

We Believe in Karma

Piebald

We pulled it off right in front of your eyes
like it was magic
They'll find us dead for this
When you paint the town a lovely crimson red
just wait till you get home
They'll find us dead for this
They'll find us dead
They'll find us dead or smiling
The trash we were talking all last night
Or the compliments we sent
We will get what we deserve
Everything that goes around
It comes back around again
The trash you were talking all last night
Or the compliments you sent
You will get what you deserve
Everything that goes around
It comes back around again
Stop whispering if you're going to speak you better make it good.

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