

YOU JUST MAKE IT WORSE (LYRICS R. YOUNGER)

YOU CRAWL TO ME  
WANT TO BUY YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS DREAM  
YOU WANT TO KISS MY FEET  
MELT THE ICE TO GET BACK ON THE LIST WITH ME

NO WAY NO  
WE COULD EVER COOK IT UP AGAIN  
MY TELEPHONE IS ALWAYS  
OFF THE HOOK OR RINGING IN VAIN  
NOW LISTEN

YOU'RE MAKING HEADLINES OUT IN THE STREET  
OUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER IS OUT ON HER FEET  
YOU'RE SETTING DEADLINES NOBODY CAN MEET  
NOSE IN THE AIR AND SUCKING A PEACH  
OFF YOUR FACE AGAIN

YOU'RE ALL AT SEA SO PLEASE  
STOP SHAKIN THAT DAMN THING AT ME  
WE SING THE BLUES SO WHITE  
MAKE OUR BEDS AND WISH ON THE CHRIST

I'LL DIG YOUR GRAVE, I'LL CART IN THE ROCKS  
FORGET YOUR NAME BEFORE THE DIRT HITS THE BOX  
EVERYTHING BEFORE NOW WAS STUCK IN REVERSE  
ANYTHING HERE ON OUT WILL JUST MAKE IT WORSE

THERE'S NO MAYBE  
YOU JUST MAKE IT WORSE  
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