

## We Believe In Karma

Piebald

We pulled it off  
Right in front of your eyes  
Like it was magic  
They'll find us dead for this  
When you paint the town  
A lovely crimson red  
Just wait till you get home  
They'll find us dead for this  
They'll find us dead  
They'll find us dead or smiling

The trash we were talking  
All last night  
Or the compliments we sent  
We will get what we deserve  
Everything that goes around  
It comes back around again  
The trash you were talking  
All last night  
Or the compliments you sent  
You will get what you deserve  
Everything that goes around  
It comes back around again  
Stop whispering if  
You're going to speak  
You better make it good.