

# Something With Numbers, Double Dyed

Money doesn't matter  
when she's sleeping like a log  
the only thing that matters is herself  
Then she hears the pitter patter  
Of footsteps in the hall  
Hazy memories reveal themselves

In a foreign bed she lifts her head  
she did it again  
she did it again

So you've been getting around  
And your forgetting again  
It's too late to stop  
(Yeah) (Yeah) your gonna do it again (Yeah)  
So you've been getting around  
And your forgetting again  
It's too late to stop  
(Yeah) (Yeah) your gonna do it again (Yeah)

Driving home from Sydney,  
Has never been so hard  
A double-dyed delinquent she's become  
Her friends all say shes crazy  
and she doesn't trust her mum  
The only thing that matters is herself

In a foreign bed she lifts her head  
she did it again  
Not again

So you've been getting around  
And your forgetting again  
It's too late to stop  
(Yeah) (Yeah) your gonna do it again (Yeah)

So you've been getting around  
And your forgetting again  
It's too late to stop  
(Yeah) (Yeah) your gonna do it again (Yeah)

Its Friday night again  
The infidel seeks out her victim  
Cutting all the threads,  
Closer to conviction

So you've been getting around  
And your forgetting again  
It's too late to stop  
(Yeah) (Yeah) your gonna do it again (Yeah)

So you've been getting around  
And your forgetting again  
And you've been getting around  
And your forgetting again  
And you've been getting around  
And your forgetting again

It's too late to stop  
(Yeah) (Yeah) your gonna do it again (Yeah)