

We've got millions of broken necks from looking up at  
you  
So get your damn soapbox standing, high horse prancing  
ass down here with the truth  
So don't let those admirers try and fit your shoes  
Because they will then see one size fits all feet and  
then they will walk all over you

When only to good die young  
Ain't it ironic I age so well (2x)

To be the last man standing at the kissing booth  
That really doesn't mean a thing when they're for free  
and don't taste like they should  
So after you're done drowning in a glass that is half  
full  
The pessimists all join together and discuss how you  
never could do it like they could

When only the good die young  
Ain't it ironic I age so well (2x)

You and me are a kitschy parody of sincerity,  
apparently  
Truth is heat, we're burning underneath our seats  
Burning me for not standing

I love I love myself  
I love I love myself my self abandonment (2x)

When only the good die young  
Ain't it ironic I age so well (2x)

You and me are a kitschy parody of sincerity,  
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Truth is heat, we're burning underneath our seats  
Burning me for not standing