

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)