

# United Paper People (Live at the Wireless)

## Kisschasy

Staple my feet to the gravel,  
Then run me around,  
Run me around like your pet dog. My organs are on the dinner table,  
And you were the first,  
You were the first to ask for more. For all I care you're dead,  
For all I care you're dead,  
For all I care you're dead. The paper people stand united,  
And you were the blade,  
You were the blade that cut them off. You're the bad taste medicine leaves,  
It stays on my lips,  
Stays on my lips for far to long. For all I care you're dead,  
For all I care you're dead,  
For all I care you're dead,  
Now. For all I care you're dead,  
For all I care you're dead,  
For all I care you're dead,  
Now.

Songwriters

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