

Coma, Don't Set Your Dogs On Me

On such a gloomy Sunday
Don't set your dogs on me
I came to beg you baby
For mercy

Have a soul
Let me off
Off, off

I know you're sick and tired
I really feel the same
I am the useless player
In your game

Do you wish
Me to bleed?
Bleed, bleed

Time to clean it up
To perfection
To perfection, our perfection
Time to clean it up
To perfection
This relation
I don't feel affection

I should've been a mad man
I would have written your heart
Malicious smile on your face
Put me down

I'm burning out
I'm burning down
Down, down

Time to clean it up
To perfection
To perfection, our perfection
Time to clean it up
To perfection
This relation
I don't feel affection

Do you think I'm your whippin boy?
Hah?
Hah?
Hah?

Don't you set your fuckin dogs