As an Inanimate Object

Mauro Fieschi

Water hasn't fell on me in three days
I'm unplugged from the streets
Can't seem to find the rest of Planet Earth
Outside of these garden flower sheets
My friends, oh, how I cry for the end
They wonder if I'm ever coming back
But I rather stay in
Getting comfort from the water tabI should be careful
I'm too close to hurt me
I'm a sack of bones
Yet way too close to hurt me"In Bruges" is on and as an inanimate fucking object
I watch it for a thousand times
I might drown those sorrows for no other subject
Than to just jump to that big fucking canale
The wind from the fan hits my face
I'll take it as my mind goes blank
Begging for a new step to take
But my body just lays there, dead just he laysI should be careful
I'm too close to hurt me
I'm a sack of bones
Yet way too close to hurt me

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