

# 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