

The Creeper

We Are Scientists

Something is wrong
I can't put my finger on it
everything tells me nothing is what it seems
Left all alone
Counting the minutes down
I begin to suspect
It's all closing in on me
I might feel better
If you weren't gone
I'm all creeped out by you (the creeper)
Something is wrong
I can't put my finger on it
Everything tells me nothing is what it seems
Left all alone
Counting the minutes down
Begin to suspect
It's all closing in on me
I might feel better
If you were dry
I'm all creeped out by you (the creeper)

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