

Every Time I Die, The New Black

Baby, you got me all wrong
And maybe I am not at all down and out
I'm high and I'm in
Don't you know who I am?
I'm the jaded one with pop insensitivity
When I finish struggling, we can make our way to the dance floor and stand like strangers in an ele
I always find myself in the middle of your stories
With the cameras as a witness I will suffer
Everything I do is wrong
But by God I do it right
We don't dance no no no
We got class
No we don't have any fun at all
It's the new style and we know it
We're not stunning, we just stunned and we're lying for a living
Don't you know who I am?
I'm the real thing with the low-key sensibilities
I don't need what I've got half as much as everyone covets it
If loving me is wrong, then god damn you do it right
It turns us on to turn you down