

# We Believe In Karma

## Piebald

We pulled it off right in front of your eyes  
like it was magic  
They'll find us dead for this  
When you paint the town a lovely crimson red  
just wait till you get home  
They'll find us dead for this  
They'll find us dead  
They'll find us dead or smiling  
The trash we were talking all last night  
Or the compliments we sent  
We will get what we deserve  
Everything that goes around  
It comes back around again  
The trash you were talking all last night  
Or the compliments you sent  
You will get what you deserve  
Everything that goes around  
It comes back around again  
Stop whispering if you're going to speak you better make it good.

Lyrics provided by

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