

Fine Frenzy, A "Happier"

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Quick kid quips, so harsh and cynical
Touches stricken, cold and clinical
Such a transformation to behold
But I don't like this new, I want the old

It's not the words that make it final
You've said such things before to rival them
But it's how you say 'em now that's changed
Cold but sympathetic all the same

You'd like too convince me that I'll be better off

Oh, you go on and I'll be happier, I'll be happier
You go on, yeah, you go on
You'll be gone and I'll be happier

Shoot me with your rubber bullets
Your finger's on the trigger, pull it
I know you want this suffering to end
So it is forgivable my friend

It's all to convince me that I'll be better off

So you go on and I'll be happier,
You go on and I'll be happier
You go on, yeah, you go on
You'll be gone and I'll be happier

Bo-bo-ba-do-bo
Bo-bo-ba-do-bo-da-da-da

Say what you mean, what you mean
Is you'll be happier without me, without me, without me,
oh

You won't convince me, that I'll be better off
So you go on and I'll be happier, I'll be happier
You go on, you go
You'll be gone, and I'll be gone
You go on and I'll be happier, you go on and I'll be
happier

You go on, you go on, you go on and I'll go on and I'll
be happier
You on and I'll be happier, you go on and I'll be happier

You go on, and I'll be happier

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