

Cute Is What We Aim For, Loser

A loser can win
Whenever they want to
All that they gotta, gotta do
Is bring you down
Is bring you down

I've read of a man up in a room
Who can control everything I do
But what do I know
What do I know?
And if the story of the man isn't true
Then tell me what I should do
Should I take off the blindfold?
Or do what I'm told?

Is morality real to me
Can I believe in what I cannot see
Oh no, I will not be sold
The world has this ability
To make a life of sin look sweet
Oh no, this can't be complete, oh no

But we'll never know, about the life I chose
I won't believe, I won't be so naive until I go
Yeah we'll never know till these eyes close

I've read of a man up in a room