

Taking Back Sunday

"Simple"

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I'm wild with a dosage
character closely cut from a fabric that's ferocious
with a misanthropes motive and a quote that drips
from a slit throat
livid and sickly corroded, fuck it I'm precocious
first fraud to get soaked equals the joke that stands
closest
tear the thugs up with clubs before the toast leaves
their holsters
purvey the unconveyed for the age of the no hoppers
and never shut the fuck up till we have a sense of
closure
dissonant key, shines blind while I'm landing
well I've lost friends to death and simple
misunderstandings
every breath is a zone, isolated and accident prone,
christ...
maybe I'm designed to live alone
'99 will be remembered as the time that shit cluttered
my dome
so in 2000 when you talk to me (blah blah blah)
just watch your fucking tone
some people think they know me 'cause they play me in
their home
and lose perspective on the rules of engagement
get smacked to the pavement
if the tune bruise hard, that's my whole job fulfillment
so before your suck box squawks that smart
thought...try to kill
or space ghost might spit on you, we're tight like
that...teammates
been through too much shit to turn away now, no
debate

I'm wild with a dosage, maybe something similar
to the substances that threw some of my best friends
out of focus
who holds the vein contains poppy juice, notice the
same strains
that take away our pain might croak us
88, eighth grade, weighs in with a grin

smoking bones in tompkins park where all the crack
heads lived
it was me and my friend jon and a bag without skins
so we emptied out a cigarette and stuffed that shit in
way before The paincave made itself known, that's
what we did
like running around downtown brooklyn getting chased
by the big kids
now as a man I don't run much, still have the same click
that very few people I meet in this world can measure
up with
simple words can do work versus complexidus bids
plus a rhyme style without emotion isn't telling me shit
this portion of the broadcast is adjourned with a dark
tint
now I've got razor blades in my throat and I don't mind
it one bit
from the women I've loved down to the clubs that I've
ripped
I dedicate my strange ways from in this maze that I sit

yes, ladies and gentlemen, can you escape
from...drum roll please....

The paincave
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