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

Lyrics submitted by matthew jones.

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