

I wanted to remember my Mica?  
You helped me again to think of the  
Unthinkable things  
Made my arms hurt so bad I would  
Happily forget  
You're surprised at what you go through  
As if no one ever told you  
On your own feet  
Your own feet stand  
Not to wallow in heartache

I've done more than I would like to  
But it's not all that I can do  
You gotta get out of bed, into it

When even your bad luck runs out  
Not to wallow in  
Self-pitying pathetic dreams  
You know what I mean

She worked hard to be his novice  
And then broke into his office  
With her clothes off  
Her clothes off still  
Not to wallow in heartache

Amor, settle for a small dart  
If you can't find it in your heart  
But there's a big noise from her chest

Let me do the talking  
Now that I'm here  
You'll steal all the attention anyway

Cause something about you  
Compels me to feel  
That a glued together vase  
Is still a vase

Not to wallow in heartache