

Burn a Miracle

Say Anything

One, two, three, four and five
Blood ran cold, but I'm comin' alive
One, two, three, four and five
Blood ran cold, but I'm comin' alive

I once courted a boy
He looked a lot like me
But his eyelids were destroyed
And his pupils
Kept sucking on
Data files like noodles

He pleased himself to the music
Of well-dressed, inbred college students
As his girlfriend starved on the alter
To his blog of the sickening things he would call her

But now I'm coming alive
And like a weed through fields of
Placid posies thrive
Spewing glory, all draped in guts and their sense of a story

I need a song meant to rally the devils
Who dance on fields of brilliant treble
I need to ask you children a question
Do you really wanna stand stiff, at attention?

(No!)

Do you want it?
Do you need it?
Do you feel it?
Do you want it? (No!)

Do you see it?
Believe it
Do you, do you, do you want it?

Burn a miracle if you've got a soul
Burn a miracle
Burn America

Burn a miracle if you've got a soul
Burn a miracle
Burn America

I saw Stereohead
They looked a lot like the
Same band, but they were deaf
And their singer kept twirling around
On a slick middle finger

And I'm awash in thunder and venom
They try to hold you down, but I won't let 'em
As we emerge from the muck and the mire
We're gonna set their champagne god on fire

(No!)

Do you want it?

Do you need it?
Do you feel it?
Do you want it? (No!)
Do you see it?
Believe it
Do you, do you, do you want it?
(2x)

Burn a miracle if you've got a soul
Burn a miracle
Burn America

Burn America if you've got a soul
Burn America
Burn America
Burn America
Burn the dream

I know a place where the moon goes to fly
I know that dreams swarm and sting as they die
Let their corpses ride horses and stab through the sun
You loathe a life that you've barely begun
To live! To live!

One, two, three, four and five
Blood ran cold, but I'm comin' alive