

Quick kid quips so harsh n cynical  
Touches stricken  
Cold n clinical  
What a transformation to behold  
But I don't like this new, I like the old

It's not the words that make it final  
You've said such things before to rival them  
But it's how you say them, now that's changed  
Cold but sympathetic, all the same

You'd like to convince me that I'll be better off

So you go on  
And I'll never be happier  
I'll be happier  
You go on, yeah, you go on  
You'll be gone n I'll be happier

Shoot me with your rubber bullets  
Your finger's on the trigger, pull it  
I know you want the suffering to end  
And so, it is forgivable my friend

It's all to convince me that I'll be better off

You go on  
And I'll be happier  
You go on  
And I'll be happier  
You go on, yeah  
You go on  
You'll be gone n I'll be happier

Say what you mean, what you mean  
Is you'll be happier without me  
Without me  
Without me, oh

You won't convince me that I'll be better off

So you go on and I'll be happier  
I'll be happier  
You go on n you go on  
You'll be gone and I'll be gone  
You go on and I'll be happier  
You go on and I'll be happier  
You go on, you go on  
You go on and I'll go on  
And I'll be happier  
(you go on and I'll be happier  
You go on and I'll be happier  
You go on and I'll be happier