

# Joe

## Inspection 12

Drooling on himself.  
Going slowly mad.  
Fingernails are gone.  
He hasn't yet realized,  
His absence of mind  
He reads a book to kill some  
Time, time, time, time.  
You don't know what you mean to me.  
Not figured what I wanna be.  
I see you. Within me.  
You don't know anything about me.

Lyrics provided by  
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