

Who do I take my broken pieces to?  
To Michigan Ave, its darker than the moon  
If I owned a piece of any building in my way  
Then this is the last time that I'd speak to you  
And even in their wildest dreams  
They'd never sing no songs 'bout me  
They're treating me like I'm diseased  
Break me and they take a piece, but  
Who do I take my broken pieces to?  
Nobody can fix it, so I meet my doom  
If ever you stick yourself so snugly in my skin  
Then where can I go to get away from you?  
And even in their wildest dreams  
They'd never sing no songs 'bout me  
They'll never sing no songs 'bout me