

# Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Bleeding Ceremony

I was taught to always be nice so I open doors on impulse  
Always make room on the sidewalk though I notice no one else does  
They just plow through knocking you down  
With a smug look on their faces  
So I stay home writing my songs in my fantasy oasis  
Would it be out of line  
To spend the rest of my life in my head?  
While I'm running my thumb all along on a razor's edge?  
Getting warm in the tub while I'm watching the clouds  
Of the blood I spread

But I never said  
What I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say  
Was DROP DEAD.

I'm a loner, like or not. A Marat. Inside I'm lonely  
Purified my masochism in a bleeding ceremony  
Light a candle, open my hand, and I'll end retaliations  
From the dog pack cowardice here in the gauchest of the nations

Would it be too benign  
To spend the rest of my time in my head?  
Am I hurting myself to remember? Like Orson's sled?  
I've been waiting so long for the words to this song  
I bet I bleed to death

But I never said  
What I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say  
Was DROP DEAD.

Now I hope that magically I will emerge back into life  
Even though I'm vanishing now in a hemlock bath of wine  
Become a hero swinging my sword in a bloody ancient world  
And leave the life here ruined by guilt where they need to thin the herd

DROP DEAD.

Was what I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say  
Was DROP DEAD.

What I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say  
Was DROP DEAD.

What I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say  
What I wanted to say...