

Broken-Hearted Janitors

"100 Years"

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I'm heading for a failure
I'm heading for a fallout
I'm heading for a headache
Please don't shout

I'm heading for a failure
I'm heading for a relapse
I'm heading for a headache
I need some sleep perhaps

I know the back of your head
Better than i know the back of my own hand
100 years from now we'll be dead
And some sleep would be grand

I'm heading for a failure
I'm heading for a fallout
I'm heading for heartache
I wanna scream and shout

I'm heading for a failure
I'm heading for a relapse
I'm heading for a heartache
I might love you perhaps

I know the back of your head
Better than i know the back of my own hand
100 years from now we'll be dead
But right now we're laying in the sand

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