

## **Paper Chase, The**

### **"Don't You Wish You Had Somemore?"**

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You were the last one to be saved  
So don't be the last one to the parlor that Sunday  
Cause now I, I like to think you are ashamed  
I like to think you thought I think you got away,  
But as for you, you got lucky  
You got lucky once but that won't happen again

And oh those dirty hands  
Come wash away my stink  
Come thank me for the offer  
You owe that much at least  
And oh those filthy thoughts  
That rattle in my brain  
The sticky on the sheets,  
Is now this ugly on your face,  
And there is no escape

Don't you wish you had some more?  
We hit the lights and light the floor  
My bright peculiar smile  
I want to see your hair hanging from the trees  
So don't you wish you had some more  
Cause it's just a matter of time  
Before the wicked cancer  
I'm gonna get ya

But as for you, you got lucky  
You got lucky once but that won't happen again

And oh those dirty hands  
Come wash away my stink  
Come thank me for the offer  
You owe that much at least  
And oh those filthy thoughts  
That rattle in my brain  
The sticky on the sheets,  
Is now this ugly on your face

There is no escape  
Those eyes that follow me  
So tell me where you were last night

Sweetheart don't lie to me  
And there is no cadence  
From what I could release;  
This nest of vipers on your face  
So now it's on your knees  
So now it's on your knees  
And there is no escape

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