

# The Only Ones, Your Chosen Life

Who do you think you are?  
You can't get away with  
The kind of things you're saying  
Must be something wrong with you  
Remember who you're talking to  
Nobody's ever treated me that way  
And escaped unharmed  
Escaped unharmed

The first thing you learn  
Is people  
Aren't always half  
They all could be

Go back to your chosen life  
You shouldn't venture this far  
I think your bluff lasted it now  
He open his mouth  
And everybody falls to the floor

Don't think I'm complaining  
I've got the feeling it's what I hunt  
And if there's a sudden revulsion  
To think my mouth touched your  
Stinkin', filthy cunt

"(music break)"