

All Medicated Geniuses

Pretty Girls Make Graves

There's a kid with the golden arm
He admits to the forest fire
That started up from a lack of somethin' better going on

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He admits to the forest fire
That started up from a lack of somethin' better going on
Tell your friends it's a four alarm
Just a smoke screen we're all liars
Better to stew in discontent then to admit we're wrong

Our motivations out to see
And our ideas they die so quickly

This town has good hearts
Bad blood, emotional scars
Never gettin' to say what you really wanna say
This town has good hearts
Bad blood, emotional scars
Never gettin' to say what you really wanna say

We all lie so well
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That he started up from a lack of somethin' better going on
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If misery loves company
Then it seems to swim so much more forcibly
In the song of other peoples failures
Doctor, do you have a remedy?
Doctor, this is not alright by me
Do you think that you have the strength
For a city that's so spent and sick?

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