

Even for an Eggshell

The Menzingers

Somethings rotten in the state of Denmark
A broken home, who picks up the pieces
Either way, Ophelia will cry
So lick your lips and mend your hair
This mess wont make a difference here
For anyone but you
Well get me out of this shell
The nights about wearing thin
And I never wanted this day to end
Moral fibers split till they're grey
And the gravedigger laughs as we waste away
A contest and the trick tip marks the end
Mistaken thirst quenched with this cup
The kiss of death from rotten lips
Never forget, never let live again
They sell better homes than these
I saw it on TV!
Perfect Lives
Perfect Lies