

Paper Chase, The

"Now You're Gonna Get It"

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Are you planning your escape?
Are you crumbling for the evening
When I'm asleep and you're awake?
I swear to god I'd take it to the grave
But are you planning your escape?

She's a wonderful actress

Who'll be counting your mistakes?
Who'll be holding back your pigtailed hair
While you're throwing up your birthday cake?
Here's your make up shut your face
You'll be easily replaced

So was it much to ask for?
A bread crumb and backhand
And it wasn't much we needed
We got a casket in quicksand
But now you're gonna get it
My buttercup, slow down
Cause your doctors and lawyers
Can't save your ass now

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