

Fine Art

The Limousines

You
You're a disaster
Yeah you're a master
of the fine art
The fine art of falling apart

How'd you manage to stab yourself in the back
How'd you get your arms to bend back like that

Me
I'm just a bastard
Another master
of the fine art
The fine art of falling apart
They're coming back to point and laugh and ask me

How'd you manage to stab yourself in the back
How'd you get your arms to bend back like that

Burn it down
Let's burn it down

You
Pour the gas and I'll
Strike the match and we'll
turn our backs on this
pile of ash
And the only things left will be the bones of our promises