Verve Pipe "The F Word"

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I've got to get arrested
To keep you interested
And I should have known that I can't
Change the world by staring at it

My arms have little feeling From lifting to the ceiling A recipe for stealing hearts I have no power in healing

And I suppose the Jesus pose Is tired and superficial, lame I wrote a song, I'm moving on I'm praying you can do the same

I'm changing my direction

Making a correction

And oh, my God, I've dodged the unexpected

Bullets behind accolades and

Shake your head of leisure Get your head and body into seizure And battle with whoever hides Assault disguised as dancing

This rotting phase of hands that raise Bumping heads that pass each other It's a boring phase, so part the wave And drop the dead as driftwood surfer

Another song, it all went wrong
The radio refused to play it
I'm not afraid to serenade, the F word saved
And sucked the life from me

And I got to get arrested To keep you interested I've got to get arrested

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