

More Than It Hurts

The Front Bottoms

Staring at unfamiliar ceilings and I should leave
'Cause everybody here is tripping some new drug
except for me (WHY?)
'Cause I don't have the money

I have been thinking about letting my hair grow
I have been thinking about cutting it short
I have been thinking about dying it yellow
But I don't think I have the bone structure or wardrobe
to support
That type of look

And I will tattoo my poems all over my body
They won't know who I was before
I will cut off my fingers, no ID to find me
When I am washed up on the New Jersey shore

Talk to myself too often trying hard to figure out
Why all these feelings that lie in my stomach
Are always pushing for my mouth
So I will learn to sleep on my chest
And I will learn to let things go
And I will learn to come to terms with the things that
I will never know

And I will tattoo my poems all over my body
They won't know who I was before
I will cut off my fingers, no ID to find me
When I am washed up on the New Jersey shore

I'll take what I can get, I'll take what I am given,
but we both know that I'll need more.
I'll take what I can get, I'll take what I am given,
but we both know that I'll need more.
So much more.

And I will tattoo my poems all over my body
They won't know who I was before
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