

Wednesday

Something With Numbers

You are so desperate to learn
If you didn't try you
Might find out why no one
No one cares aboutThe things that you say anyway
This whole thing is about meI think so hard my head gets sore
I wonder what will be in store
I'll cut my fingers off
And watch them hit the floorYou can't describe yourself
Maybe things will change
And you will be stuck here for life
Put an apple on your headAnd be struck down by me
Who is me if I am youI think so hard my head gets sore
I wonder what will be in store
I'll cut my fingers off
And watch them hit the floorI'll sit there bleeding on myself
And there's no need to call for help
I'll lay in pain and watch
The blood run down the wallBut maybe I have missed something
That never once was said
And I cannot retrieve it
'Cause it's stuck inside my headBut why must I say
I can't think straight
Negotiate, negotiateI think so hard my head gets sore
I wonder what will be in store
I'll cut my fingers off
And watch them hit the floorI'll sit there bleeding on myself
And there's no need to call for help
I'll lay in pain and watch
The blood run down the wall

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>