

Wombats

"Our Perfect Disease"

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I'm a good friend and an excellent lover
I can fool myself just like no other person can
I'm turning into a twisted man

I haven't got any time for selfless deeds
What I do for you is indirectly for me, I'm a stubborn
boy
There's nothing here that you can break or destroy

Then as I count sheep in my bed
A train of worry pulls us through my head

Last night I dreamt I died alone
Through all my talk of self-defeat
A fearful bomb ticks underneath

Last night I dreamt I died alone
From now on I'll curb the cynical speaking
It seems that dream has sent the biggest chill through
me

Someone once said I don't have any feelings
Well, I think that emotions can be misleading and
thinking back
I might have nailed the coffin shut with that

As I tend to cry in a room full of laughter
Is the cheese finally sliding off of it's cracker?
I don't know, I'll just prepare myself to let it go

As I count sheep in my bed
A train of worry pulls through my head

Last night I dreamt I died alone
Through all my talk of self-defeat
A fearful bomb ticks underneath

Last night I dreamt I died alone
From now on I'll curb the cynical speaking
It seems that dream has sent the biggest chill through
me
It seems that dream has sent the biggest chill through

me
It seems that dream has sent the biggest chill through
me

Last night I dreamt I died alone
And apart from when I lost my virginity
I've never been known to frighten easily

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