

# 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.