

Paramore

"Painting By Numbers"

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Promise made, promise kept.
You can shut your mouth now.
I told you nothing but the truth.
Make your next move, you will lose!

The good times are a black,
Proliferating plague-spot in your memory.
Prick it out and make the black death history.

Do we need to be part of a scene?
This ship is sinking and we're the only divers here.
There are 10000 dealers per addict
And we've got one syringe
And only two arms.

One of the best nine out of ten,
You've got it made.
Fruit in season, say it loud:
It's a hard way to the top!

But it's even a harder way to the bottom.
You stole the cherry from the top and now you're still
choking.

Teens! friends! gold!
We love you just as much as you love us!

The only thing that's more important than importance
Is the audience.
We're ranging backward and forward,
Begging for guidance.

And it's save to say that the safest way
To stop a raging bull is to cut of it's legs before
It starts running.

'My throat hurts'
And the audience is stomping.
They're asking for blood
And this is what we'll give them.

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