Hollywood 4-5-92

American Music Club

My revenge against the world
Is to believe everything you say
Balance as you are
On a pile of empty bottlesAnd even when the world has taken
All your defenses away
Theres no way that you can be trueAnd Ill believe you
Ill believe youDont you get sick
Of party favors
That start with a whimper
And end with a whisperAnd even when every single one
Of your gestures is a lie
To me, you always ring trueAnd Ill believe you
Ill believe youThe first time the cops came
They were like brand new friends
The second time they came
They were a little concernedThey said, We know all about you
Youre like a moth's to a flame
Yeah, we speak too much
And none of its ever trueWhat happens to the rat
That stops running the maze
The doctors think its dumb
When its just disappointedI meant it when I said
That I would never see you again
But no matter how dumb I get theres one thing Ill always doIll believe you
Ill believe you
Ill believe you
Ill believe you

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