

## 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