

Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck

Grinspoon

Nothing breeds more contempt for this world than the memories now formed

Every moment, a new seed is grown to no reason the trouble unfolds

For the trials of today, I'm no jury, really don't care, how you feel

The pleasant notion of miraculous change, drifts into multiple jeers

Jeers

You want the good life

You break your back

You snap your fingers

You snap your neck

Seconds drip through my hands, washed of moments unborn

All the spaces between bleed, a tribute to a sacrament never exposed

A message to the forces, I've no pity, don't know how thankful to feel

Expectations of our daily bread, gives me the hunger to steal

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Want the good life

Break your back

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Snap your fingers, snap your neck

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