

Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck

Grinspoon

Nothing breeds more contempt for this world than the memories now for
med

Every moment, a new seed is grown to no reason the trouble unfolds
For the trials of today, I'm no jury, really don't care, how you feel
The pleasant notion of miraculous change, drifts into multiple jeers

Jeers

You want the good life
You break your back
You snap your fingers
You snap your neck

Seconds drip through my hands, washed of moments unborn
All the spaces between bleed, a tribute to a sacrament never exposed
A message to the forces, I've no pity, don't know how thankful to feel
Expectations of our daily bread, gives me the hunger to steal

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