

It's hard to see when the streetlights are out
I'll get a gas lamp and visit the house that you grew up in
I'm burning it down
I've got the answers and you'll be my kill
I'm sorry you're a victim of my will
Now my rooms been bleached, I'm burning it down

There really is no sense in diffusing all the tension
When it's all we have, it's all we have right now

Do you feel low, are you feeling low?
(Are you still listening? Are you still listening?)
To the sad songs on the radio?
(Are you still listening? Are you still listening?)

Well can you taste the gin?
Well I can't taste anything
I'm obsessed with myself
I'll put my picture on my shelf
And I won't look at someone else
Until I smash the frame this evening

A letter that I wrote you, a cobweb on your door
A broken plastic window pane lying on the kitchen floor
A broken dirty mirror that's hanging in your hall
It's been lying to your face since the day that you were born

Do you feel low, are you feeling low?
(Are you still listening? Are you still listening?)
To the sad songs on the radio?
(Are you still listening? Are you still listening?)

I'm sorry those numbers are getting you down
I care more about the lines you wrote than the ones that make your fr
own
I'm sorry those numbers are getting you down
I care more about the lines you wrote than the ones that make your fr
own

There really is no sense in diffusing all the tension
When it's all we have, it's all we have right now

Do you feel low, are you feeling low?
(Are you still listening? Are you still listening?)
To the sad songs on the radio?
(Are you still listening? Are you still listening?)

And all I'm asking you is am I on your mind today?
Or since I've been away has it got worse?
And all I'm asking you is am I on your mind today?
Or since I've been away has it got worse?