

Another song of woe  
Woe sounds like this  
You say nothing's changed, where were you when my world  
Was spinning into masquerade  
You claim it's just a question of mathematics  
I shut the door on your amateur dramatics

Then you think too much  
And you talk too much, vicariously  
Yeah you think too much  
And you talk too much  
Every word is substance free

You're the dirt on my collar  
You're the hole in my favourite shoe  
You're the last dying breath of love  
You're the weight that I need to lose

And you hurt yourself

You say I'm deranged, I'll admit to being strange  
But I just can't stop loving you  
If the light in your eyes  
Addiction came as a surprise  
Didn't think I'd be so into you

Then you think too much  
And you talk too much, so carelessly  
Yeah you think too much  
And you talk too much  
Every word is substance free

You're the dirt on my collar  
You're the hole in my favourite shoe  
You're the last dying breath of love  
You're the weight that I need to lose

You're the dirt on my collar  
You're the hole in my favourite shoe  
You're the last, last dying breath of love  
You're the weight that I need to lose

You're the dirt on my collar  
You're the hole in my favourite shoe  
You're the last dying breath of love  
You're the weight that I need to lose