

## **Paper Chase, The "Dying With Decent Music"**

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Maybe better you than me  
You're much weaker, you're more clumsy  
When I forfeit my patience to you  
So maybe you've had too much wine  
Piggy's flushed up ankles swell up as my lady works  
the room

"Your sideburns always smell like sex"  
Little sister, your big brother, "the fuck" won't be  
smothering you  
Or calling to his friends back east  
"Oh my hostess, oh my pick up, oh my dreadful! my  
white slave"  
Let them die while some decent music plays

With my shit shoe stumbles that's me dirty nails and  
awful thoughts  
I'll use the words used up on commercials  
Like such sharp boys like to write songs, music and  
quick lines  
This feeling I can't confine that to a rhyme  
But maybe I can when I see you on the other side

See you on the other side where we would be released  
I'd sell out everything if I could find such peace  
See you on the other side where we would be released  
I'd sell out everyone if I could find such peace  
I will be free

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