Hayley Williams , Dead Horse

every morning I wake up
form a dream of you holding me
under water
(was that a dream or a memory?)
held my breath for a decade
dyed my hair blue
to match my lips
cool of me to try
(pretty cool I am still alive)

I beat it like a dead horse
I beat it like a drum
I stayed whit you too long
skipping like a record
I sang along
to a silly little song

I said I beat it like a dead horse
I beat it like a drum
I stayed whit you too long
skipping like a record
I sang along
a shitty never ending song

sometimes it’s good to be
the bigger person
but I’m so small I can’t compare
and after all, it’s only fait

I got what I deserved
I was the other woman first
other others on the line
but I kept trying to make it work

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