

New Sensation

This Time Next Year

Tonight I'll laugh myself asleep again to the same old swan songs I just keep hearing
and you strike every nerve with your pretensions
Always the butt of the joke when no one's laughing

You wanted the role, now your playing the part they're dying to
be just like you
Sing us a song where we can't sing along and you're the new sensation

I'm better off with my two left feet, you're no god damned messiah with the answers to everything
I know that hell is other people, I know I'll lose my mind, I need some inspiration
I've grown sick - slick bullshit - eat your heart out, this song's about you

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Who needs a spine anyway? Without a backbone It's just aesthetics
I cant take the noise anymore so pry up the floorboards and raise the dead
It's time to raise the dead.

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