

Don't start with the ugly part  
Don't end with the things that will make them want to walk away  
Tune in at the den again, Another price ain't cheap but somebody's gonna have to pay  
Oh yes, you can only guess, what it is, what it was  
Or remember what I had in mind  
Shotgunning on a joy ride, coming down the block, half-cocked nearly half the time

Give it back, give it back, give it back, sing it

One time for the words divine and  
Two times for the things that you hope you never have to say  
Three seams in a dead man's dream  
And the girls tell the boys that they better fucking run away  
Live it up, won't you give it up,  
Turn it up, put it out, let it ride with the other lie  
Shotgunning on a joy ride, coming down the block, half-cocked nearly all the time

Give it back, give it back, give it back, sing it