

Mexican Dress

Blood Red Shoes

Saw you out the back with your hair pulled down
Screaming at the top of your lungs
Dancing like the fool shaking it around
You always gotta be the one
Who's sitting in the front seat, singing a song
Like the freaks on the magazines that you wanna get on

No matter what attention you receive
It's never gonna be enough
You've been schooled with so much to prove
Taken out the spotlight whenever you're out
Like the creeps on the Saturday night
Yeah that's how they get off

Hey, there's only so much I can take
Am I the only person here who's awake to see this is fake?
Yeah, you're taking all the space
Can't you leave a little for myself or someone else here
For myself or someone else here?

I thought you had the only children syndrome
You're use to getting what you want
You turned up in a gown made in Mexico
Dressed up to the nines
You're standing in the front row singing along
At a punk show, yeah, what planet you from?

Hey, there's only so much I can take
Am I the only person here who's awake to see this is fake?
Yeah, you're taking all the space
Can't you leave a little for myself or someone else here
For myself or someone else here?

I'll just bite my tongue
I'll just bite my tongue
I'll just bite my tongue
I'll just bite my tongue

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