Boy Division

My Chemical Romance

If all my enemies threw a party
Would you light the candles
Would you drink the wine
While watching television
Watch the animals
All the tragedies
Sell your arteries
And buy my casket gown
It better be black
It better be tight
It better be just my size
I'm stalking these metro malls
And airport halls
And all these schoolgirls say
I'm not asking
You're not telling
He's not dead he only looks that
Way out nowhere
Take me out there
Far away and save me from my
Self destruction
Hopeless for ya
Sing a song for California
I buy my enemies rope to hang me
And the knives to gang me
You can watch them stab me
On your television
Stalk the halls
Because the bathroom walls

Would have a lot to say
About the lines you're putting down
It better be white
It better be cut
It better be just my size
Until my capillaries burst from boredom
I'll be waiting
I'm not laughing
You're not joking

I'm not dead, I only dress that
Way out nowhere
Take me out there
Far away and save me from my
Self destruction
Hopeless for ya
Sing a song for California
Wherever you are
Wherever you are
Whoever you are
Whoever you are
we got the bomb we got the bomb lets go
we got the bomb we got the bomb lets go
Way out nowhere
Take me out there
Far away and save me from my
Self destruction
Hopeless for ya
Say a prayer for California
We got the bomb

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