

She Won't Follow You

Say Anything

Thought I was alone in my utter disgust
'Til the old me started to bleed and we became us
Lust in this trust in this social halitosis
Combust to form stardust burning nuclear gust

Who sets presidents up to farm oil
It's the pigs who's tails curl out to pointed coil
If you want an award than mark "yes" at the end of your test
In response to your call of distress we're the best

(Meet me in the back room)
I'll tell you everything, you everything, woah
(Meet me in the back room)
Just run away with me, just lay with me, woah

They say rebellion exists in despair
And their ironic facial hair
The devil may or may not care
I saw the look she gave to Mr. Cred
She said don't let that blow go to your head
She took my hand instead
There's nothing like the brain of a beautiful girl
When they grasp the fallacy of the world
We're in the back room, back to back, breathing hard
Breathing the fire on the heart they sought to defile

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Alright!

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