

The Dotted Line...

Strata

Your knees are bruised up
You don't even know what you're worshiping
Outside the sun rises
In the silence of another suicide scene There's nothing sacred here
No, nothing's left clean Say it, say it, I know what you're thinking now
You're blowing your smoke in my face, you just need a little taste of it
Say it, say it, it's all in the scripts of L.A.
I don't even know your name but you want everything Somebody's kissing me like it means everything
And somewhere someone's shaking
My hand in the back seat of a limousine Now who can I trust?
These new friends are so dangerous Say it, say it, I know what you're thinking now
You're blowing your smoke in my face, you just need a little taste of it
Say it, say it, it's all in the scripts of L.A.
I don't even know your name but you want everything They don't love you
Never give your heart away
They don't love you
They'll just take your heart away I just didn't hear you Say it, say it, I know what you're thinking now
You're blowing your smoke in my face, you just need a little taste of it
Say it, say it, it's all in the scripts of L.A.
I don't even know your name but you want everything Name your price, sign it away
On the dotted line and I'll make you famous

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