

# Boy Division (instrumental)

## 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  
Well it better be black  
Well it better be tight  
Well it better be just my size  
I'm stalking these metro malls  
And airport halls  
And all these schoolgirls 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 ya  
Sing a song for California 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  
Well it better be white  
Well it better be cut  
Well 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 ya  
Sing a song for California Wherever you are  
Wherever you are  
Whoever you are  
Whoever you are  
LOLOLOLO  
'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 go!  
We 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 ya  
Say a prayer for California We got the bomb  
We got the bomb  
We got the bomb  
We got the bomb!

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