

Cop a feel for all your sins  
Don't get too excited suck down ritalin  
Fake an interest seven inch  
Penny for your soul and it's not worth it

Runnin' from myself  
I don't even know why

Cutting out your paper friends  
Paper doesn't last it burns it burns it burns  
Camouflage is on the rise  
You're not fashion conscious you're acid washed  
You're acid washed

Runnin' from myself  
I don't even know why

Carbonated blonde couture  
Drunken hands will kill your pimp and make you  
Whore de jour  
You're worth more dead than alive  
I'm not gonna die here i'm not gonna die here  
I'm not

Runnin' from myself  
I don't even know why  
Sometimes i just get by  
I don't even know why  
Sometimes i just get by  
I don't even know why