

These Things

She Wants Revenge

There is 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 is 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 will 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
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