

# Calla, Slum Creeper

I feel I've said all that I could say  
See it your way

I'm tired

If You could see what You mean to me  
In my eyes  
You're blind as to what You do  
So go your way out of my way  
Bye

Outside, beside  
Run, please hurry  
If They come They'll come  
Don't worry  
You could be my Mother Mary  
Hide behind my insecurity