

Fall, The "Everything Hurtz"

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Come to me
Come unto me
All ye that labor
You that are heavy laden
'Cos everything hurtz
And everything hurtz

I've been pursuing the fuel too long
Got a big fat pain in my chest bone
Got an empty pocket book
I got a big fat momma in my cheque-book
And everything hurtz
And everything hurtz

I got the disease tinnitus
I'm speakin' like I've got Tourette's
And everything hurtz
And everything hurtz
And everything hurtz

I'm born
I'm born

I'm dressed like a road beacon
On my way to Valhalla breakfast
And everything hurtz

Can't you see the bitches by my side
Followin' me through all my life
And everything hurtz

I was born
I was born
I was born

Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden
My head's dip dip dip dipping, man
All my limbs are disconnected
And everything hurtz
And everything hurtz
And everything hurtz

I've been pursuing the fuel too long
Got a big fat pain in my chest bone
And everything hurtz
And everything hurtz

Everything hurtz
My head's dip dip dip dipping, man
'Cos everything hurtz

I got a big fat slug on my knee bone
And the back of my [Incomprehensible], zipped up
And everything hurtz
And everything hurtz

Everything hurtz
[Incomprehensible]

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