

Easyworld, Hundred Weight

I wear
You down
I walk into the room
And it gets much colder

Each limb
A ton
Then my hundredweight head
And I sink through the carpet

I am sunk
So low

What's the matter with you
You wear your Monday morning face
I know
You think I'm a waste of your time
Hello
I'm no-one you'd want to meet

I grind you down
I walk into the room
And it gets much
Darker

Each limb
A ton
Then my hundredweight head
And I sink through the carpet

I am Sunk, So low

What's the matter with you
You wear your Monday morning face
I know
You think I'm a waste of your time
Hello
I'm no-one you'd want to meet low