

i don't really need to see  
so i don't need to see so i'll paint  
i don't know, i'll paint it black  
i don't need to see  
i don't see how you see out of your window  
i don't need to see, i'll paint mine black  
i don't know me and you don't know you  
so we fit so good together  
cos i knew you like i knew myself  
we clung on like barnacles on a boat  
even though the ship sinks you know you can't let go  
i was talking like two hands knocking  
yelling 'let me in, let me in, please come out.'  
black glass, dirt-based soap,  
tell yourself what you know.  
my friends, oh my friends,  
bury your head i'll help you bury your plans.  
hard hit, hard to miss, problems are what a problem is.  
my light came up quick, call it your asterisk,  
buried like boys in a boys first book of the stars  
saw it as satellite  
constant unblinking as  
buried in the bottom of a bottom of a brackish lake