

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower

"Everything I Hate"

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I think i am elastic
These arms they are a wonder
Pull from sideways, up and under
I think it's time for something drastic
And it could be more than i bargained for
Ten to one it is

Oh i'm into everything i hate
My spirit is not fooled; my members take the bait
Oh i'm in to everything i hate
Still not dead enough to stifle this debate

These heels were made for bruising
And the cobblestones they're using
Are the pleasures of my choosing
I must be born for losing
Heal these soles to hurt no more
And i'll lift these hands just like before
Cover me like a dime store suit
Until I'm just like you

Careful little eyes what you see
Careful little feet where you go

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