

Boy Sets Fire "So Long... And Thanks For The Crutches"

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Just enough freedom to forget you're a slave,
just enough anger to make sure we get paid
easy does it baby don't lose your head
we both know
that ideals don't sell come now pass us the saccharin
part 1 then part 2 who knew you had it so easy

(chorus x2)

hit it hit it we'll go straight to the top
it's all a matter of whose cock you suck
we got the money hey come on lets go ha!
ha! you know you want it!
yeah! you know you want it! (well c'mon)

shake it like a rebel just don't cross any lines
cause family god and country are back in style
sex drugs and politics are fine
that we own you, we bought you, and we'll sell you
whenever we want to
we break your legs and you will thank us for the
crutches

(chorus x2)

we wanna fuck but we end up kissing
is this still rock cause the danger is missing
you gotta feed it gotta feed your addiction
so pack a lunch for the next crucifixion
you wanna feel the applause?
You wanna win at all cost?
Well you better learn to play nice and eat shit like a
dog!

(chorus x2)

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