

Boy Division (2012)

My Chemical Romance

If all my enemies threw a party
Would you light the candles
Would you drink the wine
While watching television
Watch the animals
And all the tragedies
And sell your arteries
And buy my casket
Well it better be black
Well it better be tight
Well it better be just my size
I'm stalking these metro malls
And airport halls
And all these schoolgirls I'm not asking
You're not telling
He's not dead he only looks that way out nowhere
Take me out there
Far away and
Save me from my
Self destruction
Hopeless for ya
Sing a song for California I buy my enemies rope to hang me
And the knives to gang me
You can watch them stab me
On your television
Stalk the halls
Because the bathroom walls
Would have a lot to say
About the lines you're putting down
Well it better be white
Well it better be cut
Well it better be just my size
Until my capillaries
Burst from boredom
I'll be waiting I'm not laughing
You're not joking
I'm not dead, I only dress that way out nowhere
Take me out there
Far away and

Save me from my
Self destruction
Hopeless for ya
Sing a song for CaliforniaWherever you are
Wherever you are
Whoever you are
Whoever you are
LOLOLOLO
'Cause we got the bomb, we got the bomb, let's go!
We got the bomb, we got the bomb, let's go!
We got the bomb, we got the bomb, let's go!
We got the bomb, we got the bomb, let's go!Way out nowhere
Take me out there
Far away and
Save me from my
Self destruction
Hopeless for ya
Say a prayer for CaliforniaWe got the bomb
We got the bomb
We got the bomb
We got the bomb!

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