

# Currents Convulsive

## Pierce The Veil

So long  
Congratulations, break a leg tonight  
What a shame  
I heard the understudy died under the knife  
Crying backwards under bedroom light  
The operation I don't think you'll ever want to love me  
You'd better listen to your doctor  
Sober up  
And bury the empty cup  
In a backyard of Seattle we used to lie  
When I sew you up  
Don't let me stop bleeding  
Tiny stitches that you placed into my skin  
Won't let me go, oh no, oh no  
And they're ruining the mood  
So I'll toast every beat of my heart like a miracle  
And I don't think you'll ever want to love me  
You'd better listen to your doctor  
Doctors lie, lie, lie!  
If the dollar is right  
Oh my sweet little girl, hold your mouth and you'll be alright  
(Gather round, gather round. Ladies and gentlemen  
Come from far come from wide  
The moment you've all been waiting for  
Tonight, join us as we explore the spine-chilling mystery of death  
And the miracle of resurrection!) Please understand me when  
I'd rather see you dead  
Than live without me, so thirsty for more  
Beyond the sea blue light I met the love of my life  
She'd rather see me dead than face me  
I like your starry eyes,  
They yell surprise! Surprise!  
I'm in love...but not for long  
Our operation, call off the operation  
Another wave has turned its back on me  
Crashed back on the eyes of the first I see  
(If your delicate eyes don't blink someday they might as well be  
gone) Can't count on anything. For you I'd count the salt under the sea

Songwriters

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