

No Soul

Say Anything

There's something in the way you people smell
Like you've got no soul at all
Fingers crawling with ringworm
Your sneer's a mating call
To lure in others of your breed
Spread that smug and slimy seed
Borrow quotes from the cultures you've crowded like weeds

Is your schedule sufficient tonight, you toad?
Hop another bar until the rooster crows

This song belongs to you and all your crew
This curse will sting the worst as it shall mark you

All Rise
I'd rather spend an evening giving birth
Then see how your eyes are glued
On everyone but the person you're talking to
And trapped between babushkas on a plane is a fraction of how lame
It is to watch you pump the poison through your veins

Is your schedule sufficient tonight, you crow?
Squawk another song until your heart explodes

This song belongs to you and all your crew
This curse will sting the worst as it shall mark you

You'd probably think this means I give up on you
The saddest part is this is why I come
To watch and pray that I'm mistaken
And pray I'm not the only one
Try not to care about this, I know that this is hopeless
No one notices it
Not losing sleep over this
You people are unredeemable, indescribable, all but evil

[Anna Waronker:]
You know very well what you are
Don't let 'em write you off
You wear your scars
I've had a few but not that many
But you're the only one who gives me good and plenty

This song belongs to you and all your crew
This curse will sting the worst as it shall mark you