

# Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck

Grinspoon

Nothing breeds more contempt for this world than the memories now for  
med

Every moment, a new seed is grown to no reason the trouble unfolds  
For the trials of today, I'm no jury, really don't care, how you feel  
The pleasant notion of miraculous change, drifts into multiple jeers

Jeers

You want the good life  
You break your back  
You snap your fingers  
You snap your neck

Seconds drip through my hands, washed of moments unborn  
All the spaces between bleed, a tribute to a sacrament never exposed  
A message to the forces, I've no pity, don't know how thankful to feel  
Expectations of our daily bread, gives me the hunger to steal

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