

Pretty Girls Make Graves, All Medicated Geniuse

There's the kid with the golden arm
He admits to the forest fire
That he started up from the lack of
Something better going on
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Something better going on
Tell your friends it's a four alarm
Just a smoke screen, we're all liars
Better to stew in discontent
Than to admit we're wrong

All motivations out to sea
And our ideas, they die so quickly

This town had good hearts
Bad blood, emotional scars
Never getting to say
What you really want to say (x2)

We all lie so well(x2)

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If misery loves company
And you seem to sleep
So much more soundly
To the song of other people's
Failures...

Doctor, do you have a remedy?
This is not alright by me
Do you think you have the trick
For a city that's so spent and sick?

We all lie so well