The Thrill

New Lows

Well you're sick, sick, sickness spreads
Through those veins into your bed
A fiend fakes out smiles instead
While I wait here alone
So what, my conscience bothers me
So what, that's who I've got to be
Oh God, how inspirational
Don't take all this shit personal
I don't mind, mind the time
The time it takes to find you
Go on, go on and thrill me
Go on, go on, go on
If looks could kill, she's killed for less
The less you are convinced
Go on, go on and thrill me
Go on, go on, go
Well you're sick, sick, eyes are dull
Feeling like some criminal
I know you got a better place to go
While I drink here alone
So what, my conscience bothers me
So what, that's who I've got to be
Oh God, how inspirational
Don't take all this shit personal

I don't mind, mind the time
The time it takes to find you
Go on, go on and thrill me
Go on, go on, go on
If looks could kill, she's killed for less
The less you are convinced
Go on, go on and thrill me
Go on, go on, go
Looking out the corner of her blue angelic eyes
(Hold your breath, hold your breath, hold your breath)
Trying to find a place inside the world that you despise
Looking out the corner of her blue angelic eyes
(Hold your breath, hold your breath, hold your breath)
Trying to find a place inside the world that you despise

I don't mind, mind the time
The time it takes to find you
Go on, go on and thrill me
Go on, go on, go on
If looks could kill, she's killed for less
The less you are convinced
Go on, go on and thrill me
Go on, go on, go
Go on, go

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