

Artist: glassjaw

Title: The number no good things could come of

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The Number No Good Things Could Come Of
Now let me interject about this little peace we have
And all the months passed dragging through the mud,
dragging through the mud,
dragging down.

Helps me comment on virginity.
Help me find the price of humility.
As a matter of fact you owe me some
As a matter of fact you owe me.
And I guess,
And I guess,
And I confess,
I sometimes think im God,
Do I exist just to work for you?

Cancer is the proof
We will be going nowhere soon
You're the reason why
Im always asking of you twice

Cancer is the proof
We will be going nowhere soon
You're the reason why
They're always doubting of us twice