

## Going Under

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

Nobody cares what you look like  
Nobody cares what you say  
Nobody cares for you god sent gift girl you got nothing left to  
betray  
And nobody cares what you're saying  
And nobody cares for your soul  
Nobody cares where you're going baby you've got nothing left to  
hold

Well it feels like you're going under, when you're laying right  
here  
Well it feels like you're going under, when you're laying right  
here  
Yeah you're laying right here

Nobody cares for your secrets  
Nobody cares what you hide  
Nobody cares for your shoe size baby you've got nothing left to  
hide  
And nobody cares for your rhythm  
And nobody cares for your rhymes  
Nobody cares where you're going baby, you've got nothing left a  
nd you're mine

Well it feels like you're going under, when you're laying right  
here  
Feels like you're going under, when you're laying right here  
Yeah you're laying right here

Nobody cares what you look like  
Nobody cares what you say  
Nobody cares for you god sent gift girl you got nothing left to  
betray  
And nobody cares fro your secrets  
And nobody cares what you hide  
Nobody cares where you're going baby, you've got nowhere left a  
nd you're mine

Well it feels like you're going under, when you're laying right  
here  
Feels like you're going under, when you're laying right here  
Yeah you're laying right  
Feels like you're going under, when you're laying right here  
It feels like you're going under, when you're laying right here  
Yeah you're laying right here