

Something More Original

Dead!

You bit down so hard on the curb that you ate it
You took all these parts but you couldn't make it
Apathetic, Senile. That's just how you run
It's hard to be on the move when your ego weighs a ton

I said, "My my, they're looking to take this off
My my, she's looking to get me off
I would frequent a little longer if I thought it was true
We got places to be and we got bodies to move."

This ain't a truce from me to you
It's a masquerade for a bitter truth
This ain't a truce from me to you
It's a consequence for a bitter you

The more that you move you're just kicking up dust
And it gets in my eyes it's making me lust
For a water for a drink
For something to think
Something more original than "I don't wanna sink"

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They're gonna make a card out of you
They're gonna put you on a shelf facing the evening news
You wanna rewrite, oh for goodness sake
But now you've gone and fallen down in the fireplace

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