

Say Anything, All This Fashion

All the pretty boys you call
Wont keep you warm at all
When winter hits the fall

Hair doth not a lover make
Your gentle lashes shake
Your dainty ankles quake

But oh, Ill be around
When all this fucking fashion brings you down
To pick your pretty heart right off the ground.

When they take you on the town
With their designer crowns
They'll only bring you down
And all their cash can't buy you from my arms
Lets say hard triumph over charms
Lets send these spoiled brats to face the facts
And ..

Oh, Ill be around
When all this name dropping brings you down
To pick your pretty heart right off the ground.

Oh, Ill be around
When all this fucking fashion brings you down
To pick your pretty heart right off the ground.