

## My Bible Is A Scrapbook

Kisschasy

We're rejected, neglected little busy bees  
We don't smell right like ageing little bags of meat  
I-I-I-I-I-I don't like this taste  
But I didn't, didn't, didn't know how to wash it away

Honey why can't you tell  
I don't want you around?  
Honey why can't you tell?  
Leave me out

We are an army; we're looking for a place to fit in  
We are angels committing all our pretty sins  
I-I-I-I-I-I don't like this waste  
But I didn't, didn't, didn't know how to shake it away

We said oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh

We are crawling, collecting little stones in our knees  
We are a movement but we will never be a scene  
I-I-I-I-I-I don't like this face  
But I didn't, didn't, didn't know how to scrape it away

Honey why can't you tell  
I don't want you around?  
Honey why can't you tell?