

# 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