

Low Millions

"Low Millions"

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There's a sign on my door
Says I'm not here anymore
'Cause I've been missing for so long
I can't remember where I've gone

I wish to hell that I could cry
I'd feel better

Count me in, I'm one of the low millions
Like her, like him
Just one of the low millions

I'm disconnected to myself
There isn't anybody else
That I can point to who I know
Who isn't being torn by the undertow

I wish to hell that I could cry
I'll feel better

Count me in, I'm one of the low millions
Like her, like him
Just one of the low millions

I'm an alien in my own skin
I'm fishing where the ice is thin
I'm holding it all up with safety pins
I'm sitting on nitroglycerin

I wish to hell that I could cry
I'd feel better

Count me in, I'm one of the low millions
Like her, like him
Just one of the low millions

I'm an alien in my own skin
I'm fishing where the ice is thin
I'm holding it all up with safety pins
I'm sitting on nitroglycerin

And I, I'm one of the low millions

And I, I'm one of the low millions

Lookin' down

Lookin' down

Lookin' down

Lookin' down

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