

# These Things

## She Wants Revenge

There is nothing to see here people keep moving on  
Slowly their necks turn and then they're gone  
No one cares when the show is done

Standing in line and its cold and you want to go  
Remember a joke so you turn around  
There is no one to listen so you laugh by yourself

I heard it's cold out, but her popsicle melts  
She's in the bathroom, she pleasures herself  
Says I'm a bad man, she's locking me out  
It's cause of these things, it's cause of these things

Let make a fast plan, watch it burn to the ground  
I try to whisper, so no one figures it out  
I'm not a bad man, I'm just overwhelmed  
It's cause of these things, it's cause of these things

The crowd on the street walks slowly, don't mind the rain  
Lovers hold hands to numb the pain,  
Gripping tightly to something that they will never own

And those by themselves by choice or by some reward  
No mistakes only now you're bored  
This is the time of your life but you just can't tell

[Chorus 2.5X]