

We Are Numbers

Division of Laura Lee

Fed up with myself
staying inside
why bother getting up
cold hard words
meaningless words
on just how much a life is worth
I submit to live a life feeling left over
I submit to live a life where i have nothing
lets blame the mailman
we are numbers
on your frame
the voices in the other end
who would care
when i give up
as the gold keeps comming in
I submit to live a life feeling left over
I submit to live a life where i have nothing

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