

The Divorce, Birds = Magic

All we wanted was to make you dance
And all we asked you for was just the chance
To drain your blood and fill you up with gas
And leave you begging us to light the match

And just so you know,
So we're clear,
We're not friends,
I'm using you to get where I'm going and

Pray if you wanna,
there's no way out
And you can beg for your mamma,
but she's not listening

You're so hung up on authenticity
That you've convinced yourself you're from the streets
You'll have a hard time making them believe
You're any more common than common thieves

and that's why I said (pray...etc)

Shame,
this bottle's almost halfway gone,
and we have just begun,
to sing the chorus of our favorite songs
But we can't let that stop us