

Tsp

Muse

Take, take all you need
And I'll compensate your greed
With broken hearts
Sell, and I'll sell your memories
For fifteen pounds per year
But just the good days Sane, it'll make you insane
And he's bending the truth
You're to blame
For all the life that you're losing
You watch this space
And I'm going all the way
And be my slave to the grave
I'm a priest God never paid
Ooooh Hope, and I hope you've seen the light
'cause no-one really cares
They're just pretending
Sell, and I'll sell your memories
For fifteen pounds per year
But you can keep the bad days Sane, it'll make you insane
And I'm bending the truth
You're to blame
For all the life that you're losing
You watch this space
And I'm going all the way
And be my slave to the grave
I'm a priest God never paid
Ooooh

Songwriters

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