

# Low Millions

## Low Millions

There's a sign on my door  
Says I'm not here anymore  
'Cause I've been missing for so long  
I can't remember where I've gone  
I wish to hell that I could cry  
I'd feel better  
Count me in, I'm one of the low millions  
Like her, like him  
Just one of the low millions  
I'm disconnected to myself  
There isn't anybody else  
That I can point to who I know  
Who isn't being torn by the undertow  
I wish to hell that I could cry  
I'll feel better  
Count me in, I'm one of the low millions  
Like her, like him  
Just one of the low millions  
I'm an alien in my own skin

I'm fishing where the ice is thin  
I'm holding it all up with safety pins  
I'm sitting on nitroglycerin  
I wish to hell that I could cry  
I'd feel better  
Count me in, I'm one of the low millions  
Like her, like him  
Just one of the low millions  
I'm an alien in my own skin  
I'm fishing where the ice is thin  
I'm holding it all up with safety pins  
I'm sitting on nitroglycerin  
And I, I'm one of the low millions  
And I, I'm one of the low millions  
Lookin' down  
Lookin' down  
Lookin' down  
Lookin' down

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