

Knives, Bats, New Tats

Lifetime

Ever get the feeling
ideals can't take us where we need to go?
Sometimes I'd like to just maybe squash your head,
but next time that I see you I'll just probably smile
and say, "hello".

What's wrong with me?
Why can't you see?
It's all I see.
Next time that star shoots across the sky,
I'm gonna grab it
and smash it
under my feet.
Who the fuck wants to be
happy?

I'll sleep on the floor.
And I'll just lock my door
so Dave don't come and tell me
"turn down that shit you play".

I wonder what it would be like to be real deep and dark,
typical and boring.
Yeah that's me.

If I made up the rules, you would not be so close to me.
Not so close to...
not so... not so close to me.
Not too close to me.
Not too close to me.
Not so close... not so... not so close to me.