

Boy Division

My Chemical Romance

If all my enemies threw a party
Would you light the candles?
Would you drink the wine?
While watching television?

Watch the animals
And all the tragedies
And sell your arteries
And buy my casket gown

Well, it better be black
And it better be tight
And it better be just my size

I'm stalking these metro malls
And airport halls
And all these schoolgirls

I'm not asking
You're not telling
He's not dead he only looks that way

Out nowhere
Take me out there
Far away and save me from my self-destruction
Hopeless for you
Sing a song for California

I bought my enemies rope to hang me
And the knives to gang me
You can watch 'em stab me on your television

Stomp the halls
Because the bathroom walls
Would have a lot to say about
The lines you're putting down!

It better be white
It better be cut
It better be just my size
Until my capillaries burst of boredom, I'll be waiting

I'm not laughing
You're not joking
I'm not dead I only dress that way

Out nowhere
Take me out there
Far away and save me from my self-destruction
Hopeless for you
Sing a song for California

Wherever you are
Whatever you are
Whoever you are
Wherever you are

LALALALA

'Cause we got the bomb, we got the bomb (LET'S GO!)
We got the bomb, we got the bomb (LET'S GO!)
We got the bomb, we got the bomb (LET'S GO!)
We got the bomb, we got the bomb (LET'S GO!)

Way out nowhere
Take me out there
Far away and save me from my self-destruction
Hopeless for you
Say a prayer for California

WE GOT THE BOMB!
WE GOT THE BOMB!
WE GOT THE BOMB!
WE GOT THE BOMB!