

# Dallas Crane, Numb All Over

I can't feel my own pulse beating  
I'm down in the middle of the whole design  
When you gonna make it better

Can't see what it is you're all seeing  
I don't feel the cold and I don't know why  
I won't blame it on the weather  
Come round here and make it better

I'm numb all over and  
I can't feel anything  
A strange kind of wonderful

I see a broken man in the mirror  
One part Jekyll, and one part Hyde  
When you comin round to see me

Can't feel the rhythm of my own pulse beating  
I cross my fingers on the rolling dice  
When you coming over here to  
Tell me things will all get better

I'm numb all over and  
I can't feel anything  
A strange kind of wonderful