The Mission, Running With Scissors

The only way that I'll make the papers
These days is if I load a gun
And fire a bullet into my brain
But then again the hackneyed hacks
Will only write I'm only jumping
Someone else's train it's always the same

And I can't begin to tell you now How many strange beds I have known I was never one to kiss and tell But I do have a scandal to sell

Didn't your mother tell you don't run with scissors? You might just fall and hurt yourself

They could impale you so don't run with scissors 'Cause being stabbed is not good for your health

No I won't confess all of my sins 'Cause some of my sins are your sins too I'd rather die on my feet Than live down on my knees

It's a dangerous game running with scissors Wouldn't wish you to fall and hurt yourself It's such a crying shame to see you running with scissors But stabbing yourself is exactly what you deserve

So why don't you put those scissors down before you hurt someone?