

Keepsake, Black Dress In A B Movie

With bloodshot eyes, revealing eyes, and a dynasty.
One that I cannot seem to let go of.
All the telltale bigscreen lies.
Did it comfort you to be pictured as a stupid beauty?

Every morning did you cry?
The alibi.
Every morning did you try?
One more way to die.
Fall in line.
Walk way.
Suicide.
Or just hide.
Run away.
One more time.
One more way.

With one-nine-five-o keep in mind.
It's a tragedy when a method such as yours is covered
In a blood and chocolate mix.
For the life of me.
I cannot figure out how to fix this.
A nice surprise.
A cocaine high.
Every boy's dream.
It's worth a try.
Angles and shots.
Rock candy pop.
A Clorox dip.
A culture shock.

And every morning did you cry?
The alibi.
Every morning did you try?
One more way to die.
Fall in line.
Walk way.
Suicide.
Or just hide.
Run away.
One more time.
One more way.

I won't look back.
No, you won't come back.
And I won't look back if you promise I can meet you just one time.
No, you won't come back with

One more way to die.
Fall in line.
Walk way.
Suicide.
Or just hide.
Run away.
One more time.
One more way.

(Say what you want to say.
Be who you want to be.
Feel what you want to feel.
Hate who you want to hate.)