

It's a Metaphor, Fool

Say Anything

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This song is called
It's a metaphor fool Sixteen names on my list
But none of them could ever get me hot like this
(Yeah)
Got your scars on my wrist
You're safe inside my fist
(Now let the fun begin, sing) All you are to me is dead skin
Flaking off the hands onto the pavement
All you are to me is dead skin
Breakin' up my band won't bring you payment Woah
(Love like no other)
Woah
(We told your mother) Woah
(Love like no other)
Woah
(We told your mother) So here's the plan
You're giving in to every sick demand
Buying the band our own apartment Here is your past
Flashing forward out to whip your ass
Into the form, adorn when you were born Woah
(Love like no other)
Woah
(We told your mother) Woah
(Love like no other)
Woah
(We told your mother, baby boy) All you are to me is dead
All you are to me is dead
All you are to me is dead skin
(Come on) All you are to me is dead
Sixteen bullets split your head
All you are to me is dead skin
(Go, go, go) All you are to me is dead

All you are to me is dead
All you are to me is dead skinAll you are to me is dead
Sixteen bullets split your head
All you are to me is dead skin

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