

Decoration

The Early November

So take the boy to the back, cover up his ears
We've got some dirty little secrets we don't want him to hear
In this business you don't question someone's wealth
We chain him to the bed so he won't run away
Then we take the piggy bank and cash it in on the way out
So chase your dreams and never let them go down here

Decoration, decoration
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But you can kick it in the back, make it all go away
Take some pills for the pain and throw your voice away
'Cause someone else is paid to write the hits
So you can talk until you're rich, until your cheek bones hurt
And then a little baby tuck to make sure you still work
It's all about the pointless perks that we all pay for to pay f
or ourselves

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