

# Melt-Banana, Lost Parts Stinging Me So Cold

Maybe just a dead sign  
speaking to my eyes shaking I can think of  
A piece of broken fifth hand  
reaching to my head falling I can think of  
Closing my eyes tight.  
I can hear the sounds of my fellows  
They are sounding so cold...

"Maybe just a Ghost"  
you say and forget about it  
I stopped talking  
Then a piece of cracked tooth  
talking to my nail stinging  
I can snatch out

Cold, lost parts,  
they are stinging me so cold  
I know where they live in the past

Don't stick it, kick it out, Shut Down!  
Don't stick it, pick it out, Shut Down!  
Don't take it, get it back  
I tried to kill the dead ghost - shoot!  
But I got a miss shot

Don't stick it, kick it out, Shut Down!  
Don't stick it, pick it out, Shut Down!  
Don't take it, Get it back  
I tried to shoot them down  
They stay in my foot steps...

Maybe just a red dot  
attacking to my toe tender I can think of  
Some forgotten small seeds  
singing to my ear, scratchy  
They are sounding so cold

Lost parts,  
they are stinging me so cold  
I know they live in the past

Don't stick it, kick it out, Shut Down!  
Don't stick it, pick it out, Shut Down!  
Don't take it, get it back  
I tried to kill the dead ghost - shoot!  
But I got a miss shot  
Don't stick it, kick it out, Shut Down!  
Don't stick it, pick it out, Shut Down!  
Don't take it, Get it back  
I tried to shoot them down  
They stay in my foot steps  
I gave up  
and then put the gun down...

It's maybe just a piece of lost dead past  
fallen from the trash can forgettable  
creeping trying to find a space to be  
kind of a piece of puzzle never been solved  
fifty thousands foot steps still going on  
no place to be I can think of  
Closing my eyes tight,  
I can feel them  
'cause they are my fellows  
lived in the past,

loved in the past,  
used in the past,  
lost in the past  
where will they go  
in stead of my pride?