

## **Kind Of Like Spitting "Birds Of A Feather"**

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By the nape of my neck you can hand me down, to  
forge a little more in the quiet that we found. So just to  
say anything, you say that you love me. Only so much  
time you can waste on me, there's only so much time  
you can waste on me. And sometimes I believe in God  
punishing for lack of faith, so just to say anything I say  
that I love you too. Only so much time, you can waste  
on me, there's only so much time you can waste on me.  
You feel fat and I feel ugly. Together we don't like  
anybody. I feel sick 'cause I know your gonna run, but I  
cant blame you.

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