Women Don't Say What They Mean

Music by Alex Petti
Lyrics by Petti and Pulsipher

Upbeat $\n= 90$

Cue - Lucian: From what I hear she's choosing to dump your sad spectral self for college. You prepared to respect that?

Silence: Yeah, but Grace wouldn't do that. Grace says that she/

Lucian: It doesn't matter what Grace says...

Lucian: Okay sensitive boy, Remove your head from your ass. I'm going to teach a class on

your wrong impressions.

Grace might say she needs space,
but she means your head-ed for a break. She'll find a coll-ege boy for an-a-to-my less-ons.

Silence: No, Grace wouldn't say that if she didn't mean it, she just needs time to think.
Lucian: Poor boy is 300 years old and you still think women communicate like that?

When girls say “let's just be friends,” They mean “Let's nev-er talk ag-ain”
If she says she “hates drama” her drama’s a land mine. Or when you give up your life

Because she said she would be your wife. And she leaves you after drinking your blood like cheap boxed wine. I was once a path-

Silence: Wait... Someone left you after they said they loved you? I was sir-ed and vamp-ire’d

... Someone left you after they said they loved you? I was sir-ed and vamp-ire’d

... Someone left you after they said they loved you? I was sir-ed and vamp-ire’d
by a liar who said she wanted love when all she wanted was blood

Wom-en don't say what they mean

That's what I've learned Now I'm a monster 'cause she left when I turned.

Wom-en don't say what they mean so you bet-ter think twice You could get burned if you don't
Silence: No, no, no! I was raised differently than this.
When I was a child, my mother...

Silence: My mother...

Stop abruptly at "when I was a child, my mother..."
When I was a child I lived in a strict Puritan household where I developed an early passion for dancing. My mother grew tired of my dancing in the kitchen and told me to "hide my light under a bushel" so to avoid embarrassing my siblings with my flashy dance moves. I danced only in the barn. There in the barn...
I would dance away my days in a style later iconified by famous actor and personal hero of mine, Kevin Bacon. And one day whilst punch dancing to a piano sonata by Johann Sebastian Bach, I hit my hand on the wall of the barn and got a nasty splinter. I tried to get mother to care for the splinter but she told me...
that instead of hiding my light under a bushel I should've extinguished it completely she re-

fused to treat my wound, saying it was God's punishment for my

foolish extravagant dancing and the splinter went septic and I died.
and now you're dead

Grace doesn't say what she means, then I should infer 'cause it could be deadly for

Lucian: Yes, be a man, And unleash your monster.

me to believe her

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Luc: Women don't say what they mean.

Sil: Yes those bitches and their lies are obscene.

Zach: Mad-die no bitch Mad-die tell uneven notes, sloppy, kinda like you're drunk.

Zach: No! Women don't say what they mean.

Really Really Sad, Bro $j = 50$

Zach: truth and care for Zach forever.

Zach: for ever.

Zach: Yes really sad, bro.

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Lucian: Care for you? Your women locks you in a shed and keeps you on a literal leash.
Silence: Yeah, that's pretty pathetic, even for my standards.
Zach: She stay and love Zach always!
Lucian: But will she still love you when your balls drop?
Zach: I man! My balls have already/
Lucian: I meant when they fall off your rotting corpse. Will she still love you then? When you're not even good for a necrophilic tumble?
Silence: I wouldn't...
(Zach gives breath cue to enter measure 93)

Lucian: Close enough 'cause lad-ies like it when
trolled by our wom-en.

Women Don't Say What They Mean
we treat 'em rough!

Wom-en don't say what they mean

So out of our way

my chums and I will just ignore what they say.

We're not chums, what a gay thing to say.

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Silence: Oh sorry... I thought we bonded...
Lucian: We're bros!
Silence: United forever, we're manly monster bros!

Lucian: Except, no fucking homo!