

Burn my Mona Lisa
I would like another chance
To put stars in her eyes
Fire pipes in the sky
And brass knuckles on her hands
She can breathe
She can see
When you're not watching

Throw away my letters
I would like another shot
To put a shine in your smile
Make your nights worthwhile
Like I'm with you when I'm not
I disappear and reappear
I'm made of magic

Shred your photo albums
They're not gonna save anything
Petty moments in a grave

Toss your newborn baby
He deserves a better path
Than an Ambien dream
Filled with Vicodin dreams
Predetermined to relapse
Spending weekends in the bath
He can breathe through the cheeks of the tauntaun