

# The Collector

## Nine Inch Nails

I pick things up, I am a collector  
And things, well things they tend to accumulate  
I have this net and it drags behind me  
It picks up feelings for me to feed upon  
There are times, plenty of times I wish I could let it go  
It's time to breed and it's time to grow inside me  
There are times, plenty of times I wish I could let it go  
But this time to make me think, things I don't want to know  
I'm trying to fit it all inside  
I'm trying to open my mouth wide  
I'm trying not to choke and swallow it all  
Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all  
I am the plague, I am the swarm  
All your hard steps on me, I'm keeping at war  
And they'll make me stay they won't let me leave  
There are so goddamn many of them it gets hard to breathe  
I'm trying to fit it all inside  
I'm trying to open my mouth wide  
I'm trying to make them choke inside  
I am a big boy and I will swallow it all  
Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all  
Every last one, every last one, every last one, every last one  
Every last one, every last one, every last one, every last one  
Every last one, every last one, every last one, every last one  
Every last one, every last one, every last one, every last one  
Every last one, every last one, every last one, every last one

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