

# My Recovery Injection

Biffy Clyro

I've been waitin' on the overdrive  
Slick and polished on the inside  
It ruins feeding time I'll recover in an empty room  
In remission from a real mood  
Sit down, fuck-up, and wait your turn Why can't we hide, our secret lives? Why can't we climb, this useless  
height? You hide your time, so well  
Small scars of love, and hate, and happiness  
You hide your scars, so well I'll recover if you want me to  
Dig my way out of my black mood  
Wait for the sun to fade Why can't we hide, our useless lives? You hide your time, so well  
Small scars of love, and hate, and happiness  
You hide your scars, so well You hide your time, so well  
Small scars of love, and hate, and happiness  
You hide your scars, so well And nothing matters anymore  
And nothing matters anymore  
And nothing matters anymore And nothing matters anymore  
And nothing matters anymore  
And nothing matters anymore (You) And nothing matters anymore  
(Say) And nothing matters anymore  
(Nothing) And nothing matters anymore  
(You) And nothing matters anymore  
(Say) And nothing matters anymore  
(Nothing) And nothing matters anymore

Songwriters

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