

# All This Fashion

## Say Anything

All the pretty boys you call  
Wont keep you warm at all when winter hits the fall  
Hair doth not a lover make  
Your gentle lashes shake  
Your dainty ankles quake  
But oh ill be around  
When all this fucking fashion brings you down  
To pick your pretty heart right off the ground  
When they take you on the town  
With their designer crowns  
They'll only bring you down  
And all their cash can't buy you from my arms  
Lets say hard triumph over charms  
Lets send these spoiled brats to face the facts  
And jog the ??  
Oh ill be around  
When all this name dropping brings you down  
To pick your pretty heart right off the ground

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