

He Was A Jazzman

The Flatliners

I see you gripping tight to the rails of your hospital bed
You move so slow
You say the pain you feel is too great to be inside your head
I know, I know
You move so slow

It don't mean anything to me
We start to die when we begin to breathe
But I'll keep scratching at your sympathy

I'll wander these white halls
Scale all the walls for a thread of hope
Wrap it around myself and cross my fingers I don't choke
I'd pray if it meant anything to me
One day I'll die and finally see what all the fuss is about
Prepare yourself for the big sleep

It don't mean anything to me
We start to die when we begin to breathe
I'll keep scratching at your sympathy
Until you're good and ready to leave
Until you feel a lot like me

With curved eyes I smile
As a bad excuse sits next to you
Grinning crooked teeth
They'll all be gone soon
As the door handle swings
I'm having trouble hearing you
You think I'm crazy, don't you?

Count your bones and clean 'em good
It's come to this just like we knew it would
The world's become a hospital
Will someone medicate us please?
I'd pray if it meant anything to me

One day I'll die and finally see what all the fuss is about
Prepare yourself for the big sleep
It don't mean anything to me
We start to die when we begin to breathe
Come count your bones and clean 'em good
It's come to this just like we knew it would
It don't mean anything to me
We start to die when we begin to breathe