Sebadoh, Decide

You give faith to deadly snakes, retain the need for names

Now burn your books for me

Confusion must end, jarred-up sympathy

I've been here, but you won't hear, what have you to say to me?

Blood-crazed

Vampires wear a straight face

The love, hate

Expression of your dead weight

Oh, go back down and load up what you can't sell

And you don't sound the same

And there's no one around who cares what you say

Oh, I wanna trust you; don't do that to me

I'm right here without my fear

And all I need to be

Can't take a switch-hitting twist in the name game

I made a mistake trusting you with what I make

Crowd control, assume the role

Mr. Pointy-shoes put a pen to your soul

Crowd control, assume the role

Mr. Pointy-shoes, put a pen to your...

Blood-crazed

Vampires wear a straight face

All the love, hate

Expression of your dead weight

Dead weight