

Born Dead

The Thermals

I can feel the ache and
I can feel it breaking
One hand on the head
One hand on the bed

Breathing in the blankness
Breathing in the blank shots
One hand on the head
One hand on the bed

I can't focus on the haze
I'm still choking on the craving
Waiting for the only sound
I haven't heard

Hoping this is as low
As we can get
Wading in the images
We're soon to forget

And I may be out of it
But I'm still into you
I'm born dead, I'm born again
I can feel the ache and
I can feel it breaking

Come towards the call
With no poison crawling
Absorb absorb absorb
Shut down
No short lines and
Only short lies
Count them backwards
In four words
Or less or more

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Waiting for the only sound
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