

Nixons

"Scoop"

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Sticks and stones don't hurt
Sticks and stones
Sticks and stones don't
Eyes closed you miss what's real
Minds are set on greyer sights
Who killed who bled who died today
Babe stirring life to the world
You see a victim in a well
Deadlines that need someone
sometime something somewhere
In this misery
I see through your lie
Lay down your posion pen
Let me live my life again
Don't you have one of your own
Lay down your poison
No chance you'll feel an emotion
Your mightier than any sword
Three dead and three barely breathing
And you're only half through the mourning
Show your ignorance
In this evening's Times
Lay down your posion pen
Let me live my life again
Don't you have one of your own
Lay down your poison pen
Let me live my life again
Don't you have one of your own
Show your ignorance
In this morning's Times
Lay down your poison pen
Let me live my life again
Don't you have one of your own
Lay down your poison pen
Let me live my life again
Don't you have one of your own
Sticks
Sticks and stones don't hurt
Words can

