

The Vindictives

"The Time Of My Life"

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Everything I've got has certain places to go.
A shelf for this and a drawer for that thing.
A special something for that special someone,
A little room where people leave me alone.
Now I'm putting items into their spots.
I can fit this lid directly on this box,
I will count to ten in alphabetical order.
I would buy a uniform if I could afford it.
Shut me up with my own screaming,
Show me how to be forgiven.
I'm sure that there's something missing,
But I'd better tend to my own business.
Carefully I twist the proper lid on this jar,
Reconnection pieces that have fallen apart.
Spacing equal inches when I'm setting the table,
Removing accumulated lint from my navel.
Today I will spend my time renaming the parts
Of all the mechanisms listed here on this chart.
I've got twenty seconds to absorb all the feelings
Of a complicated subject that I'm not finished dealing
with.
I don't know what I'm talking about,
It seems like it's very important.
I'm having trouble expressing this concept,
There's something here and I can't ignore it.
I know there's something wrong with me

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