

# Obstacle 1 (Black Session)

## Interpol

I wish I could eat the salt off of your lost faded lips  
We can cap the old times make playing only logical harm  
We can cap the old lines clay-making that nothing else will change  
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read, she's bad  
Oh, she's bad It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this face again  
You go stabbing yourself in the neck We can find new ways of living make playing only logical harm  
And we can top the old times, clay-making that nothing else will change  
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read, she's bad  
Oh, she's bad It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this face again  
You go stabbing yourself in the neck It's in the way that she posed But it's different now that I'm poor and  
aging, I'll never see this place again  
And you go stabbing yourself in the neck It's in the way that she posed It's in the way that she pulls air  
It's in the things that she puts in my head  
Her stories are boring and stuff  
She's always calling my bluff  
She puts the, she puts the weights into my little heart  
And she gets in my room and she takes it apart  
She puts the weights into my little heart  
I said she puts the weights into my little heart She packs it away It's in the way that she walks  
Her heaven is never enough  
She puts the weights in my heart  
She puts, oh she puts the weights into my little heart

Songwriters

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