

It's time to collect the bones  
We don't mind because we can't go home  
We choke on our shooting stars  
But can't quit because we've come this far  
We can't quit because we've come too far

A handful of apple cores  
A mouthful of razor blades  
We're always on the hunt for definitions of things  
And whatever else it takes to waste away

There's nothing but holes in you  
And that's why I can see straight through  
And all of your miseries  
Ain't worth much because you left them to me  
Ain't worth much because you left them for me

One of these days you'll string me up (Badum)  
Throw me to the wolves  
My time is almost up (Badum)  
The hourglass is full  
And I think the wolves are saying Grace

They cut me up, but I feel alright  
They chopped me up, but I feel alright  
(You get what you pay for)  
They strung me up, but I feel alright  
(You get what you pay for)  
They roped me up, but I feel alright  
(Yeah you get what you pay for)  
They chopped me up, but I feel alright  
(You get what you pay for)  
They cut me up, but I feel...

If I can't find a place to lay  
Then I'll save you for another day  
And if you're a mystery  
Well don't fret, because that's okay by me  
And we'll all die in stereo  
And I'll probably be the first to go  
And if I'm a martyr then  
That's fine, 'cause you can borrow my sins  
Yeah that's fine, 'cause you can borrow my sins