

# Placebo, Fix Yourself

No way  
I won't deal  
Go fuck yourselves  
Don't tell me how to feel  
Now I'm bored  
Of your caucasian Jesus

Not seen  
But isn't even there  
And I dream  
What you could never dare

My thoughts, are not who I am  
I've killed, I've died  
And I've tried the best I can  
I run, from you  
Harbingers of doom

'Cause I won't be pacified  
By what you're scared to lose  
And I won't efface myself  
So I can be like you

Go fix yourself  
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