

Placebo, Protect Me From What I Want

It's the disease of the age
It's the disease that we crave
Alone at the end of the rave
We catch the last bus home

Corporate America wakes
Coffee republic and cakes
We open the latch on the gate
Of the hole that we call our home

Protect me from what I want...
Protect me protect me

Maybe we're victims of fate
Remember when we'd celebrate
We'd drink and get high until late
And now we're all alone

Wedding bells ain't gonna chime
With both of us guilty of crime
And both of us sentenced to time
And now we're all alone

Protect me from what I want...
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