Numbers

Ryan Adams

Here comes your song, it's on the radio
Here comes your song, here comes your song
Everybody in the backseat, come and sing along
We're fucked, we're fucked
There's been an accident, somebody stole your face
We're fucked, we're fucked
You were always something else, there's nothing to replace
You got some shit to throw out
You got some numbers to erase
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
Ringing all night, it's slower than the bar
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
How do you spell
Look way around or replace those numbers?
Here comes your song, it's on the stereo
So turn it on, so turn it up
Everybody in the backseat's about to throw up
We're fucked, we're fucked
There's been a tragedy, hardly words remind us, baby
We're fucked, we're fucked
Fuck, you walked in a piece, this isn't war and peace
You were always good enough
There was nothing to replace
You got some shit to throw out
You got some numbers to erase
You got names to forget
Plus some people to call
There was nothing to replace
You've been good enough all along

You just got settled in
And you wanna get down
And feel like you are loved
Feel like you are loved
Nobody's mad at you
These people love you
And they wanna see you are bein' strong
Wanna see you are bein' strong
So lose no numbers, numbers, numbers

Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers, numbers, numbers
So lose no numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers
So lose the numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers
So lose the numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
Numbers, numbers, numbers, numbers
The names and the phone
Here comes your song, it's on the stereo
Here comes your song, it's on the radio
Here comes your song, here comes your song
We're fucked, we're fucked
And hung up alone

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