

# Ingrown

## Smudge

Kinda bored I find it sad  
I hold your things you pull them back  
The face you make looks blue to me  
But still it's probably  
Went all alone just the way you look  
I'm falling for every trick in the book  
Hook, line and sinker  
Reeling, I'm a thinker

And that's how it always goes  
I'm stepping on your toes  
Then everybody knows it

Wanted to fill that hole in your mouth  
I leant over, you laughed out loud  
Everybody turned around, but you just turned away  
There's a weight on my mind  
And it weighs a tonne  
And the answers right on the tip of my tongue  
But you just watch it fall

And that's how it always goes  
I'm stepping on your toes  
Then everybody knows it

Take it back quick  
So you won't find out how schizo  
I get when I find out that it's all ingrown  
Well it's overplayed and it's overplanned  
I know this routine like the back of my hand

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Lyrics submitted by matthew jones.

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