

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