

The Collector

Nine Inch Nails

I pick things up, I am a collector
And things, well things, they tend to accumulate
I have this net, it drags behind me
It picks up feelings for me to feed upon

There are times, plenty of times
I wish I could let it go
But it's time to breed
And it's got to grow inside me

There are times, plenty of times
I wish I could let it go
But it's time to make me think things
I don't wanna know

I'm trying to fit it all inside
I'm trying to open my mouth wide
I'm trying not to choke
And swallow it all
Swallow it all
Swallow it all
Swallow it all

I am the plague
I am the swarm
All your heart sticks on me
And I keep it warm

It'll make me stay
It won't let me leave
There are so goddamn many of them
It gets hard to breathe

I'm trying to fit it all inside
I'm trying to open my mouth wide
I'm trying not to choke inside
I am a good boy, and I will
Swallow it all
Swallow it all
Swallow it all
Swallow it all

Every last one [19x]