

I wanted to remember my Mica?
You helped me again to think of the
Unthinkable things
Made my arms hurt so bad I would
Happily forget
You're surprised at what you go through
As if no one ever told you
On your own feet
Your own feet stand
Not to wallow in heartache

I've done more than I would like to
But it's not all that I can do
You gotta get out of bed, into it

When even your bad luck runs out
Not to wallow in
Self-pitying pathetic dreams
You know what I mean

She worked hard to be his novice
And then broke into his office
With her clothes off
Her clothes off still
Not to wallow in heartache

Amor, settle for a small dart
If you can't find it in your heart
But there's a big noise from her chest

Let me do the talking
Now that I'm here
You'll steal all the attention anyway

Cause something about you
Compels me to feel
That a glued together vase
Is still a vase

Not to wallow in heartache