

Cans

"Computer Heat"

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I listen to dead roses comin' off of your breath, yeah

I see a smile missed up around your hair

Yeah yeah yeah

Long nails of a workin'boy

Oh! You don't have the time

I listen to you

You listen to me, but we don't talk cuz you don't sleep

This is a computer heat

Brought to you by worr-r-r-k disease

And it's takin' all over town boy

Be ready it will bring us down boy

It might take us all dooooooown

Your hair grows you don't seem to like it

You miss the days

You don't seem to enjoy it

Your mother calls

Your friends never call

Your dog died and

Tomorrow is monday again

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