

Notwist, The "Trashing Days"

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Then i come in, they go mad,
hit my nose and hit my back,
break me every single bone,
throw me out just like a stone.
It's the corner. it's the dress,
small the town and big the mess,
that I cause with every step,
but still I walk, nonetheless.

They're skipping backwards,
they're thrashing days,
is that all they're believing in?
Smash my head to make it spin.

It won't change so come with me,
just with your eyes I will see.
just with your arms I can hold,
and keep away them dump and cold.

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