

## Lulled By Numbers

IAMX

Who put the mess in your head?  
Filtering the sense of all you could have said  
I stole the words from your mouth  
So twisted in contagion, and reaching out

If this is the lullaby, then  
Why am I not sleeping easy?  
If you leave me alone, I will come home  
Dragging my tails behind me

Sweetheart, don't hang me out to dry  
When nothing is left  
There is always us  
When nothing is left  
There is always us

If I could sing you to sleep  
Lay you down and pray that your soul to keep  
I would be all that you need  
Wider eyes oblivious to everything

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