

Jimmie's Chicken Shack "Dead Silence"

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dead sleep
you give good face, you've got so many
rubbing both your hands like you were shinning up a
penny
everyones your friend everyones your lover
i pull the knife out of my back, just to discover
loyalty is motivation settling it's score
no matter what you give in it will always want some
more
obstacles are opportunities waiting without wings
i need a bat to smash the mirror my conclusions bring
i count on me to count on nothing, i can count that on
no hands
i count on me to count on nothing, found me someone
who understands this
i think it's you. i think it's you. i think it's you that i want
into
and if you do. if you do too. and if you do then i hope
you
keep up the pace you'll find hope if there's any
trouble wears your face like a finger holding back the
levy
never one to bend, never one to wonder
i'm the fool 'cause i don't understand, so i stand under
royalty of post invasion, life is not a chore
give everything then give in, tell me who could ask for
more
popsicles and firecrackers angels without wings

i need to stack and burn to black all of my favorite
things
and count on me to count on nothing, i can count that
on no hands
i count on me to count on nothing, found me someone
who understands this
i think it's you. i think it's you. i think it's you that i want
into
and if you do, if you do too, and if you do then i hope
you
don't wait up 'cause i'm not going to sleep
out of all of these thoughts decide which ones i can
keep

don't wait up 'cause i'm not going to bed, so much of
nothing to do
i guess i'll sleep when i'm dead
so much of nothing to do
i guess i'll sleep when i'm dead
so much of nothing to do
i guess i'll sleep when i'm dead...

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