

The Hood Internet

"These Things Are Nice"

Visit "[These Things Are Nice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Like cigarettes light ribbons
In the red light district
Where they intersect like rhythms
You look at life through a prism
Willing to split the difference,
If only for the right schism
Elegance takes percision
Catch flies with simple syrup,
Sacrifice pure vision
Truth is a nervous system
Balanced on the precipice
Of perfect wisdom

Who's gonna marry me now?
Or carry me out?
Or stare me down?
Downstairs, the fair's letting out
The affair's getting out
Who cares? It's just sound

Like innocence? Try prison.
Like you won't take deliverance,
Whatever hole you find it in.
Violence is a given
From the other side of the fence,
It's just like television
I'll admit there's been some dereliction.
I'll seek forgiveness, you get the permissions.
Life's a bit like a burn victim: we see it's
Harsh reality, and yet we prefer fiction.

Like, this is nice.
But is it worth it?
Does it justify it's price?
Does it serve it's worthless purpose?
Will you heed your own advice?
If you want to make it work
It's best to check everything twice
In lieu of two new sets of eyes,
Incentivize some passersby...

She feels no strings inside her stomach
But that doesn't mean they're not there
Much less never were
And the audiences love it
Their expectations plummet
I bring to mind the things she's signed but
She's long since memorized her lines
And she's terrified in public
Objectified by her subjects

"Who's gonna marry me now?
Where are we now? You're wearing me out."
If you want 'em to care ten years from now,
Then here's how. Shout:

These things are nice, but it ain't worth it
I been wasted half my life.
I been trained to think I deserve it.
I've been dumb and deaf and blind.

This ain't right.
I ain't perfect. I ain't trying to say...
Things are nice.
But it ain't worth it.
It ain't worth it.

Come on.

Visit [The Hood Internet](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.