

Pierce The Veil, I'd rather die than be famous

(Call the police! This whole place is gonna burn!)
Come on Holly, put the gun down for me
(Call the police! This whole place is gonna burn!)
You love money and the sex in your veins
(Call the police! This whole place is gonna burn!)
They're trying to take it from us
They're trying to take it from us
(Call the police! This whole place is gonna burn!)
You're so pretty when you dress for the grave

Love me as you lay
Dizzy and falling, your legs dangling
Although accidents happen
They happen to me
Try to forget the beginning and end

Forget the world
Without removing the glass from your lips

(Call the police! This whole place is gonna burn!)
You love money and the sex in your veins
(Call the police! This whole place is gonna burn!)
They're trying to take it from us
They're trying to take it from us
(Call the police! This whole place is gonna burn!)
The sun's coming up and we're still awake

Am I the trigger of your gun?
Your pretty eyes don't give me much choice but
I'll take them home
I've done some thinking of my own
And when I come home, I want to be done
Don't want to be famous no more

Leave that girl alone

My teenage heart-attack keeps talking back
Keeps talking back to her
And I can't pretend that off this balcony
We wouldn't want to jump off of it
And put an end to this

(Call the police! This whole place is gonna burn!)
You love money and the sex in your veins
(Call the police! This whole place is gonna burn!)

Yeah!
Doll up and sleep walk
Until we have some teeth marks
Narcotic sweet talk
Until we have some teeth marks
This whole place is gonna burn