

Currents Convulsive

Pierce the Veil

So congratulations
Break a leg tonight, what a shame
I heard the understudy died under the knife
Crying backwards under bedroom lights
The operation
I don't think you'll ever want to love me
You'd gotta listen to your doctor, doctor
Sober up and bury the empty cup
In a backyard of Seattle we used to lie
When I sew you up
Don't let me stop bleeding
Tiny stitches
That you placed into my skin
Won't let me go, oh no, oh no
And they're ruining the mood
So I'll toast every beat of my heart
Like a miracle
And I don't think you'll ever want to love me
You gotta listen to your doctor, doctors lie, lie, lie
If the dollar is right, oh, my sweet little girl
Hold your mouth and you'll be alright
Gather round, gather round
Ladies and gentlemen
Come from far come from wide
The moment you've all been waiting for
Tonight, join us as we explore
The spine-chilling mystery of death
And the miracle of resurrection
Please understand me
When I'd rather see you dead
Than live without me
So thirsty for more
Beyond the sea blue light
I met the love of my life
She'd rather see me dead
Than face me
I like your starry eyes
They yell surprise, surprise
I'm in love but not for long
Our operation
Call off the operation
Our operation
Call off, off, off
Another wave has turned its back on me
Crashed back on the eyes of the first I see
Can't count on anything
For you I'd count the salt under the sea

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

