

## Chase Scene

All the dirty fingers picking up finds  
Bruised with a motherless childish mind  
To be kind in the line of design  
Without a proper subject

Got all apologies, signed up to steal  
Prednisone body, topic of ill  
For the chill and the thrill of the kill  
I see my woman calling

Because I licked a little skin like a fear in my bed  
Spilt all the toxic cream of my dead  
To be bled or fed in the spread  
Of equal wrong talking

Spoon me like a stereotype, rigging the race  
Believing in a feather, particular face  
With the grace for the trace to embrace  
The frontal feel falling

I think I'm ready to go  
I think I'm ready to fight for the scene of my life  
I think I'm ready to go  
I think I'm ready to fight for the scene of my life  
Yeah, I'm ready to go  
Yeah, I'm ready to fight for the scene of my life  
Yeah, I'm ready to go  
Yeah, I'm ready to fight

If the caterpillar cat turns free to a whore  
The idea that there's a seventeenth floor  
To explore like hardcore for the more  
And never seem to free it

Because I gave a little long, yeah, I gave it a shot  
Bought me some land and a beautiful plot  
With a hot who was not to be got  
By easy thinking thumbing

Bottled up can will eat through your life  
Down with the deed of killing a wife  
With a knife who thinks twice to the wise  
I think my woman's calling

Yeah, I'm ready to go  
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I think I'm ready to fight for the scene of my life  
Yeah, I'm ready to go

## Broken Social Scene

Yeah, I'm ready to fight for the scene of my life  
Yeah, I'm ready to go  
Yeah, I'm ready to fight for the scene of my life