

So, How Goes the Good Fight

The Paper Chase

(This is a little song
A little song about trust) Don't expect me to fight the good fight for you
And don't expect me to quote myself in quips
Not for you, not for you
So when exactly and precisely
Did I promise all the world to you?
And there in fact let's be exact
Who says that you're the one I'd give that to? I'll take your legs
I'll take your arms
I'll take your breath in the night
Then give away myself to bloody strips
And Barbie doll eyes Uh huh, okay
I hope you're proud of yourself
I hope you're proud of yourself The mister citys so big you say he invents all the fire in you
Meanwhile I'm boiling alive
Over the flame that it has lit for you So don't expect me to break this all down for you
And don't expect me to fight the good fight with you I'll take your legs
I'll take your arms
I'll take your breath in the night
To give away myself in bloody strips
to Barbie doll me alive The lips, the hips, the quips
Are Barbie doll eyes
Can't you see what you're doing to me? Don't expect me
Don't expect me
Don't expect me The pennies in my hand
The scissors on the bed for you
I've got a big surprise for you
The apple in my mouth for you
(I know you'll get what you deserve) And all these dirty hands
That built the ugly things for you
They trigger, jerk, and turn on you
And slide around the neck for you
For you I know you'll get what you deserve
I know you'll get what you deserve I know you'll get what you deserve

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