

# The Dotted Line...

## Strata

Your knees are bruised up.  
You don't even know what you're worshipping.  
Outside the sun rises in the silence of another suicide scene.  
There's nothing sacred here, no, nothing's left clean.

Say it! Say it!  
I know what you're thinking now,  
you're blowing your smoke in my face,  
you just need a little taste of it.  
Say it! Say it! It's all in the script in L.A. -  
I don't even know your name, but you want everything...

Somebody's kissing me like it means everything  
and somewhere someone's shaking my hand in the back seat of a limousine.  
Now who can I trust? These new friends are so dangerous.

Say it! Say it!  
I know what you're thinking now,  
you're blowing your smoke in my face,  
you just need a little taste of it.  
Say it! Say it! It's all in the script in L.A. -  
I don't even know your name, but you want everything -

They don't love you, never give your heart away.  
They don't love you; they'll just take your heart away...

Name your price, sign it away on the dotted line and I'll make you famous

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