

Oh the horizon moves  
But I find balance on my knees  
Where are my clothes?  
I try to decode words on the post-it  
That's stuck on my cheek

Two socks stare at me  
Definitely they-re not mine  
I try to figure out  
What's written between the lines  
"You've got my number"  
"You've got my number"

My feet are sore  
Sticky floor  
Can't feel my arm no more  
And my keys are gone  
like my memory  
I can't say no to something sweet  
But its not what I need  
You keep feeding me  
When I'm not hungry

Oh the radio starts singing  
last night's story  
All the clothes I worde  
Are staring at me  
My high heels  
and tightest shirt agree  
That wasn't me  
That wasn't me

My feet are sore  
Sticky floor  
Can't feel my arm no more  
And my keys are gone  
like my memory  
I can't say no to something sweet  
But its not what I need  
You keep feeding me  
When I'm not hungry