

You're face it brings to mind
Someone who is not kind

When I catch your scent
It feels as if your toes
Have somehow become attached to my nose
I wish that you would use deodorant

I understand that this was meant to be romantic
However I have to admit
That I think you're a lunatic
That your choices give me a fit that just makes me want to quit

There is no us, we can't be we
Sometimes we just need to be free
When I think of you I know I can't survive
Though you give me a reason to commit a homicide

I guess this wasn't a love song
As much as a list of reasons of what you do wrong