

# Boy Division (A-Side)

## 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  
And all the tragedies  
And 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 you  
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 you  
Sing a song for CaliforniaWhoever you are  
Wherever you are  
Whoever you are  
Wherever you areLA LA LA LA  
'Cause we got the bomb, we got the bomb, let's go  
We got the bomb, we got the bomb, let's go  
We got the bomb, we got the bomb, let's goWe got the bomb, we got the bomb, let's go  
Way out nowhere  
Take me out there  
Far away and save me from my  
Self destruction  
Hopeless for you  
Say a prayer for California  
We got the bomb  
We got the bomb  
We got the bomb  
We got the bomb

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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