

# 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