(The) Internet Killed The Video Star

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Burn the instructions or plague the inventor?
Quick, easy, and painless
I'm a careless romantic
Wandering the streets
Luring strangers in the dark
If they follow in my footsteps
Then I'll love them all blind

If you want to make a scene
Then you've gotta make a scene
I'll put my hands on you
You put your hands on me
If you want to make a scene
I wasn't looking for trouble
But trouble found me

You fucked with the wrong son of a bitch.

I caught you staring it's not your fault
I killed the lights 'cause I saw it all
I caught you staring it's not your fault
I kissed your lips but not for too long

Tick tock, tick tock;
the hour is up
Told to be anxious
You're a bit out of line
Sew it up like every other time
Un-amused at the table by the bedroom
They're all mine

If you want to make a scene
Then you've gotta make a scene
You fucked with the wrong son of a bitch
You put your hands on me
I'll put my hands on you
You fucked with the wrong son of a bitch
Sew it up like every other time
So in love like every other time
The needle and thread make me shiver
The red on your hands spells out martyr

(I caught you staring it's not your fault)

I killed the lights 'cause I saw it all
(I caught you staring it's not your fault)
I swear to God I watched you fall
Your perfect picture left its mark
I kissed your lips but not for too long