

Say Anything, An Orgy Of Critics

Sweep the black super market! Sweep it up with your teeth!

Put your feather in a box! (Take off! Take off!)

Send it off to me!

I smell oxygen, precious. Bareback on your horse.

Gallop off course, get off! (Get off! Get off!)

Filled with fury's force.

There's a fire in the peach pit, a blaze in the snake pit.

(Hey) You erased it but we saw you fake it.

There's blood on the good book, love in the bad brook.

Suck out all the nerve and make it yours!

There's a fire in the peach pit (3x)

Saw you fake it...

You brought me to my knees.

Your art, it brought me to my knees.

You're so perfect to please us! You make all the right noise!

Get the business clothes off! (Take off! Take off!)

And strip down to your voice!

We will show you your future and choke the air from your world. (Choke, choke, choke)

You can be our once-twice-thrice-four times then goodbye girl!

There's a fire in the peach pit, a blaze in the snake pit.

(Hey) Erased it but we saw you fake it.

There's a crack in the blank stare, back in the black raised hair.

It's not fair.

There's a fire in the peach pit (3x)

You brought me to my knees.

Your art, it brought me to my knees.

I don't know who told you that (who told you that)

I don't know who told you that but it's a lie.

Believe me.

I swear, I shall not deceive thee. (Yeah!)

I don't know who sold you that but it's a fake.

I don't know who sold you that baby but it's a fake.

Remind me.

My eyes see straight behind me.

I've never killed nobody.

I promise you're my first;

You always remember your first.

(Okay, here we fuckin' go!)

You brought me to my knees.

Your art, it brought me to my knees.