

16 Tons

Donots

You find me
Crouched in the corner of my expectations
I4m in the place where nobody wants to be
16 tons falling down on me
Situation overload
I think my head4s gonna explode
And every day the tension grows and grows
I4ve got to get out of here
The situation seems crystal-clear
If in want to get away it is all boilling down to me
To walk away with broken legs
And hold on tight with bleeding hands
But every day the tension grows and grows
16 tons falling down on me
The perfect irony
Can4t anyone take me home?
The room is crowded i4m all alone
Somehow i wish i could care less
But that4s the way it goes
I4m never gonna leave this place
The bomb explodes right in my face
You always gonna hear my say