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## **Nine Inch Nails** "The Collector"

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I pick things up I am a collector And things, well things, they tend to accumulate I have this net It drags behind me It picks up feelings For me to feed upon

I wish I could let it go But they start to breathe, and they start to grow inside me There are times, plenty of times I wish I could let it go But they start to make me think things I don't wanna know

## [Chorus:1

I'm trying to fit it all inside I'm trying to open my mouth wide I'm trying not to choke and

There are times, plenty of times

Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all,

I am the plague I am the swarm All your hurt sticks on me And I keep it warm They will make me stay, they won't let me leave There are so god damned many of them it gets hard to breath

## [Chorus:]

I'm trying to fit it all inside I'm trying to open my mouth wide I'm trying not to choke inside I am a good boy and I will Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all

Every last one [x20]

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