

My Bible Is A Scrapbook

Kisschasy

We're rejected, neglected little busy bees
We don't smell right like ageing little bags of meat
I-I-I-I-I-I don't like this taste
But I didn't, didn't, didn't know how to wash it away

Honey why can't you tell
I don't want you around?
Honey why can't you tell?
Leave me out

We are an army; we're looking for a place to fit in
We are angels committing all our pretty sins
I-I-I-I-I-I don't like this waste
But I didn't, didn't, didn't know how to shake it away

We said oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh

We are crawling, collecting little stones in our knees
We are a movement but we will never be a scene
I-I-I-I-I-I don't like this face
But I didn't, didn't, didn't know how to scrape it away

Honey why can't you tell
I don't want you around?
Honey why can't you tell?