

## The Graham Situation

### "1000 Hours"

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I'm talking backwards to myself  
I couldn't spell it out just clear enough,  
To get my point through and out  
And now you're looking at me funny  
I don't want to come inside  
But there's a different part of myself,  
I'm struggling to keep up with  
And now I'm lying to myself again

And if I lie here on my own  
Or if I'd die here all alone  
Just tell me that you'd take me down,  
You'll let me out  
Just another dollar blown for Rock'n'Roll

I've got a bad fever again  
You didn't bring it up, strangely enough  
So maybe you have finally forgotten  
Or ran out of lies to tell me  
I've been struggling just enough  
But to your judging eyes it's a surprise,  
To see that I'm not able to go further  
And I won't ever find it funny

Another crack in the movie screen  
A different song on the tambourine  
Just keep it up,  
I'd kill some time just to get it right  
But you would rather waste your nights away,  
Than spend them all on me

She's not the type,  
She's not the type,  
She's not the type that lends her heart to me  
In one way or the same  
She's not the type (She's not the type)  
She's not the type (She's not the type)  
She's not the type that gives her love away  
At any time or any place

