Are you the one, the handsome bastard son That nobody will talk about it all? I am the one, most fortunate of sons That no one gives a damn about at all

I am singing for you
All the privileged and the foolish - this is for you

All we've done, regrettable but fun
There's something you should know about us all
If you bite your thumb, you better pray I bite my tongue. Where I'm from we
throw hands then we talk it out

I am singing for you Sensitive yet violent fools- this is for you

It's what you think, therefore I am

If I'm the devil, you're the reason

The reason that we kill ourselves and give ourselves all away

Can you name one fool that sang along?
One person that has heard about us?
Worst of all, of all these sad old songs, no verse was ever sung about them

I am singing for you All the privileged and the foolish- this is for you

It's what you think, therefore I am
If I'm the devil, you're the reason
The reason that we kill ourselves and give ourselves all away

It's what you think therefore I am
If you're the devil, I'm the reason
The reason that it still ain't safe to put ourselves on display
It's what you think therefore I am

I know what you're thinking about and there ain't no use in that They seem too good for that Are you good with that?
Well, get used to that

I know what you think about And there ain't no use in that They see too good for that Are you good with that? Get used to that

Get used to that
Are you good with that?
Well get used to that
They're too good for that
Get used to that
Are you good with that?
They're too good for that

It's what you think, therefore I am If I'm the devil, you're the reason

The reason that we kill ourselves and give ourselves all away

It's what you think therefore I am
If you're the devil, I'm the reason
The reason that it still ain't safe to put ourselves on display
It's what you think therefore I am

It's what you think, therefore I am It's what you all say  $\dots$