

What's The World

James

What will you sell
With the glasses and suit
Heart and soul
It won't wear out

That's not enough I want what's inside
Fish fillet knife would cut right through my eyes

I'm looking for some words
To call my own
Not worn-out phrases and hand-me-downs

They'll knock me
In where I stand
Put on its back
In a corned beef can

I'm going under
You can feel them stripping me down
To the rust inside

This is the way
Frankenstar is born

From bits and pieces others have worn
All held together by a management glue
Too much glue, and the stars turn blue
Turn blue
Turn blue
Turn blue
Turn blue

I'm going under
You can feel them pulling me down
To the holes inside

I, I, I, I
I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I
I, I, I