

## Nurses "Lots Of Brass"

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It tends to find you when you're at your worst  
It drags you down the hill, it leaves you out to rust or  
find you're way back home  
Everyone's nervous all of the time  
Everyone's worried I'll get mine  
(get outta me get outta me)  
Everyone's nervous all the time  
Everyone's worried I know why  
(get outta me get outta me)

I'll light a fire, and watch us glow  
I'll shake the hand that takes me home

All those trees with bear-trap teeth  
Tried to get the best of me  
And I'm so worried I can't speak  
But I could sink, or I could...

It tends to find you when you're in the dirt  
It hangs you out to dry it fills you up with soot  
And gnarls and brambles

All those trees with bear-trap teeth  
Tried to get the best of me  
And I'm so worried I can't speak  
But I could sink, or I could...  
Dive in silently assembling my armies  
From the looks of things I shouldn't carry on

I couldn't let you in it would have been the end  
If they'd have found me  
I fooled around instead it would have been my head  
If they'd have found me

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