

Turin Brakes, Mind Over Money

Mind over money bent over backwards
Light up my life like a very last cigarette
Time after time dear we will just lie here
Staring at ceilings it doesnt really matter where we are

Wearing a smile like its going out of style
Look at your self , theres nothing in there
Just put points on a grave stone
Can u see yourself sinking
Staring at ceilings it doesnt really matter where you are

Thats alright I warned myself
keep blood on the inside and nowhere else
up on a shelf thats where I need to be
la da da dee

I need to get Something
I cant sleep for red eye
Internal combustion can that really happen?
I take it back yeah whatever I did yeah I didnt mean it
I was only joking

But what does this matter in the grand scheming sky
All that I multiply adds up to nothing

thats alright I warned myself
keep blood on the inside and nowhere else
up on a shelf thats where I need to be
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