

## Obstacle 1

### Interpol

We can cap the old times make playing only logical harm  
We can top the old lines clay-  
making that nothing else will change.  
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read, she  
's bad  
Oh, she's bad

It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this  
face again  
You go stabbing yourself in the neck  
It's different now that I'm poor and aging, and I'll never see  
this place again  
And you go stabbing yourself in the neck

We can find new ways of living make playing only logical harm  
And we can top the old times, clay-  
making that nothing else will change.  
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read, she  
's bad  
Oh, she's bad

[Chorus]

It's in the way that she posed.  
It's in the things that she puts in my hair.  
Her stories are boring and stuff.  
She's always calling my bluff.  
She puts the weights into my little heart,  
And she gets in my room and she takes it apart.  
She puts the weights into my little heart,  
I said she puts the weights into my little heart.

She packs it away

It's in the way that she walks  
Her heaven is never enough  
She puts the weights in my heart  
She puts, oh she puts the weights into my little heart.