

What To Do

OK Go

Come on in, sweetie-pie! Have an apple, have some lye...
Leave your friends, righteous and pathetic, standing at the door.
On the books, all your bets favor head-bands and cassettes,
Cigarettes, suffragettes, and bores. What to do?
Sweetheart, you'll find mediocre people do exceptional things all
The time.

Oh, the ruin will do in your talented mind...

Could've been a genius if you'd had an axe to grind. When we moved to the city, it seemed the competition got
so much
Less pretty

But the mirror's never failed you like this before.
So your revenge on the world will be pencils through your curls
And if wanting ever taught you anything, it's wanting more.
(and more and more and more...) What to do?
Sweetheart, you'll find mediocre people do exceptional things all
The time.

Oh, the ruin will do in your talented mind...

Could've been a genius if you'd had an axe to grind.
What to do? When that day finally nears, you'll at least have made it clear
That compassion's just a nicer way of looking down your nose.
It seems that all the people want to do is crowd the streets of
Amsterdam (Pamplona, too),
But the bulls have already come and gone and bellowed all their
Lows.

Now nobody knows What to do.

Sweetheart, you'll find mediocre people do exceptional things all
The time.

Oh, the ruin will do in your talented mind...

Could've been a genius if you'd had an axe to grind.
What to do?

Songwriters

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