

The Paper Chase

"Dying With Decent Music"

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Maybe better you than me
You're much weaker, you're more clumsy
When I forfeit my patience to you
So maybe you've had too much wine
Piggy's flushed up ankles swell up as my lady works
the room

ÃfÂçâ, Ñ... "Your sideburns always smell like
sexÃfÂçâ, Ñ, Â²
Little sister, your big brother, ÃfÂçâ, Ñ... "the
fuckÃfÂçâ, Ñ, Â² won't be smothering you
Or calling to his friends back east
ÃfÂçâ, Ñ... "Oh my hostess, oh my pick up, oh my
dreadfulÃfÂçâ, Ñ, Â² my white slaveÃfÂçâ, Ñ, Â²
Let them die while some decent music plays

With my shit shoe stumbles that's me dirty nails and
awful thoughts
I'll use the words used up on commercials
Like such sharp boys like to write songs, music and
quick lines
This feeling I can't confine that to a rhyme
But maybe I can when I see you on the other side

See you on the other side where we would be released
I'd sell out everything if I could find such peace
See you on the other side where we would be released
I'd sell out everyone if I could find such peace
I will be free

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