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 boresWhat 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 grindWhen 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 moreWhat 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 grindWhat to do?
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 knowsWhat 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 grindWhat to do?
What to do?And what to do?
What to do?
What to do?
What to do?

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