

# My Chemical Romance, Bury Me In Black

I said, we'll drown ourselves in misery tonight  
I lied, you've worn out all your dancing shoes this time

Just give us war-worn lipstick by the door if I inflame

These eyes have had too much to drink again tonight  
Black skies, we'll douse ourselves in high explosive light

Just give us war-worn, I've been calling you all week  
for my shotgun

Pick up the phone  
Pick up the phone, fucker

I wanna see what your insides look like  
I bet you're not fucking pretty on the inside  
I wanna see what your insides look like  
I wanna see 'em

Well you don't say  
And well I can explain what happened to my face  
Late last night  
I'm sleeping in empty pools and vacant alleyways  
And what I'm going through, shot lipgloss through my veins  
And when I can't complain  
With the falling rain

C'mon

I wanna save your heart  
I wanna see what your insides may be