

Deer Tick "Mange"

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These words they make the world spin here in steady
rotation
Until the new words turn the new world into oblivion
Well at the end of the line and this new world feels
pretty rotten
Then we'll go our separate ways to put new blood in our
system

I've never seen eyes so hurt, the kind that scream my
name
Now what can I make of life when it all seems like a
game?
I've gotta tie up all my loose ends 'fore my skin turns to
mange
So I've gotta look at the sky and imagine I've found my
place

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