

Say Anything "All This Fashion"

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All the pretty boys you call
Wont keep you warm at all when winter hits the fall
Hair doth not a lover make
Your gentle lashes shake
Your dainty ankles quake
But oh I'll be around
When all this fucking fashion brings you down
To pick your pretty heart right off the ground
When they take you on the town
With their designer crowns
They'll only bring you down
And all their cash can't buy you from my arms
Lets say heart triumph over charms
Lets send these spoiled brats to face the facts
And jog the?
Oh I'll be around
When all this name dropping brings you down
To pick your pretty heart right off the ground
Oh I'll be around
When all this fucking fashion brings you down
To pick your pretty heart right off the ground

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