

Kill Hannah, Get Famous

When you haven't got any sense
And a sick ghastly pallor "Well the poor kid never had a chance"
And people heard that you're dead
But you haven't, you haven't left the city yet

CHORUS

Oh, get famous!

Even if it takes every white blood cell you ever, ever have
And when you haven't got any friends
And the pharmacist recommends a B-complex for this condition
But we haven't, we haven't left the city yet

CHORUS

We stand to the side when the amtrak speeds by
Close our eyes and pretend that it's going to hit us
And try to decide as the amtrak speeds by
To live or die, to live or die

CHORUS