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