

We Are Numbers

Division of Laura Lee

Fed up with myself
Staying inside
Why bother getting up
Cold hard words
Meaningless words
On just how much a life is worth
I submit to live a life feeling left over
I submit to live a life where i have nothing
Lets blame the mailman
We are numbers
On your frame
The voices in the other end
Who would care
When i give up
As the gold keeps coming in
I submit to live a life feeling left over
I submit to live a life where i have nothing