

# Hayley Williams , Dead Horse

every morning I wake up  
from a dream of you holding me  
under water  
(was that a dream or a memory?)  
held my breath for a decade  
dye 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 with 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 with 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 fair

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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