

Dying With Decent Music

The Paper Chase

Maybe better you than me
You're much weaker, you're more clumsy
When I forfeit my patience to you
So maybe you've had too much wine
Piggy's flushed up ankles swell up as my lady works the room "Your sideburns always smell like sex"
Little sister, your big brother, "the fuck" won't be smothering you
Or calling to his friends back east
"Oh my hostess, oh my pick up, oh my dreadful... my white slave"
Let them die while some decent music plays With my shit shoe stumbles that's me dirty nails and awful thoughts
I'll use the words used up on commercials
Like such sharp boys like to write songs, music and quick lines
This feeling I can't confine that to a rhyme
But maybe I can when I see you on the other side See you on the other side where we would be released
I'd sell out everything if I could find such peace
See you on the other side where we would be released
I'd sell out everyone if I could find such peace
I will be free

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