

# Formulae

JJ72

Things go wrong when I trust them  
In my naive way I love them  
Like you told me to love them  
I abide by man made rules  
And am a picture of all fools  
I have a border of white clues I use the formula of everyday  
In the floods I stay and get washed away People talk in nothing  
With a reverence in a something  
And my heart beats on with indifference  
To the lessons of attrition  
I am a picture of all fools  
I have a border of white clues I use the formula of everyday  
In the floods I stay and get washed away

Songwriters

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