

Arno, They Look At Me

Pain is your game
Your best friend
Jump on my head
And cry in your bed

They tell you how to feel
They tell you how to feel sorry for

My feet, they talk, they walk, they look at me
My feet, they smell, they smile, they look at me

I don't believe in women's magazines
They speak a magazine talk
I don't believe in TV
Ice creams don't grow on apple trees

My feet, they talk, they walk, they look at me
My feet, they smell, they smile, they look at me

I don't believe in honeymoons
What you don't know don't hurt
They tell you who to hate
They tell you who to laugh at

My feet, they talk, they walk, they look at me
My feet, they smell, they smile, they look at me