

Easy Star All-Stars

"Hundredweight"

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I wear
You down
I walk into the room
And it gets much colder
Each limb
A ton
Then my hundredweight head
And I sink through the carpet
I am sunk
So low
What's the matter with you
You wear your Monday morning face
I know
You think I'm a waste of your time
Hello
I'm no-one you'd want to meet
I grind you down
I walk into the room
And it gets much
Darker
Each limb
A ton
Then my hundredweight head
And I sink through the carpet
I am Sunk, So low
What's the matter with you
You wear your Monday morning face
I know
You think I'm a waste of your time
Hello
I'm no-one you'd want to meet low

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