

Untitled (Fork and Knife)

Brand New

She was just 17,
Pious and pretty with a deadly disease,
And the weight of the world on her prosthetic shoulder,
And by the summer of '96,
Her body was cracked like porcelain,
Just like some precious moments collectible,
In a hospital gown and a big bright golden halo...And so three cheers for my morose and grieving pals,
And now let's hear it for the tears that I've welled up,
We've come too far to have to give it all up now,
We live lives that are rich and blessed,
And we'll burn for how we transgress...Now I've mastered the art,
Of the open casket prayer and the singing guitar,
And I've found the rewards weren't half what I'd hoped for,
And meanwhile we all feigned hope and nerve,
As her parents went on and lied to her,
All about the success of the surgeries,
And how my ex-girlfriend was now sleeping with her fiancé...And so three cheers for my morose and grieving
pals,
And now let's hear it for the tears that I've welled up,
We've come too far to have to give it all up now,
We live lives that are rich and blessed,
And we'll burn for how we transgress...If there's any justice in heaven,
Then God won't let me in,
He'll lock the gates and take my weekend pass away,
For this impathetic wait they'll see me off,
Reserve my golden crown while I am cursed to walk the earth for a millennia,
I know I deserve worse but it terrifies me and I can't take it anymore...And so three cheers for my morose and
grieving pals,
And now let's hear it for the tears that I've welled up,
We've come too far to have to give it all up now,
We live lives that are rich and blessed,
And we'll burn for how we transgress...

Songwriters

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