

## Boy Division

## My Chemical Romance

If all my enemies threw a party  
Would you light the candles?  
Would you drink the wine?  
While watching television?

Watch the animals  
And all the tragedies  
And sell your arteries  
And buy my casket gown

Well, it better be black  
And it better be tight  
And it better be just my size

I'm stalking these metro malls  
And airport halls  
And all these schoolgirls

I'm not asking  
You're not telling  
He's not dead he only looks that way

Out nowhere  
Take me out there  
Far away and save me from my self-destruction  
Hopeless for you  
Sing a song for California

I bought my enemies rope to hang me  
And the knives to gang me  
You can watch 'em stab me on your television

Stomp the halls  
Because the bathroom walls  
Would have a lot to say about  
The lines you're putting down!

It better be white  
It better be cut  
It better be just my size  
Until my capillaries burst of boredom, I'll be waiting

I'm not laughing  
You're not joking  
I'm not dead I only dress that way

Out nowhere  
Take me out there  
Far away and save me from my self-destruction  
Hopeless for you  
Sing a song for California

Wherever you are  
Whatever you are  
Whoever you are  
Wherever you are

LALALALA

'Cause we got the bomb, we got the bomb (LET'S GO!)  
We got the bomb, we got the bomb (LET'S GO!)  
We got the bomb, we got the bomb (LET'S GO!)  
We got the bomb, we got the bomb (LET'S GO!)

Way out nowhere  
Take me out there  
Far away and save me from my self-destruction  
Hopeless for you  
Say a prayer for California

WE GOT THE BOMB!  
WE GOT THE BOMB!  
WE GOT THE BOMB!  
WE GOT THE BOMB!