

Kiss and kill your boyfriend
And rich ones too
Rich kids of the world unite
Rich kids of the

Dime on the bleachers
Head says not that far away
But the only way was down
And I keep on falling
Flip it again, but the answer
Hasn't spared its change

Doesn't matter how much time
You'll never forget that
Forgetting required
Served on a platter of fakes
It's inevitable
We're proud to be pricks
But we're proud to be assholes

We're proud to be assholes
We're proud to be assholes
We're proud to be assholes

Picking up the pieces one by one
Picking up the pieces one by one
Picking up the pieces one by one
Picking up the pieces
Picking up the pieces one by

Don't let it, don't let it ride
Don't let it ride
Don't let it, don't let it ride

Answer, someone, anyone
Won't you pick up the pieces
You left behind?

Answer, someone, anyone
Won't you pick up the pieces
You left behind?

Kiss and kill your boyfriend