

A.C. Newman, The Changeling (Get Guilty)

It's not war, it's more like a warning
There with front row tickets to the public burning
Found in the strip search, the skins have beaten the shirts
Love will travel, yeah, let's say it will
We know where it goes, you know the drill
Get guilty, kid
Get guilty, go
With the same cruel sense of humor that you came with
With the same cruel sense of humor that you came with
Change your mind
Change your mind
She kissed the back of my hand and she smiled
Walked away whispering into the wild
Get guilty, kid
Get guilty, go
With the same cruel sense of humor that you came with
With the same cruel sense of humor that you came with
Change your mind
Change your mind
And I will die with my foot in my mouth
More magnetic if anything because I had to
Get guilty, kid
Get guilty, go
With the same cruel sense of humor that I came with
With the same cruel sense of humor that I came with
Change your mind
Change your mind
Change your mind
Change your mind