

Triple Shot

"Regards From Yours Truly"

Visit "[Regards From Yours Truly](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You were an expensive hobby
Costing me leg and arm
Coaxing me into choices
With you charisma and charm
Its too late now
The damage is done
By ruining my well-being
Did you have fun

And when you pack your things up
Does it happen to bring up
Me and the way it used to be
Does it ever remind you
Of how I made you smile
Do I come up

When you could be
Better for me

I hope these words cut
Like the knife in my side
They tear into you
Like you in my pride
With pen and paper
Im sending this note
Please don't distort
Theres nothing left to hope

You can dish it out
Cant take mine
Youre out of touch
Im out of time
This is my regards

Is it so bad
To take what we had
Thrash it up
Make it a fad
Sign here yours truly

I'll never pass up the chance to let you down

I hope things are miserable in your new town
The only thing I got from you was a bad habit
Be sure to leave your heart open I'll be sure to stab it

Visit [Triple Shot](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.