Unwrapped and bitten an invitation to your side i missed the friction if it's in my head, it's in your size you are, you're making me mad afraid you've been had again you are, you're singing so bad you're singing so sad again scratch the hideous melody scrap all the harmonies in 'e' can't help but spell it out if it's in my head, it's in your mouth hang up the phone jaded hand take a piece of everyone the day is done the bread is stale and silence suits me that well i'm a bitter scale with a broken trust found the liar in all of us cause you're better off you're better off when no one's starving for your company i think a sour note is a luxury crass information spread it infect somebody else inspire a nation if it's in your hand, it's in yourself