

Framing Hanley

"Count Me In"

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Cradle up there's a fragile life
You can paint the picture pretty
But it serves as no disguise
It's only getting later now
And you've become a waste of time

The silver spoon won't feed your friends
Cause life tastes better when your eat with your hands

Count me in and I'll be the one
To take the knife out of your spine
Cause I know you'd be the first
To bury the blade deeper into mine
Into mine

Living on this charming life
You can write the prefect setting
But the story I'm not buying

We're only getting older now
And you've become a waste of time
The silver spoon won't feed your friends
Cause life tastes better when your eat with your hands

Count me in and I'll be the one
To take the knife out of your spine
Cause I know you'd be the first
To bury the blade, to bury the blade
I'm counting on you to bury the blade

Count me in and I'll be the one
To take the knife out of your spine
Cause I know you'll be the one
To bury the blade but she's still in mine

Count me in and I'll be the one
To take the knife out of your spine
Cause I know you'd be the first
To bury the blade deeper into mine
Count me in, count me in
Count me in, count me in
To bury the blade deep in your spine

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