

Hell

The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

Aren't you tired of the way boys who feel feel?
All folded arms and compliments
In pain to feign their innocence
When what they really want is

What you really want is
Not written on the bathroom stall
Or pleasures more mechanical or manual
It's worse than them all

In the kilt that you kept
Out of guilt that you let
All your fathers down
You were bold for a joke
But it went too well
Now you're going to hell

You could lie to me now but you won't
I could try to be shy but I'm not
Cuz where you're going I want to be there
And there's no use stopping
When the flames jump so near

In the street where we met
After everyone left
You wouldn't say goodbye
You were bold for a joke
But it went too well
Now you're going to hell

You can dance on a Saturday night
Till the light's come on and the morning's young
But when church bells ring, you'll go off to him
And tell everything

I know you had such good intentions
When you took my idle hand
What came next, well I think you can guess
It doesn't end well
We're going to hell