

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