

Norma Jean "Bastardizer"

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Someday you'll pass with relief from the tossing sea of
despair onto the solid ground of truth.
Nothing you can say will prove me a bastard.
I'm left with everything, still stray to question "why?" ...
"why?" ... "why?", "why?", "why?" ...

Our hands were on the same spear that drove into His
side,
and we're the ones that wound up paralyzed, paralyzed
and loved.

Endlessly we drift inside your distractions and no one
is safe.
Nothing is safe from you... from you. Nothing you can
say will prove me a bastard.

I'm left with everything, still stray to question "why?" ...
"why?" ... "why?" ...

Our hands were on the same spear that drove into His
side, and we're the ones that wound up paralyzed,
paralyzed and loved.

You're like a never-ending soap opera, and we're ready
to find out who kills J.R.

We found a better way! We found a better way! We
found a better way!
We found a better way!

We found a better way! We found a better way! Yeah...
We found a better way! We found a better way!

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