

American Music Club, Hollywood 4-5-92

My revenge against the world
Is to believe everything you say
Balance as you are
On a pile of empty bottles
And even when the world has taken
All your defenses away
There's no way that you can be true
And I'll believe you
I'll believe you
Don't you get sick
Of party favors
That start with a whimper
And end with a whisper
And even when every single one
Of your gestures is a lie
To me, you always ring true
And I'll believe you
I'll believe you
The first time the cops came
They were like brand new friends
The second time they came
They were a little concerned
They said, We know all about you
You're like a moth's to a flame
Yeah, we speak too much
And none of it's ever true
What happens to the rat
That stops running the maze
The doctors think it's dumb
When it's just disappointed
I meant it when I said
That I would never see you again
But no matter how dumb I get there's one thing I'll always do
I'll believe you
I'll believe you
I'll believe you
I'll believe you