

# Rx Bandits, Cornered

standing in the rain, a broken window pane  
rain drops fall upon my head  
nothing left to do, repetition's turned me blue  
and all of my thoughts are dead  
i can see for miles, in every direction  
i can see your hell, in your reflection  
tying up in bed, staring at her head  
i wonder what she's thinkin now?  
all my thoughts are true, of what i said to you  
it seems so much like home right now  
i can see you with your back to the wall  
i will be there when you finally fall  
nothing left you could say this time  
you can't weasel out this time but  
i can see you with your back to the wall  
standing in the rain all the people look the same  
the raindrops fall upon my head  
nothing left to do because my brain's too full of glue  
its like my mind is overfed  
(nothing witty seems to come to mind though)  
cornered with your back to the wall  
cornered with your back to the wall...