

# Willard Grant Conspiracy, Sticky

I'm sliding underneath  
The door again  
You get so sticky  
When you're waking up  
I'm sliding underneath your skin again  
I get so tired  
I can't wake up

You're dancing out on the ledge again  
100 feet above the bed it seems  
And when I feel  
Like I'm joining in  
I get so scared  
I get so scared

Chorus x 2  
I'm a particle in motion  
I'm a box of broken strings  
I'm feeling well oiled  
But I don't know anything

I don't know anything