

Silverchair, Petrol And Chlorine

Sinking through dark black holes
It's never gonna end
Open gash in my ribcage
It's never gonna mend
Take another picture off the wall
Sinking deeper every time I fall
Each day ends quicker And my mind gets slower too
As my life just fades away
I wouldn't have a clue
Take another drawer out from the shelf
I'm too weak to do it by myself
Though you had the world at your feet
You could see it I was blind
Had the perfect job called life
You didn't like it you resigned
Brain's a square of grass
Growing on petrol and chlorine
On petrol and chlorine
You know just what I mean