

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
Camoflaug 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