

Hotspur "Hypochondria"

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Send this out to somebody you love, oh-oh,
Because I think that by tomorrow we'll be done,
We're not quite sure what we're dying of,
But we know it's coming fast,
And we know,
Today might be the last.

Tell everyone you love,
It's coming,
There's an outbreak on the way,
Right now I'm the only one,
But soon your gonna' see.

It's spreading from the radio,
Carried to your stereo,
In the static on the airwaves,
And there's no way to stop it,
So there's something you should know.

Woa-o-o-o-oh,
If today is the, is the day that I die,
Woa-o-o-o-oh,
Please let me, please let me apologise.

The only thing left in my life,
Makes me believe,
There's nothing wrong,
There's nothing wrong with me.

(There's nothing wrong,
There's nothing wrong with me.)

And I swear, Everybody's staring at me,
(Everybody knows)
This must be my last day,
Standing here in these clothes,
And I swear, everybody's following me,
(Everybody's following me)
Everybody's waiting for the news.

I died, today, In a car crash on the way,
To tell you that I may, not make it through the night,

And I apologise, For moving on so slow,
I should of said these things, A long, long time ago,
'Cause now it's already too late, to go back and erase,
The mistakes that I made.

Woa-o-o-o-oh,
If today is the, is the day that I die,
Woa-o-o-o-oh,
Please let me, please let me apologise.

The only thing left in my life,
Makes me believe,
There's nothing wrong,
There's nothing wrong with me.

Woa-o-o-o-oh,
Woa-o-o-o-oh.
There's nothing wrong,
There's nothing wrong with me.
Woa-o-o-o-oh,
Woa-o-o-o-oh.
There's nothing wrong,
There's nothing wrong with me.
Woa-o-o-o-oh,
Woa-o-o-o-oh.
There's nothing wrong,
There's nothing wrong with me.
Woa-o-o-o-oh,
Woa-o-o-o-oh.

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