

## Paper Chase, The "So, How Goes The Good Fight?"

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Don't expect me to fight the good fight for you,  
And don't expect me to quote myself in quips, not for  
you

So when exactly and precisely did I promise all the  
world to you

And there in fact let's be exact, who says that you're  
the one I'd give it to

I'll take your legs I'll take your arms I'll take your breath  
in the night,

Then give away myself to bloody strips and Barbie doll  
eyes

All right, okay, I hope you're proud of yourself

The mister city's so big you say he invents all the fire in  
you,

Meanwhile I'm burning alive over the flame that was lit  
for you

So don't expect me to break this all down for you

And don't expect me to fight the good fight for you

I'll take your legs I'll take your arms I'll take your breath  
in the night,

Then give away myself to bloody strips and Barbie doll  
eyes

The pennies in my hand the scissors on the bed for  
you,

I got a big surprise for you the apple in my mouth for  
you

Oh no I know you'll get what you deserve

And all these dirty hands that built the ugly things for  
you

They trigger, jerk and turn on you

And slide around the neck for you

Oh I know you'll get what you deserve

I know you'll get what you deserve

