

Low Millions

Ex-Girlfriends

There's a sign on my door
Says I'm not here anymore
'Cause I've been missing for so long
I can't remember where I've gone
I wish to hell that I could cry
I'd feel better
Count me in, I'm one of the low millions
Like her, like him
Just one of the low millions
I'm disconnected to myself
There isn't anybody else
That I can point to who I know
Who isn't being torn by the undertow
I wish to hell that I could cry
I'll feel better
Count me in, I'm one of the low millions
Like her, like him
Just one of the low millions
I'm an alien in my own skin

I'm fishing where the ice is thin
I'm holding it all up with safety pins
I'm sitting on nitroglycerin
I wish to hell that I could cry
I'd feel better
Count me in, I'm one of the low millions
Like her, like him
Just one of the low millions
I'm an alien in my own skin
I'm fishing where the ice is thin
I'm holding it all up with safety pins
I'm sitting on nitroglycerin
And I, I'm one of the low millions
And I, I'm one of the low millions
Lookin' down
Lookin' down
Lookin' down
Lookin' down

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