

Rats

The Automatic Automatic

Have I become a recluse?
What is it that other people do that doesn't leave a bruise?
He's smirking under his skin
Our divide is steel but paper thin, I'm breaking through I remember someone say that there's always a rat close
by
I remember someone say that there's always a rat close by
And I think its time that you made up your mind
Decide who's still on your side? I'm six feet over my head
The concept of privacy is dead but I'm here alone
If everyone in the room
Could hear themselves sing out of tune then they'd feel like I do I remember someone say that there's always a
rat close by
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And I think its time that you made up your mind
Decide who's still on your side? Have I become a recluse?
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