

# Autopassion, The Library

Every time we took it over in here  
Is to insult all of my efforts here  
I can't dissappear

Under the knife  
I don't think I'll last long in this fight  
Circular and cannot turn it right  
In pursuit of nothin'

Stop for a thought  
We have both been sitting here too long  
Trading blow for blow and snapping jaws  
In pursuit of nothin'

I'm pullin' my hair  
I'm mad for no reason  
Your teeth smile, dear lies

And yea, my friends they're trying to all the time  
But it's never the right kind of compromise  
Oh, yea my friends, they can't do anything right  
Sit still and breathe, maybe at the same time

I'd like to say I've got some time on my hands  
That truth be told I really never had  
Why am I stayin' right here  
So you can run it off  
And just to see it, let's do a test  
Just to see who has been insulted best  
I can't make myself clear

I'm scraping the walls  
I'm mad for no reason

Oh, yea my friends, they can't do anything right  
Sit still and breathe, maybe at the same time  
Yea my friends, they're all such good friends of mine  
That motherfucker thought he should be satisfied