

## All Medicated Geniuses

### Pretty Girls Make Graves

There's a kid with the golden arm  
He admits to the forest fire  
That started up from a lack of somethin' better going on

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That started up from a lack of somethin' better going on  
Tell your friends it's a four alarm  
Just a smoke screen we're all liars  
Better to stew in discontent then to admit we're wrong

Our motivations out to see  
And our ideas they die so quickly

This town has good hearts  
Bad blood, emotional scars  
Never gettin' to say what you really wanna say  
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We all lie so well  
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If misery loves company  
Then it seems to swim so much more forcibly  
In the song of other peoples failures  
Doctor, do you have a remedy?  
Doctor, this is not alright by me  
Do you think that you have the strength  
For a city that's so spent and sick?

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