

Schoolyard Heroes, The Plastic Surgery Hall Of F

15 minutes is much too generous for a girl with a crippled smile.
She walks, suffering with none of the benefits
She will be your plague tonight.
30 seconds is all we're giving her. Any more and the time has passed.
Nothing shatters like broken glass, with lips like murder and a mouth like trash
You're so pretty and you're so dead.
You're so pretty and you're so dead.
You're so pretty and you're so dead.
You're so pretty and you're so...
You're so pretty and you're so dead
You're so pretty and you're so dead
Look at what they've done to us
You're so pretty and you're so dead
You're so pretty and you're so dead
Inside out, they've drawn their blood
15 minutes is much too generous.
Pretty faces sewn into a mess.
Blink and you miss like you had to attend to.
The judge got blisters burning in your hand.
Sliced, broken, and built for deception
Man-made smiles make the mirrors ache
Graceful aging given over to the scientists
Now your face displays the modern
(All the boys are singing)
Cut, cut, cut.
(And all the girls are screaming)
Sew me up
You're so pretty and you're so dead.
You're so pretty and you're so...
You're so pretty and you're so dead.
You're so pretty and you're so dead.
Look at what they've done to us.
You're so pretty and you're so dead.
You're so pretty and you're so dead.
Inside out, they've drawn their blood.
(All the boys are singing)
Cut, cut, cut.
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Inside out, they've drawn their blood.