

Black Book

Paris

Please put down your guitar
Before it goes too far
Your music sounds like shit
How many times do I have to say it?
You talk and talk, and talk
About how things should work
There's no alternative
How many times do we have to hear it?
I can do everything you do
Just a little bit worse
Please don't be stupid, sir
Your opinion is disturbed
You say you want control
But in my protocol you're falling
We're past the turning point
Now money equals blood
You say it's not your fault
But how many times do we have to pay for it?
I can do everything you do
Just a little bit worse
A little bit worse
A little bit worse
A little bit worse, worse
A little bit worse

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