

Sattori "Mono"

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Jumper, tough luck, what is the point?
Fame, fortune, infinite portions, all emotional junk
Such self-centered people we all love to whine
Who doesn't crave attention when you've got
something to hide

Maybe I'll tell you I love you for now
Maybe a conscience would let me know how
Guilt and exhaustion wrapped in rusty old wire
The worst news will come when your sick and you're
tired

Xerox my mouth... and I'll just hand those out
Cut off my arms... they only do harm
Never asked for... a god damn thing from you
But just this once... could you try... not be such a cunt

Leaving, it's a surgical affair
Cut quick, clean up your mess, disinfect the skin, the
hair
Had a ball but now darlin' turn out the light
Its blinding and open up ya curtain so people can stare
(at what's hardly there)

Maybe I'll tell you I love you for now
Maybe my conscience will let me know how
Exhaustion and guilt and an old rusty wire
The worst news would come when your sick and your
tired

Xerox my mouth... and I'll just hand those out
Cut off my arms... they only do harm
Never asked for... a god damn thing from you

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