

## **Format, The "Seven Digit Pin Code"**

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They found my body near the river  
Now all the people in our town, they think it was your  
father  
I didn't get your consent, but that's how I make my rent  
The void; it's hard to make a friend  
When it's too hard to put down the lense  
And so, I float

Drifted 'bout 50 miles past Jamestown  
I was recovered in the more where I floated onto shore  
While the James was good to me,  
And the barbed wire, that's another story  
It's hard to rest in peace  
When you can't get no sympathy

And so...

I can't seem to keep my mind off that inght  
The way that you laughed with all your friends  
Beneath the bar lights.  
I couldn't help but hate you  
So I followed you, I followed you home

And oh, take off your clothes, stand by the window  
So I can see the scar that sits below your naval  
And oh, with the Rosary, I wish that was me  
How I wish I could rest upon your chest forever  
I float, I float, I float.

I wish that I believed in heaven  
I can't thank Sunday School for that.  
Send me a seven digit pin code  
Let me repent, let me believe.

We learn it all, once we could comprehend  
The folding of our hands, the bending of our knees  
And the Hial Mary's along the bedside  
My innocence must have caught his eye  
Enough to ruin the last 16 years of my life  
It's so hard to repent  
When you've been giving no such reason to believe

I took off my clothes, stood by the window  
Well don't you see the same scar sits below my naval?  
And oh, but it's there for life,  
Better yet, the lack thereof  
How I wish I could come back as a piece of jewelry.

And oh, I float  
I float, I float.

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