

Fall Out Boy "Golden"

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How Cruel Is The Golden Rule?
When The Lives We Lived Are Only Golden-Plated?
I Knew That The Lights Of The City
Were Too Heavy For Me.
And Though I Carry Carrots For Everyone To See

And I Saw God Cry In The Reflection Of My Enemies
And All The Lovers With No Time For Me
And All Of The Mothers Raised Their Babies
To Stay Away From Me

Tongues On The Sockets Of Electric Dreams

Where The Sewage Youth Drown The Spark Of My
Teens
I Knew That The Lights Of The City
Were Too Heavy For Me.
And Though I Carry Carrots For Everyone To See

And I Saw God Cry In The Reflection Of My Enemies
And All The Lovers With No Time For Me
And All Of The Mothers Raised Their Babies
To Stay Away From Me And Pray That They'll Grow Up
To Be.

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