

# Thriller

## BTOB

{Yeah, what you critics said would never happen  
We dedicate this album to anybody people said couldn't make it  
To the fans that held us down 'til everybody came around  
Welcome, it's here}

That summer we took threes across the board  
But by fall we were a cover story  
"Now in stores"

Make us poster boys for your scene  
But we are not making an acceptance speech  
I have found the safest place to keep all our old mistakes  
Every dot-com's refreshing for a journal update  
So long live the car-crash hearts  
Cry on the couch all the poets come to life  
Fix me in 45

So long live the car-crash hearts  
Cry on the couch all the poets come to life  
Fix me in 45

I can take your problems away  
With a nod and a wave of my hand  
'Cause that's just the kind of boy that I am

The only thing I haven't done yet is die  
And it's me and my plus one at the afterlife  
Crowds are won and lost and won again  
But all our hearts beat for the diehards  
So long live the car-crash hearts  
Cry on the couch all the poets come to life  
And fix me in 45

So long live the car-crash hearts  
Cry on the couch all the poets come to life  
And fix me in 45

Long live the car-crash hearts  
Long live the car-crash hearts  
(Long live the car-crash hearts)  
Long live the car-crash hearts  
Long live the car-crash hearts  
Long live the car-crash hearts  
Cry on the couch all the poets come to life  
Fix me in 45

{Young! F-O-B! Let's go}

Lyrics provided by  
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