The Killers, Why Don't You FindOut For Yourself

The sanest days are mad
Why don't you find out for yourself?
Then you'll see the price
Very closely
Some men here,
They have a special interest in your career
They wanna help you to grow
And then siphon all your dough
Why don't you find out for yourself?
Then you'll see the glass hidden in the grass
You'll never believe me so
Why don't you find out for yourself?
Sick down to my heart
Well that's just the way it goes
Some men here,
They know the full extent of your distress
They kneel and pray
And they say:
"Long may it last"
Why don't you find out for yourself?
Then you'll see the glass hidden in the grass
Backseats come and go
For which you must allow
Sick down to my heart
That's just the way it goes
Don't rake up my mistakes
I know exactly what they are
And what do you do?
Well, you just sit there
I've been stabbed in the back
So many, many times
I don't have any skin
But that's just the way it goes