

Na Na Na (Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na)

My Chemical Romance

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

Na, na, na, na, na Drugs, gimme drugs, gimme drugs, I don't need it

But I'll sell what you got, take the cash and I'll keep it

Eight legs to the wall, hit the gas, kill them all

And we crawl and we crawl and we crawl, you be my detonator Love, gimme love, gimme love, I don't need it

But I'll take what I want from your heart and I'll keep it

In a bag, in a box, put an X on the floor

Gimme more, gimme more, gimme more, shut up and sing it with me Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na,

na, na

(From mall security)

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(To every enemy)

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(We're on your property)

Standing in V formation Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(Let's blow an artery)

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(Get plastic surgery)

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(Keep your apology)

Give us more detonation More, gimme more, gimme more Oh, let me tell you about the sad man

Shut up and let me see your jazz hands

Remember when you were a madman?

Thought you was Batman and hit the party with a gas can Kiss me, you animal Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na,

na, na, na, na

(You run the company)

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(Fuck like a Kennedy)

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(I think we'd rather be)

Burning your informationNa, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(Let's blow an artery)

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(Get plastic surgery)

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na

(Keep your apology)

Give us more detonationAnd right here, right now

All the way in Battery City

The little children raise their open, filthy palms

Like tiny daggers up to heavenAnd all the JuV halls and the Ritalin rats

Ask angels made from neon

And fucking garbage scream out "What will save us?"

And the sky opened upEverybody wants to change the world

Everybody wants to change the world

But no one, no one

Wants to dieWanna try, wanna try, wanna try

Wanna try, wanna try, now, I'll be your detonatorNa, na,

na, na,

(Make no apology)

Na, na,

(It's death or victory)

Na, na,

(On my authority)

Crash and burn, young and loadedNa, na,

(Drop like a bullet shell)

Na, na,

(Just like a sleeper cell)

Na, na,

(I'd rather go to hell)

Than be in a purgatoryCut my hair, gag and bore me

Pull this pin, let this world explode

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