

# 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?