

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