

Kisschasy

"United Paper People"

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Staple my feet to the gravel then run me
(Run me around)
Around like your pet dog

My organs are on the dinner table
And you were the first
(You were the first)
To ask for more

For all I care you are dead
For all I care you are dead
For all I care you are dead now

The paper people stand united
And you were the blade that
(You were the blade)

Cut them off
You're the bad taste medicine leaves
It stays on my lips
(It stays on your lips)
For far too long

For all I care you are dead
For all I care you are dead
For all I care you are dead now

For all I care you are dead
For all I care you are dead
For all I care you are dead now

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