

Skycamefalling

"Fainting By Numbers"

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Number One - the only number I can really trust,
Dual faceted - these people that I talk to when I must.
In triplicate my body hangs - left drying in the sun,
Four horses at the starting gate - their riders waiting on
my gun.

Misused just like the pentagram - distrusted as the
Pentagon,
Six sided is this box I've made - you'll dance on it when
I am gone.
Seven times I've wondered whether Heaven's truly
waiting there,
I smoke another eight ball to convince myself I couldn't
care.

The bulb's blown in the neon nine that once shone from
my cloud,
Down the street at Number Ten they're talking long and
loud.
Life's a game of two halves - I'm not on the team of
winners,
Each time I set the table - seems that Judas comes to
dinner.

Thirteen black cats cross my path - ignoring all the
others,
There is no bride waiting for me - I'm not one of seven
brothers.
Fate serves an ace (fifteen-love) - I'm set to take a
bruising,
'cause at sixteen I graduated from the school of losing.

[Chorus]
Count me out,
Why don't you count me out?
Said you can count me out,
Go find another easy number.

First catch me in your internet - unload me down your
modem,
Then brand me with a barcode, 'cause the fax of life

you know them.

Count me out!

Oh what fun at twenty one - you stole the key to my
front door,
You don't need me - you won't feed me (I'm not even
sixty-four).
Fifty two - how it suits you to fool me with your magic
tricks,
What's this birthmark on my head? - Bet it's the number
six, six, six.

[Chorus]
Count me out,
Why don't you count me out?
Said you can count me out,
Go find another easy number.

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