

Front Bottoms, The

"So Sick, We're Dead"

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She's grinding her teeth
It's giving her headaches
Every breath that her words take
But she knows, that everyone of them have got to come out

Or they won't forgive her
The words will mean nothing
The only thing they need is for the words to come out

And we are so dishonest, so dishonest now
And this is what you're all about
And we are so dishonest, so dishonest now
So dishonest with ourselves

Now holding your breath and say what you're thinking
Is anyone else burning up?
Can I open a window? Should I tell them enough?
Should I tell them enough?

It's okay to give up
'Cause nobody here could care less
It's okay to give up

And we are so dishonest, so dishonest now
So dishonest with ourselves
And we are so dishonest, so dishonest now
And this is what you're all about

Keep yourself distant anger mode
Unhappy and alone
Distant anger mode
Unhappy and alone

And we are so dishonest, so dishonest now
So dishonest with ourselves
And we are so dishonest, so dishonest now,
And this is what you're all about

