

# 100 Round The Bends (Commentary)

[Missy Higgins](#)

I've follow complications like a bloodhound  
So pick me up, twist me round  
And throw me all the way back down 'Cause I found my feet connected to the ceiling  
And hanging upside down, a smile's a frown  
It's all too easy on the ground So, jump in my car, we'll go a hundred round the bends  
We'll take this road until we're back and start it again  
Jump in my car, we'll go a hundred round the bends  
And we'll pretend, feeling rage is feeling real  
Feeling rage is feeling real So, I've got a brand new rubber band for you, boy  
Go on give it a stretch  
I can see your itching too, frustrations on the boil But then I see my damn reflection in your eyeball  
And I want nothing more to do  
With all the things you made me think I am So, jump in my car, we'll go a hundred round the bends  
We'll take this road until we're back and start it again  
Jump in my car, we'll go a hundred round the bends  
And we'll pretend, feeling rage is feeling real  
Feeling rage is feeling real You were everything for a little while  
But I broke it, I broke it, I broke it, I broke it, didn't I  
Oh, you were everything for a little while  
But I broke it, I broke it, I broke it, I broke it, didn't I  
Oh, didn't I, ohh So, jump in my car, we'll go a hundred round the bends  
We'll take this road until we're back and start it again, oh  
Jump in my car, we'll go a hundred round the bends  
And we'll pretend, feeling rage is feeling real  
Feeling rage is feeling real, feeling rage ain't feeling real

Songwriters

MELISSA MORRISON HIGGINS Published by

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