## **Nova Hands**

## **Alien Ant Farm**

Trust me, I haven't got trust in me
We can grit some teeth and dream
Just don't let three fall, on the great time oh stye
New scheme but all the players bored me, to be tired and work;
On the things we shouldn't on the great time os stye

I got in my eye Don't mean the tuff son, be road; no

In this place with no face, will you stare In this place with no face, can't be real They want me, they need me Heaven pray to want me

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They want you, they need you
Heaven pray to want you

I like thee on mediocrity also be so real I like thee on mediocrity, so fake, so fake, so fake