

Cellophane, No One In The End

What else can you do
Where else can you go
Why won't they call me back
There is no one in the end
No end in the end
I'm burning my own hair
No more cellophane
No more cellophane
No more people
What else can you do
Where else can you go
Why won't they contact me
When the story's over
The drama's over
I'm singing to myself
No more cellophane
No more cellophane
No more people oh no
No more people
I hate I hate I hate I hate
I hate I hate I hate I hate
I hate I hate I hate I hate
I hate I hate I hate I hate
No
No
No
No
When the story's over
The drama's over
I'm singing to myself
No more cellophane
No more cellophane
No more people
No more cellophane
No more cellophane
No more people oh no
No more people