

This kind of overstatement now
Would like to whisper
A sweet something in your ear all day
From now till then
I can't swim for liars on my tail, they want an answer
And hip-hip hooray we lose again
Dear god you can suit yourself

Oh you could be an amputee
There's got to be
Something better than...

We stink of understatement, we're so over-friendly
More people to latch on to
More ears to bend
And I swam the long route home and I've got broken shoulders
And hip-hip hooray, we lose again
Dear god how do you forgive yourself?

You could be an amputee
It wouldn't matter all that much
It wouldn't mean a thing to me
So answer me
Do you believe its true?
There's gotta be something better than...

So don't listen to
Don't listen to yourselves
We are addicted to ourselves
We leave room for on one else
So answer me
Do you believe its true?
There's gotta be something better than

Keep pushin' back and you'll come up roses (x2)
We're not the same even though we share a name
Keep pushin' back and you'll come up roses (x2)

I've heard it all before
Seen it all before
Played this scene before

Oh you could be an amputee
It wouldn't matter all that much,
It wouldn't mean a thing to me
So answer me
Do you believe it's true?
There's gotta be something better than this

But it's nothing to you (x2)
No it's nothing to you
It's something better than this

But it's nothing to you (x2)
No it's nothing to you
It's something better than this