

# Biffy Clyro, My Recovery Injection

I've been waitin on the overdrive.  
Slick and polished on the inside.  
It ruins feeding time.

I'll recover in an empty room.  
In remission from a real mood.  
Sit down, fuck-up, and wait your turn.

Why can't we hide, our secret lives?

Why can't we climb, this useless height?

You hide your time, so well.  
Small scars of love, and hate, and happiness.  
You hide your scars, so well.

I'll recover if you want me to.  
Dig my way out of my black mood.  
Wait for the sun to fade.

Why can't we hide, our useless lives?

You hide your time, so well.  
Small scars of love, and hate, and happiness.  
You hide your scars, so well.

You hide your time, so well.  
Small scars of love, and hate, and happiness.  
You hide your scars, so well.

And nothing matters anymore. [x6]

(You...) And nothing matters anymore.  
(Say...) And nothing matters anymore.  
(Nothing...) And nothing matters anymore.  
(You...) And nothing matters anymore.  
(Say...) And nothing matters anymore.  
(Nothing...) And nothing matters anymore.