

It's time to collect the bones
We don't mind because we can't go home
We choke on our shooting stars
But can't quit because we've come this far
We can't quit because we've come too far

A handful of apple cores
A mouthful of razor blades
We're always on the hunt with definitions of things
And whatever else it takes to waste away

There's nothing but holes in you
And that's why I can see straight through
And all of your miseries
Ain't worth much because you left them to me
Ain't worth much because you left them for me

One of these days you'll string me up (ba dum)
Throw me to the wolves
My time is almost up (ba dum)
The hourglass is full
And I think the wolves are saying grace

They cut me up
But I feel all right
They chopped me up
But I feel all right
They strung me up (You get what you paid for)
But I feel all right
They roped me up (You get what you paid for)
But I feel all right
They chopped me up (Yeah, you get what you paid for)
But I feel all right
They cut me up (You get what you paid for)
But I feel

If I can't find a place to lay
Then I'll save you for another day
And if you're a mystery
Well, don't fret because that's okay by me
And we'll all die in stereo
And I'll probably be the first to go
And if I'm a martyr then
That's fine 'cause you can borrow my sins
And that's fine 'cause you can borrow my sins