Accidents Are On Purpose

Moneen

I'm not sure what's worse
The waiting or the waiting room
"You're next sir" becomes a cruel taunt to you
recycled air, the smell of sleep and disinfectant
Your god is a two door elavatorDo they even cure you
(woah...)
Or is it just to humour us before we die
(woah...)
If Only we could heal ourselves
We wouldn't.. need to be hooked up to these machinesWhoa whoa whoa...Do they even cure you
or is it just to humour us before we dieLet's redefine (6x)
(woah...)
What it means to healDo they even cure you
(woah...)
Or is it just to humour us before we die
(woah...)
If Only we could heal ourselves
We wouldn't.. need to be hooked up to these machinesWhoa whoa whoa...

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