

Running With Scissors

The Mission

The only way that I'll make the papers
These days is if I load a gun
And fire a bullet into my brain
But then again the hackneyed hacks

Will only write
I'm only jumping
Someone else's train
It's always the same

And I can't begin to tell you now
How many strange beds I have known
I was never one to kiss and tell
But I do have a scandal to sell

Didn't your mother tell you
Don't run with scissors?
You might just fall
And hurt yourself

They could impale you
So don't run with scissors
'Cause being stabbed
Is not good for your health

No, I won't confess all of my sins
'Cause some of my sins are your sins too
I'd rather die on my feet
Than live down on my knees

It's a dangerous game
Running with scissors
Wouldn't wish you to fall
And hurt yourself

It's such a crying shame
To see you running with scissors
But stabbing yourself
Is exactly what you deserve

So why don't you put the scissors down
Before you hurt someone?