

## Burn After Writing

The Menzingers

Here's to you, the same chords that I stole  
From a song that I once heard  
The Same melody I borrowed from the void  
I'd rather observe than structure a narrative  
The characters are thin; the plot does not develop  
It ends where it begins  
It's on the screen, in paperbacks  
In section 8 and cul-de-sacs  
Electro haikus and drunk sonnets  
Are moving me along

You cut my hair  
You left red ink everywhere  
Do my hands tell a story?  
Is it boring?  
(2x)

What I'd give to force your sigh  
What I'd give to see you cry  
What I'd give for your caress  
To see your blue cotton dress  
Balled up on the floor  
Certain memories are the problem  
Certain drunken lines are the shame  
Seven hundred miles and four years  
I can't fight the flame; it burns

You cut my hair  
You left red ink everywhere  
Do my hands tell a story?  
Is it boring?  
(2x)

Was I wishing on satellites?  
Tell me how you've been doing that trick  
I'm just wishing the flame away  
Now I'm wishing the flame away