The Creeper

We Are Scientists

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

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