

The Wrong Way

The Front Bottoms

I'll paint my face on the wall in your bedroom.
I would say anything if it would make you happy.
I'm tripping acid while you're tripping mushrooms.
I'm falling through the floors and walking on the ceiling.
I'll paint my face on a wall in your bedroom.
I'm stabbing at the thoughts only to see what's bleeding
While I'm tripping acid and you're tripping mushrooms.
The walls are black and moving, but you tell them I'm happy.

And we both know where this is going to lead to.
Yeah, we both know where this is going to lead to.
And I'd fight your boyfriend if you thought I had to
'Cause we both know where this is going to lead to.

Put your poems inspired by true love
I would say anything if it would make you happy.
I'd sing you songs until you said 'enough'.
I'm falling through the floors and walking on the ceiling.
I'd fight your boyfriend; I would try to be tough.
I'm stabbing at the thoughts only to see what's bleeding
And I'd sing you songs until you said 'enough'.
The walls are black; they're moving in,
But you can tell them I'm happy.

And we both know where this is going to lead to.
Yeah, we both know where this is going to lead to.
And I'd fight your boyfriend if you thought I had to
'Cause we both know where this is going to lead to.