Say Anything, Vexed

Pay your respects to a greater intellect You're just a pawn, does this confession turn you on? I know your kind, you'd do me from behind And when everybody stares, their eyes will bare the sharpest glare

Everybody knows beneath your clothes Starring at your toes is just a pose Everybody good knows how hard you blow Everybody knows

You did me wrong, I grinned and played along Those days are gone, does this confession turn you on? I'd see you stoned, lawn chair to gilded throne You cut your tiny ties and now you're dangling by a lie

Everybody knows beneath your clothes Starring at your toes is just a pose Everybody good knows how hard you blow Everybody knows

You think you're Jesus Christ You're not my Jesus Christ