

It's a Metaphor, Fool

Say Anything

This song is called,
"It's a metaphor, fool."

Sixteen names on my list
but none of them could ever get me hot like this.
(YEAH!!!)
Got your scars on my wrist,
you're safe inside my fist.

(Now let the fun begin! Sing!)

All you are to me is dead skin,
flaking off my hand onto the pavement.
All you are to me is dead skin,
breakin' up my band won't bring you payment.

Woah! (Love like no other)
Woah! (We told your mother)
Woah! (Love like no other)
Woah! (We told your mother)

So here's the plan,
you're giving in to every sick demand.
Buying the band our own apartment.
Here is your past:
flashing forward out to whip your ass,
into the form adorn when you were born.

Woah! (Love like no other)
Woah! (We told your mother)
Woah! (Love like no other)
Woah! (We told your mother, baby boy)

All you are to me is dead,
All you are to me is dead,
All you are to me is dead skin.

(Come on!)

All you are to me is dead,
Sixteen bullets split your head,
All you are to me is dead skin.

(Go! Go! Go!)

All you are to me is dead,
All you are to me is dead,
All you are to me is dead skin.

All you are to me is dead,
Sixteen bullets split your head,
All you are to me is dead skin.