

The Notwist, Trashing Days

Then i come in,
they go mad, hit my nose and
hit my back, break me every
single bone, throw me out just
like a stone. It's the corner. it's
the dress, small the town and
big the mess, that I cause with
every step, but still I walk,
nonetheless. They're skipping
backwards, they're thrashing
days, is that all they're
believing in? Smash my head
to make it spin. It won't change
so come with me, just with your
eyes I will see. just with your
arms I can hold, and keep
away them dump and cold.