

## Rem "Living Well Is The Best Revenge"

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It's only when your poison spins  
Into the life you'd hope to live  
And suddenly you wake up in a shaking panic  
Now  
You set me up like a lamb to slaughter  
Garbo as a farmer's daughter  
Unbelievable, the gospel according to... who?  
I lay right down.

All your sad and lost apostles  
hum my name and flare their nostrils  
Choking on the bones you tossed to them  
Now I'm not one to sit and spin  
Because living well is the best revenge  
And baby, I am calling you on that

Don't turn your talking points on me,  
History will set me free  
The future's ours and you don't even rate a footnote.  
Now  
So who's chasing you?  
Where did you go? You disappear  
Midsentence in a judgment crisis  
I see my in and go for it.  
You weakened skill.

All your sad and lost apostles  
Hum my name and flare their nostrils  
Choking on the bones you tossed to them  
Now I'm not one to sit and spin  
Because living well is the best revenge  
And baby, I am calling you on that

You savor your dying breath  
I forgive but I don't forget  
You work it out  
Let's hear that argument again  
Camera three. Go. now.

All your sad and lost apostles  
hum my name and flare their nostrils  
Choking on the bones you tossed to them

Now I'm not one to sit and spin  
Because living well is the best revenge  
And baby, I am calling you on that  
Baby, I am calling you on that  
Baby, I am calling you on that

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