

# Fixed

Nasser

What you want you are  
You always were  
What you want you are  
You always were  
When the plans fall changing hands  
What are the chances of winning?  
You, you hold my heart  
You, you won't let up  
After when I'm called  
Touch turns into fisticuffs  
It's all in your head  
Wonder if I'm fixed to cut  
guitar solo  
For its statistics in the collected whole

We are the hunger that keeps you climbing walls  
It's the one thing you can count on  
We all end floating away (x2)  
You, you hold my heart  
You, you won't let up  
After when I'm called  
Touch turns into fisticuffs  
It's all in your head  
Wonder if I'm fixed to cut  
Is it your fault? (repeat)  
You, you're sinking, so they say  
You, you're finished, so they say  
You, you're boring, so they say  
You, I care when caring fades

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