

Pipe Verve

"The F Word"

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i've got to get arrested to keep you interested

i should have known that i can't change the world by
staring at it

my arms have little feeling from lifting to the ceiling

a recipe for stealing hearts i have no power in healing

and i suppose the jesus pose is tired and superficial,
lame

i wrote a song, i'm moving on, i'm praying you can do
the same

i'm changing my direction making a correction

oh my god, i've dodged the unexpected bullets behind
accolades and

shake your head of leisure get your head and body into
seizure

and battle with whoever hides assault disguised as
dancing

this rotting phase of hands that raise, bumping heads
that pass each other

it's a boring phase, so part the wave and drop the dead
as driftwood surfer

another song, it all went wrong, the radio refused to
play it

i'm not afraid to serenade, the f word saved and
sucked the life from me

i've got to get arrested to keep you interested,

i've got to get arrested

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