

Skyclad, Fainting By Numbers

Number One - the only number I can really trust,
Dual faceted - these people that I talk to when I must.
In triplicate my body hangs - left drying in the sun,
Four horses at the starting gate - their riders waiting on my gun.

Misused just like the pentagram - distrusted as the Pentagon,
Six sided is this box I've made - you'll dance on it when I am gone.
Seven times I've wondered whether Heaven's truly waiting there,
I smoke another eight ball to convince myself I couldn't care.

The bulb's blown in the neon nine that once shone from my cloud,
Down the street at Number Ten they're talking long and loud.
Life's a game of two halves - I'm not on the team of winners,
Each time I set the table - seems that Judas comes to dinner.

Thirteen black cats cross my path - ignoring all the others,
There is no bride waiting for me - I'm not one of seven brothers.
Fate serves an ace (fifteen-love) - I'm set to take a bruising,
'cause at sixteen I graduated from the school of losing.

[Chorus]
Count me out,
Why don't you count me out?
Said you can count me out,
Go find another easy number.

First catch me in your internet - unload me down your modem,
Then brand me with a barcode, 'cause the fax of life you know them.

Count me out!

Oh what fun at twenty one - you stole the key to my front door,
You don't need me - you won't feed me (I'm not even sixty-four).
Fifty two - how it suits you to fool me with your magic tricks,
What's this birthmark on my head? - Bet it's the number six, six, six.

[Chorus]
Count me out,
Why don't you count me out?
Said you can count me out,
Go find another easy number.