

Bled, The

"You Should Be Ashamed Of Myself"

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Welcome to the end of the night
Where everyone reeks of stale smoke, dirty jokes
Stop me if you've heard this one
The ransom's over, where's my cut, cut, cut, cut?

Skewered on an open flame
I bought you off the spit, pose for me
Paws and knees trace around the switchblade gash
We're all born fresh but now we rot, rot, rot, rot

I'm the bastard kid of a dead beat town
You're just what I need to bring me down
I've got enough strength for one more round
Is that good for you? Well, it's good for me, baby

I'm the lucky son of a bitch you need
To keep alive your losing streak
I've got one more trick up my sleeve
Does that work for you? Well, it works for me, baby

When you can't tear your eyes away
'Coz she's got such a pretty face
And a filthy fucking mind

And I will wait outside the gates
But I won't leave till you show me what's on the inside
Well, I can't shake this lack of sleep
It feasts on me till you show me what's on the inside

I'm the bastard kid of a dead beat town
You're just what I need to bring me down
I've got enough strength for one more round
Is that good for you? Well, it's good for me, baby

And our mothers sleep with lottery dreams
Our fathers built the pyramid schemes
Nothing is ever what it seems
But it works for you 'coz it works for me

You just had yourself a taste
Of how sweet the life could be

If you could just leave yours behind

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