

# Therapy?, Wall Of Mouths

Hit me

This is your life, so why do you do it?  
You see it all like a film but I'm not in it  
You don't like my attitude, or my tact  
But I don't care, 'cause I don't like your soundtrack  
The side of my head, an endless pain  
I tip it to the side to let the bad things drain  
Coming on strong, like a terminal prefect  
Down the hole with the gene pool defects

I've got nothing to say, I'm not talking to you  
I've got nothing to say, you're just a wall of mouths  
I've got nothing to say, I'm not talking to you  
I've got nothing to say, you're just a wall of mouths

Here we go again, the runaround circus  
Looking to you for clues but I'm not worth it  
You don't like my attitude, or my tact  
But I don't give a shit, 'cause I don't like your soundtrack  
The side of my head, an endless pain  
I tip it to the side to let the bad things drain  
Je suis l'etranger, ne pas deranger  
[translation from French:  
I am the foreigner, do not disturb]

Just drive me into the central reservation

I've got nothing to say, I'm not talking to you  
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[Cos that's the perfect ] boredom sway  
And I'll invite them back to mine  
The end of dialing nine, nine, nine, the fools  
I drive her back to the bargain of sticks  
Play reveille on a pile of bricks  
[ they ] leave [me/them] [writing] six, six, six

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