

# Running With Scissors

## The Mission

The only way that I'll make the papers  
These days is if I load a gun  
And fire a bullet into my brain  
But then again the hackneyed hacks

Will only write  
I'm only jumping  
Someone else's train  
It's always the same

And I can't begin to tell you now  
How many strange beds I have known  
I was never one to kiss and tell  
But I do have a scandal to sell

Didn't your mother tell you  
Don't run with scissors?  
You might just fall  
And hurt yourself

They could impale you  
So don't run with scissors  
'Cause being stabbed  
Is not good for your health

No, I won't confess all of my sins  
'Cause some of my sins are your sins too  
I'd rather die on my feet  
Than live down on my knees

It's a dangerous game  
Running with scissors  
Wouldn't wish you to fall  
And hurt yourself

It's such a crying shame  
To see you running with scissors  
But stabbing yourself  
Is exactly what you deserve

So why don't you put the scissors down  
Before you hurt someone?