

# A Fine Frenzy, Happier

Quick kid quips, so harsh and cynical  
Touches stricken cold and clinical  
Such a transformation to behold  
I don't like this new, I like the old  
It's not the words that make it final  
You've said such things before to rival them  
But it's how you say them now that's changed  
Cold but sympathetic all the same  
You'd like to convince me that I'll be better off  
So you go on and I'll be happier  
I'll be happier  
You go on, yeah, you go on  
You'll be gone and I'll be happier  
Shoot me with your rubber bullets  
Your finger's on the trigger, pull it  
I know you want the suffering to end  
And so, it is forgivable my friend  
All to convince me that I'll be better off  
So you go on and I'll be happier  
You go on and I'll be happier  
You go on, yeah, you go on  
You'll be gone and I'll be happier  
Say what you mean, what you mean  
Is you'll be happier without me  
Without me  
Without me  
All to convince me that I'll be better off  
So you go on and I'll be happier  
I'll be happier  
You go on, yeah, you go on  
You'll be gone and I'll be gone  
you go on and I'll be happier  
You go on and I'll be happier  
You go on, you go on  
You go on and I'll go on and I'll be happier  
you go on and I'll be happier  
You go on and I'll be happier  
You go on and I'll be happier