

Ben Folds, The Bitch Went Nuts

The bitch went nuts
She stabbed my basketball and the speakers to my stereo
She called me cunt
But nothing prepared me for what I found when I came home
Oh and I make my own bed I lie in it
You lie in yours, you lie, you lie in yours
But they want more, they're at my door with torches
Please leave me alone, you know just shut it, just shut it, just shut it
The bitch went nuts
She photo shopped my face on to every boy who'd done her wrong
And then she burned them telepathically
Onto the brains of all her embittered drones
Oh now, now they want more, they're at my door
With torches, scores and scores and scores to settle with themselves
Who would have thought I'd scorned them all
They've got a doll of me they're burning, they're burning
They're burning, they're burning their own memories
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Why do they all go?
Why do they all go?
Why do they all go?
Why do they all go?
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Why do they all go?
Why do they all go?
Oh, the bitch went nuts y'all
But everyone said she might, oh holy fucking shit
Seriously now, now they want more, they're at my door
With torches, scores and scores
You would have thought I'd scorned them all
They've got a doll of me they're burning
Why do they all go?
Why do they all go?
Why do they all go?
Why do they all go?
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh