

American Music Club, Hollywood 4 - 5 - 92

My revenge against the world
Is to believe everything you say
Balance as you are on a pile of empty bottles
And even when the world has taken
All your defenses away
There's no way that you can be true

I'll believe you

Don't you get sick of party favors
That start with a whimper and end with a whisper
And even when every single one of your gestures is a lie
To me, you always ring true

I'll believe you

The first time the cops came
They were like brand new friends
The second time they came they were a little concerned
They said, we know all about you
You're like moths to a flame.
Yeah we speak too much and none of it's ever true

What happens to the rat that stops running the maze
The doctors think it's dumb when it's just disappointed
I meant it when I said that I would never see you again but no matter how dumb I get
There's one thing I'll always do

I'll believe you