

Man Who Died of Nothing at All

Crooked Fingers

You say that you're slipping away
As you turn from the hand that could save you
You fell like a drunk down a well
Like a dog into Hell you were sinking And you took it all in as a joke
As if you didn't know you were broken
Hiding out in the rain you stood soaking
Breathing in the glass to your last lung
All blackened and cracking and blue
Creeping through the slums of your old world
Where nothing about you is new They laughed and as they turned their backs
You slid into a crack no one saw
And stayed there for a very long time
Dying of nothing at all Though you went to the doctor to cope
And he sold you the new antidote
And he told you that you had been broken
They say you gave yourself away for a moment

Songwriters

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