

## Verve Pipe, The "The F Word"

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I've got to get arrested to keep you interested  
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  
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

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

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