# Fine Art

## The Limousines

You! You are a disaster
You are a master of the fine art
The fine art of falling apart
How'd you manage to stab yourself in the back?
How'd you get your arms to bend back like that?
Me? I'm just a bastard
Another master of the fine art
The fine art of falling apart
They're coming back to point and laugh and ask me:
"How'd you manage to stab yourself in the back?

How'd you get your arms to bend back like that?
How'd you manage to stab yourself in the back?
How'd you get your arms to bend back like that?
How'd you get your arms to bend back like that?"
Burn it down
You pour the gas
And I'll strike the match
And we'll turn our back on this pile of ash
And the only things left
Will be the bones of our promises

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