

I DONT KNOW HOW BUT THEY FOUND ME, M

[Intro]

Dance

Dance

That's enough

[Verse 1]

A modern concussion

The room is on fire

You're an upstanding model

Of a modern day Cain

With impeccable style

[Pre-Chorus 1]

But now you've done a little wrong

And you need to be forgiven

By the vicar and the company you keep

And then you conjure up a fiction

To get the pretty girl to listen

[Chorus]

This is the sin

That I will confess to release myself

From consequence

And everyone can tell

[Verse 2]

The moral objections

To something so profane

But the deepest of convictions

Are the darkest positions

Little remissions for the varicose vain

[Pre-Chorus 2]

Now you've done a little wrong

And you swear you didn't do it

But volition left you burdened with a curse

And then you conjure up a fiction

To get the pretty girls to listen

[Chorus]

This is, the sin, that I

Will confess to release myself

From consequence

And everyone can tell

This is, the sin, that I

Will confess to release myself

From consequence

And everyone can tell

This is, the sin, that I

Will confess to release myself

From consequence

And everyone can tell

[Outro]

And everyone can tell

And everyone can tell