

The Moffatts, Spy

Written by: The Moffatts

VERSE # 1

Seen thru a blur on the wall
I feel so disillusioned of it all
I spy on myself
Thru that blur on the wall
I feel so connected to my faults

CHORUS

And it's me that I am spying on
Without seeing all the things gone wrong
And it's me that I am crawling from

VERSE # 2

I feel like a tramp
That's been blown off for years
I can't hold back these
Acidic tears
Placed in a world
Like a head without a body
I feel as though my fingernails are curled

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS (twice)