

Say Anything "Vexed"

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Pay your respects to a greater intellect
You're just a pawn, does this confession turn you on?
I know your kind, you'd do me from behind
And when everybody stares their eyes will bare the
sharpest glare

Everybody knows beneath your clothes
Staring at your toes is just a pose
Everybody good knows how hard you blow
Everybody knows

You did me wrong, I grinned and played along
Those days are gone, does this confession turn you
on?
I'd see you stoned, lawn chair to gilded throne
You cut your tiny ties and now you're dangling by a lie

Everybody knows beneath your clothes
Staring at your toes is just a pose
Everybody good knows how hard you blow
Everybody knows

You think you're Jesus Christ
You think you're Jesus Christ
You think you're Jesus Christ
You think you're Jesus Christ

You're not my Jesus Christ
You're not my Jesus Christ
You're not my Jesus Christ
You're not my Jesus Christ

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