

Who Really Cares

Powderfinger

Release me from this struggle to be free
Take my hand, lead me to the promised land of your love
Step outside of this superficial life
Put your pretty lips on mine
Kiss me one more time and I'm gone

Who really cares?
Who really knows?
About these agents of despair
and their thrown together prose

Release me from this struggle to be free
I'll break my plans
to be in the gentle hands of your love
When you're by my side in these superficial times
Put your little hand in mine
Kiss me one more time and I'm gone

Who really cares?
Who really knows?
About these agents of despair
and their thrown together prose
Let them have his head
He's harmless you know
Watch him let you down
and leave you hanging on a rope

I won't be fooled by your devious ways
Your ingenuine fears and your ingenuine pain
I look a wreck but somehow you look fine
You come to me
and ask me to ease our troubled mind
I won't be fooled again.....