

## **Flatliners, The**

### **"He Was A Jazzman"**

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I see you gripping tight to the rails of your hospital bed  
You move so slow  
You say the pain you feel is too great to be inside your  
head  
I know, I know  
You move so slow

It don't mean anything to me  
We start to die when we begin to breathe  
But I'll keep scratching at your sympathy

I'll wander these white halls  
Scale all the walls for a thread of hope  
Wrap it around myself and cross my fingers I don't  
choke  
I'd pray if it meant anything to me  
One day I'll die and finally see what all the fuss is about  
Prepare yourself for the big sleep

It don't mean anything to me  
We start to die when we begin to breathe  
I'll keep scratching at your sympathy  
Until you're good and ready to leave  
Until you feel a lot like me

With curved eyes I smile  
As a bad excuse sits next to you  
Grinning crooked teeth  
They'll all be gone soon  
As the door handle swings  
I'm having trouble hearing you  
You think I'm crazy, don't you?

Count your bones and clean 'em good  
It's come to this just like we knew it would  
The world's become a hospital  
Will someone medicate us please?  
I'd pray if it meant anything to me

One day I'll die and finally see what all the fuss is about  
Prepare yourself for the big sleep

It don't mean anything to me  
We start to die when we begin to breathe  
Come count your bones and clean 'em good  
It's come to this just like we knew it would  
It don't mean anything to me  
We start to die when we begin to breathe

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