Jesus On Extasy, Assassinate Me

Why don't you drag and drop instead of copy and paste?
But you put me in your dustbin you've got nothing to waste
No I neither came to preach and nor to amuse you I'm not the king of pop who intends to abuse you

Brigde:

When we get on stage I know you watch in the crowd I know you want us silent but I shout it out loud:

Chorus:

Assassinate me like you did with JFK
Assassinate me like you did with Johnny-Boy
Assassinate me that's the way you solve your problems
but you cannot mute the voice in your head

I know you call me bitch, just a fucking faggot but in fact you fear the mirror which I'm holding towards your face get some advice from me you're so fucking damn ugly you should take all your money get some plastic surgery

Brigde:

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I'm a product of your mind. I'm a product of what you've been thinking And you should be ashamed for what's going on in your head!