

# Pulp Fiction

## Fanmail

Laying on the floor, I've been here once before  
And I'm not proud of it  
Misery comes today, it's coming back my way  
And I want it to leave me Doubtful, you are the people  
Where your anger run your sleep  
Fate of those who's feet are slipping  
Or to those, who's eyes or to those  
Who's eyes have seen To him the strength belongs, the weak attempt his arms  
And show me my offense  
So look away from me because I can hardly see  
I'm hiding nothing Doubtful, you are the people  
Where your anger run your sleep  
Fate of those who's feet are slipping  
Or to those, who's eyes or to those  
Who's eyes have seen

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