

Shout Out Louds, Meat Is Murder

Oh, I'm fainting. I don't stand a chance.
Meat is murder, and I don't even dance.
Something is still worrying me tonight.

Oh, I'm falling. Nothing is working out.
And what comes out from my mouth
is nothing to worry about.
'Cause everything sounds miserable tonight.

I haven't said too much, have I?
There are things you should keep to yourself.