

# Born At Zero

## Deer Tick

You're coming back  
I don't know why I feel so bad  
Ooooooo, a picture always hurts  
More than words  
You're born at zero  
And dead at twenty-three  
Aint it f\*\*king cold  
When the dirt comes free  
You make it clear  
You take me as insincere  
A picture I can live without seein'  
Oh, you made a point  
I never robbed you of a choice

But I can never love you in your voice

I'm a sorry mess to see your face  
I wanna hold you close  
But I push you away  
I wanna feel your skin upon my skin  
But I'm not feeling great  
About letting you in  
Close your eyes  
It's just about time to speak

Dreams only come true in better dreams

Well I dream me in the middle of drunken screams

I'm praying to god that one day I'll be clean  
Oh look at the clock  
I wish I was a time machine

Cuz I could of been anything but I couldn't your great scheme

I'm a sorry mess to see your face  
I wanna hold you close  
But I push you away  
I wanna feel your skin upon my skin  
I'm not feeling great

About letting you in

You're born at zero  
And dead at twenty-three  
Aint it f\*\*king cold  
When the dirt comes free

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Lyrics submitted by Sarah Carnal.

Lyrics provided by

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