

Drowningman **"Mail Order Kindney"**

Visit "[Mail Order Kindney](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I don't owe you anything. The scars, the skin, the
needle pushing in. Pins are pounding, breaking free.
I'm already low. Can you send me anything at all. I'm
not asking, now I'm telling, bend your pennies to what
you're selling. Pins are, all breaking free. I'm already
low. It's all scissors and paste. It's learning to wait,
through the twisting tongues, through the marks on the
lungs. I made my bed already. I won't die. IN this place
with the planets, in this piece of the sky. could you let
me go softly, could you let me go now? I won't die here.

Visit [Drowningman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.