Reasons

Trash Talk

Run away run away,
I set the stage, I make the rules
I'm surrounded by idiots
I'm surrounded by fools just like me
Look away, look away
You don't want to see the things I've seen
I'm surrounded by liars and thieves and they're just like me

Don't you think one turn deserves another,
I know I know I know I'm just a bother
Hand full of flesh, hair in the other
I know I know I know you've got another reason
Your reasons will be the death of you in my eyes
Reasons, your reasons will be the death of us

You're the ring around my neck
You're the kink in my spine
You're the ink underneath my skin and the thorn in my side

Don't you think one turn deserves another,
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Hand full of flesh, hair in the other
I know I know I know you've got another reason
Your reasons will be the death of you in my eyes
Reasons, your reasons will be the death of us

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