

Feral Children "Me, Me, Just Me"

Visit "[Me, Me, Just Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I'm broke, I take my heart to the vein,
But if they hand 'em out, so I can't even speak.
'Cause the man is enough for me,
Count something out: one, two, three;
Home for all the winter night
Head first into this light

Foie! Gras! That's why I'm insane!
Educate all the peas in the lake, please!
Good walk, I'm flapping in a tank -
People just, like, deepen their own peace!

Don't, don't, don't, don't, don't, don't think too hard
'Cause your brain will need your heart;
Your brain will eat your heart.
Then you can write it along your hand,
Brother right-hand riding, and
Some people that were never born
Feet first on a summer morn, and
Paint all across the sky with your blood,
and the wrong guy looked to the sun.
What was that looking high overhead?
'Cause, cuz the living is to be dead...

Foie, Gras! That's why I can dance!
Every day flows like it's a heat wave
Don't need you under your beret,
With no friends and too many children!

(Aaahhhhhh, aahhhh)

Ha! ha! I caught you little rascal
And you brush your teeth that never ever ever end;
Tasty breath, it's just mainly me
Just mainly me, me, me, me, and

Ha ha ha! I gotcha, little rascal
And your best friends never really end.
Tasty breath, boss, just like the best
And just me, me, just me, just me, just just me.

