

Something With Numbers "Wednesday"

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You are so desperate to learn
If you didn't try you
Might find out why no one
No one cares about

The things that you say anyway
This whole thing is about me

I think so hard my head gets sore
I wonder what will be in store
I'll cut my fingers off
And watch them hit the floor

You can't describe yourself
Maybe things will change
And you will be stuck here for life
Put an apple on your head

And be struck down by me
Who is me if I am you

I think so hard my head gets sore
I wonder what will be in store
I'll cut my fingers off
And watch them hit the floor

I'll sit there bleeding on myself
And there's no need to call for help
I'll lay in pain and watch
The blood run down the wall

But maybe I have missed something
That never once was said
And I cannot retrieve it
'Cause it's stuck inside my head

But why must I say
I can't think straight
Negotiate, negotiate

I think so hard my head gets sore
I wonder what will be in store

I'll cut my fingers off
And watch them hit the floor

I'll sit there bleeding on myself
And there's no need to call for help
I'll lay in pain and watch
The blood run down the wall

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