

# Consequence

The Strypes

Can't see no ceremony to swear you in  
They do proceedings in disguise  
They turned you off and turned you on again  
Yeah they're the power supply

And now it's in your head  
Well maybe you're just worthy for the single bed

Consequence  
Those Saturdays well they feel so alone  
Consequence  
No need for internet or telephone  
Consequence  
Oh, well I hate to say I told you so

No performance necessary  
If you're making your own demise  
You can be a dog for the cemetery  
Or a pussy with nine lives

Well no judgement  
But lately you've been howling to your detriment

Consequence  
Those Saturdays well they feel so alone  
Consequence  
No need for internet or telephone  
Consequence  
Oh, well I hate to say I told you so

Yeah  
Just tell yourself it's overrated it ain't love that you're in aid of  
Yeah  
And when your ignorance has faded saddle up or stay sedated  
Yeah  
Yeah

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