

If you think you're bulletproof, you're right
Because you've weathered all my slings and arrows well
If you think I'm paranoid, that's fine
Cause I've got evidence on my side

If you want to come over tonight
That's fine, because I have no plans
Please, be kind, don't drop the rock on me

How many blows to the belly will this thing take
That we refer to as our true love
We both know it's dead and it's been dying for some time
But we refuse to let it go

Please, be kind, don't drop the rock on me
Don't go outside and discover that you like being free
Cause if you did
You'd be dropping the rock on me