

Lower Class Brats

"Smiley"

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...Dementia
Hall pictures cling the wall
A dozen dead poses just waiting to fall
To the ashes of our bodies
To the girl that lied
To the things we said would never ever die
This will be the last I say to you I say to you

So who can help get this burden off your hands
And who can get my screaming face
Out of your conscience

I've sewn up all
All of my scars
When I threw out all
All of her pic-tures
You scratched the skin right
Picked the skin on my bones
Too close this time
I've never felt so alone

I guess we never felt alive
I guess we never felt alive
I guess we never felt it
We never felt it

I took a thousand drives
Saved a thousand lives
Played nice guy all the time
And still...
I'm the nice guy
The nice guy
I'm the nice guy
And still
I'm your push around
You didn't think I would find out
You didn't think I would figure it out
I'm your push around

Now lets crawl on the ground
Now in both of the corners

Now well pray for dementia
Then well pray for dementia

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