

These Things (Radio Edit)

She Wants Revenge

There's nothing to see here, people, keep moving on.
Slowly their necks turn, and then they're gone,
No one cares when the show is done.
Standing in line and it's cold and you want to go.
Remember a joke so you turn around
There's no one to listen, so you laugh by yourself. I heard it's cold out, but her Popsicle melts.
She's in the bathroom, she pleasures herself.
Says I'm a bad man.
She's locking me out.
It's cause of these things.
It's cause of these things.
Let's make a fast plan.
Watch it burn to the ground.
I try to whisper so no one figures it out.
I'm not a bad man, I'm just overwhelmed.
It's cause of these things.
It's cause of these things. The crowd on the street walks slowly, don't mind the rain
Lovers hold hands to numb the pain
Gripping tightly to something that they'll never own
And those by themselves by choice or by some reward
No mistakes, only now you're bored
This is the time of your life but you just can't tell. I heard it's cold out, but her Popsicle melts.
She's in the bathroom, she pleasures herself.
Says I'm a bad man.
She's locking me out.
It's cause of these things.
It's cause of these things.
Let's make a fast plan.
Watch it burn to the ground.
I try to whisper so no one figures it out.
I'm not a bad man, I'm just overwhelmed.
It's cause of these things.
It's cause of these things.

Songwriters

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