

Caf? Tacuba

"The Suble Art Of The Break Up"

Visit "[The Suble Art Of The Break Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

"you know you look like an angel when you're sleeping."

"I know you're not going to spend your whole birthday in the shower, I'ma go pack up the car."

"Looks like it's gonna rain."

"Nah, don't worry about it."

Verse 1:

It's only sprinkling, i tell her nothing is ruined,
We playing the liscense plate game, I'm lovin' what she
keep doin' to my inner thigh,

Rockin' the diamond earrings i gave her, she's smiling,
lookin' angelic

All her friends secretly hate her beauty.

She knows she got it, got me when she want me all
erotic,

Next to her hand the K is burning a hole in my pocket.

I pull it over, get her a soda I'm half gone,

Hit the bathroom, stick the key in the jar to turn it back
on.

Look in the mirror, throw some water on my face I'm
snotty,

Thinkin' a things i'm about to do to my girls body.

The rain is picking up now, my eyes are kind of lazy,
the sky is hazy, she's like you look pale, i said she was
crazy.

Push the pedal to the floor mat, hydroplane, corrected
it fast,

Then slowed down past the car crash.

She put her head on my shoulder, said she was gettin'
a little sleepy,

Don't worry baby we're minutes from heaven.

Hook:

Snap out of this Cage, snap out of this. It's just a girl,
it's just the world that sucked the life from you.

Verse 2:

I picked my face up with glass in it,

Can't remember the last minute,

Glove box - my girls face mashed in it.
I called her name out but she ain't respond,
Pulled her shoulder back touched her arm - her entire
fucking face is gone.
I see her breathing, I'm pleading with Jesus, leave her
lifeless,
Don't leave her like this, reach for the birthday balloon
of nitrous.
I'm trying to dial for help with hands I can't feel,
Stuck in the drivers seat, my broken ribs - grippin' the
steering wheel.
She squeeze my hand and let go, I shoulda been
sitting shotty,
And the rain wouldn't still be pouring all over the
angels body
I'm trying to crawl back in the K hole, to get out of the
car,
But the K won't climb out of my nose and back in tha
jar.
This isn't her i tell myself, at least she's happy.
Where ever she is her soul inside lookin' at me.
I pump my fist to bleed out to catch her and let the
worms play,
Tell her i'm sorry i gave her death for her birthday.

Visit [Caf? Tacuba](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.