

Gomez, Chicken Out

What are you on?
Think you're the business, man -
what are you on?

The rhythm is wrong,
someone's out of tune,
and you call this a song?

Well you're having me on,
I don't believe you
you're having me on.

It's taking too long
when's it going to kick in?
You call this a song?

I'm never gonna get through to you.
Who's gonna chicken out first?

I knew all along you were braggin' it.
What planet you on?
Gotta stop your carryin' on,
I cannot carry you,
my patience is gone.

You kept me singin' along,
but you're not listening to what's going on.
So I'll take you head on.
I'll take your head off,
then I'll take you head on.

I'm never gonna get through to you.
Who's gonna chicken out first?
You're gonna chicken out first

We're all alone
I see you shakin',
now your armies are flown.

You're putting it on.
I see you fakin',
but you're foolin' no one.

There's a lot of shit goin' on.
I cannot hear you there's too much goin' on.
Oh I said it all wrong
I didn't mean it -- now I've broken the song.

I'm never gonna get through to you.
Who's gonna chicken out first?
I'm never gonna get through to you.
you'll chicken out, you'll chicken out first