

Be careful what you pray for...you might just get it
Don't try to be a hero
Or you'll regret it
Every little thing looks bad if you remember it
Wake up and smell the mildew
...then just forget it
The wings of liberty have lost their feathers
The tide turns way too often
Its stormy weather
We waited long and hard
Hell bent for heather
How can one so empty
Remain together ever?
There are no pros in prostitution
There is no rest in restitution
But there's always ins to the institution
I keep mute in my mutilation
Put up no fuss in my frustration
Don't try to be a hero
Or you'll regret it
Be careful what you pray for
You might just get it
We waited long and hard
Birds of a feather
How can two so empty
Remain together ever?
There are no pros in prostitution
There is no rest in restitution
But there's always ins to the institution
I keep mute in my mutilation
Put up no fuss in my frustration
Shun...shun...shun
There are no pros in prostitution
There is no rest in restitution
But there's always ins to the institution
I keep mute in my mutilation
Put up no fuss in my frustration