

My Chemical Romance, The End

Now come one come all to this tragie affair
wipe off that makeup
What's in is despair
So throw on the black dress
Mix in with the lot
You might wake up and notice
You're someone you're not
If you look in the mirror and don't like what you see
You can find out firsthand what it's like to be me
So gather 'round piggies and kiss this goodbye
I'd encourage your smiles
I'll expect you won't cry
Another contusion, my funeral jag
Here's my resignation, I'll serve it in drag
You've got front row seats to the penitence hall
When I grow up I want to be nothing at all!
I said
Yeah! Yeah!
I said
Yeah! Yeah!
C'mon C'mon C'mon I said
Save me!
Get me the hell out of here
Save me!
Too young to die and my dear
You can't!
If you can hear me just walk away and
Take me!