

United Paper People

Kisschasy

Staple my feet to the gravel then run me (run me around)
Around like your pet dog.
My organs are on the dinner table and you were the first (You were the first)
To ask for more.

For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead now
The paper people stand united
And you were the blade that (You were the blade)
Cut them off.
You're the bad taste medicine leaves, it stays on my lips (It stays on your lips)
For far too long.

For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead now
For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead, For all I care you are dead now