling lies
You're just sick of listening
What a bastard child
I have made myself
What a stab
What a missing truth
I hope I can get home to you
What's the use in going it alone?
What's the use in going this alone?
It's you and me
Let's get out of this place
It's you and me
Let's get out of this place

I'm sick of this monster monster
You've gotta get here
You've gotta get here
I'm sick of this monster monster
You've gotta get here
You've gotta get here
We've go to get out, get out
Before things get weird
Before it gets weird
We've got to get out, get out
Before it gets weirder

I have made an exit
I have made a home
Among the throne
And I have given in
I have given in
I have lost respect for me
Can this get any worse?
Can this get any worse?

Before it gets weirder

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