

We've got millions of broken necks from looking up at
you
So get your damn soapbox standing, high horse prancing
ass down here with the truth
So don't let those admirers try and fit your shoes
Because they will then see one size fits all feet and
then they will walk all over you

When only to good die young
Ain't it ironic I age so well (2x)

To be the last man standing at the kissing booth
That really doesn't mean a thing when they're for free
and don't taste like they should
So after you're done drowning in a glass that is half
full
The pessimists all join together and discuss how you
never could do it like they could

When only the good die young
Ain't it ironic I age so well (2x)

You and me are a kitschy parody of sincerity,
apparently
Truth is heat, we're burning underneath our seats
Burning me for not standing

I love I love myself
I love I love myself my self abandonment (2x)

When only the good die young
Ain't it ironic I age so well (2x)

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