

Silverchair

"Petrol Chlorine"

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Sinking through dark black holes
It's never gonna end
Open gash in my ribcage
It's never gonna mend

Take another picture off the wall
Sinking deeper every time I fall

Each day ends quicker
And my mind gets slower too
As my life just fades away
I wouldn't have a clue

Take another drawer out from the shelf
I'm too weak to do it by myself

Though you had the world at your feet
You could see it I was blind
Had the perfect job called life
You didn't like it you resigned

Brain's a square of grass
Growing on petrol and chlorine

On petrol and chlorine
You know just what I mean

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