

Mouth Smash

"Trip"

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Making faces from across the room

Look at me looking at you

What's your name, my name too

I'm getting the chills sitting next to you

Shake myself in your soul

The blood in your veins

The smell your clothes

What am I suppose to do

There's nothing left for me to choose

Make my move or walk away

Once again with out a date

Is it me or do I smell

I had a shower the other what the hell, is going on

Just where do I belong

I don't really care

Get outta my hair, get outta my hair

Smoke my cigarettes and drive my car

Flick your ashes on my bedroom floor

Wear my underwear, steal my shirts

I think it's love and then you burp

If I died you'd probably spit on my grave

And date my friends the very next day
Your always complaining that I'm not home
When I try to call you on the telephone
My pants are falling my socks don't fit
I can't seem to walk with out having to trip over you
Just what am I gonna do
I don't really care
Get outta my hair, get outta my head
What is said, what is done
I take it on the run
I won't apologize
I won't be telling lies
How could you, why would you
Take advantage of and leave me of my love
Then leave
Smash my windows and keyed my car
And outta the blue you send a birthday card
What's a man suppose to do
When all I get is grieve from you
Playing games and trashin' my
Who could it be
Hopefully nobody for me
I don't really care
Get outta my hair

