

One Dollar Short, Here I Am

Staring at these same four walls
Listen close, you can hear the paint peel
The clock on the wall is tick, tick, ticking so loudly
The curtains are drawn, the light hurts my eyes
I've been broken and left here in pieces

I can't go on, I can't go on like that
Here I am, take a look at me
Make it go away, make it all go away
Here I am, take a look at me

I've discovered thirteen shades of grey
I want to bleed it all away
Razorblade infatuation, cold gun metal situation
Have you ever felt a memory pulling at your insides?
Everytime I lay my weary head, I hear you calling my name

[chorus]

T.V. is my only friend
And your answering machine since you've been gone

[outro]

I can't go on, I can't go on like that
Here I am