

You Know We're All So Fond Of Dying

Children 18:3

It's a lesson in progress
How far away can we go?
Everything is progress
As far away as I know Take a life and make it something less
Please, anything more than stupid tests
And tests and tests and tests and tests
They've found the answer to my selfishness Cry, cry, cry
Hear them sing Please, stop killing us
You know we're, oh, so fond of dying
Please, stop using us
Forever shut up Please, stop killing us
You know we're, oh, so fond of dying
Please, stop using us It's an acceptable practice
And I am loathe to say
Snuffed out the wicks from a sea of candles
Maybe Jesus would take it away Please, stop killing us
You know we're, oh, so fond of dying
Please, stop using us
Forever shut up Please, stop killing us
You know we're, oh, so fond of dying
Please, stop using us The carousel comes round again
I cry and scream but I pretend
They're running down and I can't chase
Or put that smile out of place, yeah
Say, it isn't so, oh Come, they come to take them all away
But I'm not going home
Come, they come to take my soul away
But I'm not going home Cry, cry, cry
Hear them sing Please, stop killing us
You know we're, oh, so fond of dying
Please, stop using us
Forever shut up Please, stop killing us
You know we're, oh, so fond of dying
Please, stop using us, yeah, yeah Please, stop killing us
You know we're, oh, so fond of dying
Please, stop using us
Forever shut up Please, stop killing us
You know we're, oh, so fond of dying

Please, stop using us

Songwriters

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