

## Tommy Keene

### "Annoyd To Death"

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Just before sleep I close my eyes  
And picture your funny, funny face  
I tell you I forgive you just to make you mad  
Yeah, you never liked when I did that

Your skin turns red  
You can't defend yourself  
Your eyes turn black when you try to speak  
And find that you are dumb

Trust me, I am over you  
This is just a pleasure of the night  
A satisfaction just as true as any caused by you  
A waste of time most people would say  
But hey, they don't know what it is like  
How good it feels to watch you get  
Annoyed to death

I heard you're going steady and that she is nice  
I hope that she is ready for what will come  
Have you told her you idea of love?  
Does she know of your approach to life?

Your skin turns red  
You can't defend yourself  
Your eyes turn black when you try to speak  
And find that you are dumb

Trust me, I am over you  
This is just a pleasure of the night  
A satisfaction just as true as any caused by you  
A waste of time most people would say  
But hey, they don't know what it is like  
How good it feels to watch you get  
Annoyed to death

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