

## Children 183

# "You Know We're All So Fond Of Dying"

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It's a lesson in progress  
How far away can we go?  
Everything is progress  
As far as I know

Take a life and make it something less, please  
Anything more than stupid tests  
And tests and tests and tests  
I found the answer to my selfishness

Cry, cry, cry  
Please stop killing us  
(You know we're all so fond of dying)  
Please stop using us  
They'll never shut up  
Please stop killing us  
(You know we're all so fond of dying)  
Please stop using us

It's an acceptable practice  
And I am loathe to say  
Snuffed out the wicks from a sea of candles  
Maybe Jesus could take it away

Please stop killing us  
(You know we're all so fond of dying)  
Please stop using us  
They'll never shut up  
Please stop killing us  
(You know we're all so fond of dying)  
Please stop using us

The carousel comes 'round again  
I cry and scream, but I pretend  
They're running down and I can't chase  
Or put that smile out of place

Say it isn't so!

Come, they come to take them all away  
But I'm not going home  
Come, they come to take my soul away

But I'm not going home

Cry, cry, cry

And we hear them sing

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