Dallas Crane, Nowhere

Something worth knowing Your broken bottles cut my feet up The blood won't stop flowing I hope you don't expect me to be cool Well it's just not me It's something I can't be

I look at your fashion A puppet, a designers brain Amphetamine passions Not caring that you'll always look the same As a suburban street and everyone you meet

I count all the numbers
I'm not afraid to play the game
I'm glad that I've done ya
I hoping that you kind of feel the same
Well the same as me
It's how I wanna be

I'd like to breed the freak out
All in the chemistry, it's in the chemistry
She's like an acid flashback
Something only I can see, only I can see
It seems to do my mind in
Oh I know it isn't cheap
It keeps me on my feet
And when I've made a million
That's when I finally walk away
I wanna walk away