

The Matches, Shoot Me In The Smile

Echo...

Come, come skinny

Come, come

Come bring a trend

And come nearly naked

Come hungry

Come shaking

Come faking

A perfect grin

Now that's a face

A face fit for breeding

Keep waste fit

No feeding

The Lens won't

Always be watching

So shoot me, shoot me

Shoot me in the smile

I'm going out of style

ohhh shoot me, shoot me

Shoot me in the smile

I'm going out of style

Come, come,

fit in

come, come,

Now I fit in

Yeah, I fit in the right size

Standard like white guys

And French fries

I bat these eyes

I bat them black

nose bleeds like a hangnail

desperate like a bake sale

going stale, I am going stale

So shoot me, shoot me

Shoot me in the smile

I'm going out of style

ohhh shoot me, shoot me

Shoot me in the smile

While I'm still in style

What can you compromise besides everything?

for fleeting form worth remembering

So skinny

So pretty

So hard to be

Just shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot me

So shoot me, shoot me

Shoot me in the smile

Oh shoot me, shoot me

Shoot me in the smile

Oh shoot me, shoot me

Shoot me in the smile

I'm going out of style

(come come skinny come)

I'm going out of style

(come come skinny come come come skinny)

shoot me, shoot me

Shoot me in the smile

(shoot shoot me while im still)

I'm going out of style

Work with me baby

just gimme a smile smile

Come, come skinny

Come, come

Come skinny

Come, come
Skinny
Come