

The Paper Chase

"Oh! The Horror! The Horror!"

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Right before I black out I'll go & give away your hideout
Now you, you can't drive without your wheel
You can't run without your legs
I'm at your heels

Let's burn our hair off in effigy
Let's cool them off the coast of bimini
Let's have an epiphany to never have an epiphany
The horror, the horror, the horror

You knew what this was
You knew what this was
You knew what this was
You knew what this was

Look at what you've gone and done
Look at what you've made me do
I'm warning you for the last time that they all are on to
you
Look at all the mess you've made
Tastin everything with taste
Hasten everything with haste
Tonight, we're burning you and I at the stake

Good luck pickin' idols out
After I take your eyes out
You can't hate my song without your ear
You can't fear without fear that won't last long

I can feel you in my pores
I can see you on all fours
The chickens know what the hatchet is down for
The horror, the horror, the horror, the horror

You knew what I was
You knew what I was
You knew what I was
You knew what I was, I was

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