

Cheap Regrets

The Districts

I rose a statue over cheap regrets
I put my head into my hands
I rose a statue for the things I said
Tongue twisting, head into my hands

I didn't know what a mirror was til I went to LA
Jacuzzis, an uzi, and a Land Rover ride
That's what the money's for
Bikinis, Bellinis, and paté

And in the country we're just burning up too
The weakest link's just a drain on the food
And if it's better being left on it's own
Let's prod it like cattle

I didn't know about glory til firsthand in New York
I saw the smut and the fury and the dregs of the earth
But let me show you what a mirror does, it's now one and the same
A little bit of nothing, and a whole lot of fame

Spaced out for free and made friends in the dives
Nothing's ever the same, nothing's ever quite right
The image is for certain, but the present always dies
So I'm going out to make it something sacred

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My hands, my hands, my hands, my my my my...