

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