

A poetic genius genius,
Its something I don't
Why would a genius be trippin on me?
And there's looking and
Why he can't see is that I'm looking through his eyes,
So many lies behind his
'N tell me from your past,
And sing me songs youbefore.
I tell you this my Poison Prince,
You'll soon be knocking on Heaven's
Some of Poison Prince,
With your eyes in a daze.

Your life is like a maze.
And what we alland what we all crave,
Is an upbeat
So we canthe night away.
Who said life was,
Who said life was fair,
Who said nobody gived a damn,
And nobody cared.
The way you're acting now,
Like you left that all behind.
You've given,
You've given in,
And I'm a sucker of that kind.

 **LIVEWORKSHEETS**