

# Silverchair, Petrol & 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

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