

Fags, The "Hitman"

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If you were a hitman, you'd have me made.
So call the girls in the bar, make sure your paid.
Just because you don't want to, that doesn't make it all
right.
As soon as things ended, I moved along.
All the time you're left wondering what went wrong.
You said I'm burning my bridges, I said I needed a
light.
It's a question posed to me that I just can't figure.
One bad apple's gonna spoil a bunch of 'winners'?
This city gets smaller for an unrepentant sinner.
Guess I should be on my way.
Heard you had a birthday the other night.
Bought yourself a new ass, so treat it right.
Another ten pounds of envy, shoved in a five-pound
sack.
Heard you found someone who makes you feel
like all your insecurities can't be real.
You know you've got nothing on me except the knife in
my back.
It's a question posed to me that I just can't figure.
One bad apple's gonna spoil a bunch of 'winners'?
This city gets smaller for an unrepentant sinner.
Guess I should be on my way.
Count the flowers on the wall.
I get the message.
They won't catch you when you fall.
I get the message.
I got the message.

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