

You must be crazy
Or could it be true that your memory's been so unkind
So tired and lazy
You never could search for the things that you wanted to find

Bound by a fear of a knife in your back
The look on your face says your starting to crack
You're putting it down to a dent in your pride
But the misery's sticking to you like a thorn in your side

Can't face the demons
Cos there's not a demon would want to be snared in your eyes
So you say your leaving
And you pack up your bags and you paint on a whole new disguise

Out of the door like a fox on the hunt
There's fire in your eyes someone's gonna get burnt
You're looking for somewhere to lay down and hide
Cos the misery's sticking to you like a thorn in your side

Bound by a fear of a knife in your back
The look on your face says your starting to crack
You're putting it down to a dent in your pride
But the misery's sticking to you, yeah yeah yeah

Out of the door like a fox on the hunt
There's fire in your eyes someone's gonna get burnt
You're looking for somewhere to lay down and hide
Cos the misery's sticking to you like a thorn in your side

You burn bridges
By doing it all for the sake of a little respect
You cut the stitches
By giving it all to the heart of a little black egg

Bound to the cross by the nails in your hand
Your looking for someone you might understand
Carrying on like your spirit has died
Cos the misery's sticking to you like a thorn in your side