

Michael John LaChiusa**"No More"**

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No more trying not to laugh as you struggle to squeeze
into your trousers
As you slowly go bald
No more listening to Danny Kay Albums,
Or leaping to your voice or jumping when called

No more sleeping through your boring foreign movies
What was it the last time, something Japanese?

No more sitting still while you and all your lawyers
Drone on and on about taxi cab fees

No more visiting your mother every Sunday
Choking down her pasta
Which she always oversalts

No more 3 am jealous innuendos, then begging my
forgiveness
And then pointing out my faults

No more, no more
Don't look at me that way
Your ears and your eyes, got used to the lies
But you're getting the truth today

No more forcing me to where the crap you buy me
Has anybody told you, you have rotten taste in clothes

No more forcing me to do and not to question
Why I took it this long, Christ only knows

No more forcing me to give up what I wanted
Sure I liked your money, but you never bought my soul

No more forcing me to put up with your patronizing,
Hot stick, King Kong need to control

No more forcing me to act like I enjoy it when you
suddenly
Remember that i'm sharing your bed

No more forcing me to lie and say I'm sorry
You wanna play me, baby, well then you go right ahead

No more, no more

Don't look at me that way
You're not alive, we're not alive
You and I die today
No, no more no more no more no more

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