## **Titus Andronicus**

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Throw my guitar down on the floor
No one cares what I've got to say anymore
I didn't come here to be damned with faint praise
I'll write my masterpiece some other day
(Fuck everything, fuck me)I'm repeating myself again
Innovation, I leave to smarter men
Pretty melodies don't fall out of the air for me
I've got to steal them from somewhere
But it doesn't matter what you do
Or how hard you try

Now there's nothing left for me to do except die

When they cut you up

And tell you that it's not going to hurt
But they are not going to stop until they see you go to sleep in the dirt
There'll be no more cigarettes

No more having sex

No more drinking until you fall on the floor

No more indie rock

Just a ticking clock

You have no time for that anymore
You better watch where you run your mouth
Because you know what they'll say to youThey'll say

Your life is over

Over

Over

Over

Over

Over

Over

Your life is over

## Your life is overYour life is over

Your life is overYour life is over

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/