

Quick kid quips so harsh n cynical
Touches stricken
Cold n clinical
What a transformation to behold
But I don't like this new, I like the old

It's not the words that make it final
You've said such things before to rival them
But it's how you say them, now that's changed
Cold but sympathetic, all the same

You'd like to convince me that I'll be better off

So you go on
And I'll never be happier
I'll be happier
You go on, yeah, you go on
You'll be gone n I'll be happier

Shoot me with your rubber bullets
Your finger's on the trigger, pull it
I know you want the suffering to end
And so, it is forgivable my friend

It's all to convince me that I'll be better off

You go on
And I'll be happier
You go on
And I'll be happier
You go on, yeah
You go on
You'll be gone n I'll be happier

Say what you mean, what you mean
Is you'll be happier without me
Without me
Without me, oh

You won't convince me that I'll be better off

So you go on and I'll be happier
I'll be happier
You go on n you go on
You'll be gone and I'll be gone
You go on and I'll be happier
You go on and I'll be happier
You go on, you go on
You go on and I'll go on
And I'll be happier
(you go on and I'll be happier
You go on and I'll be happier
You go on and I'll be happier