

Mr. Pain

Dayshell

I'm Mr. Pain

I wake up and it's 7 o'clock
I curl my toes then I'll roll out of bed
I'm unlike all of the other guys
I'd rather stay home and live in my own head

I'm tiptoeing, what do you know
I'm a victim of my own escape
Oh no, this couldn't be so
I beg to differ, I'm a sinner trying to find out who I am

(Ooh, ahh, ooh-ahh)

They call me old fashion, obsolete
(I keep telling them)
They don't know the first damn thing about me

I'm tiptoeing, what do you know
I'm a victim of my own escape
Oh no, this couldn't be so
I beg to differ, I'm a sinner trying to find out who I am

(Ooh, ahh)

Trying to find out who I am

(Ooh-ahh)

Trying to find out who I am

I'm Mr. Pain, wrapped in cellophane
I'm Mr. Pain, now you know my name

This is a sensitive zone
But I'm willing to give it one more
If music's the meaning of life
Then won't you spin me around
Spin me around
Spin me around
Spin me around

I'm Mr. Pain, wrapped in
Wrapped in cellophane
I'm Mr. Pain, now you know my name

You can't hold me, you can't hold me
You can't hold me down again
You can't hold me
You can't hold me down again

(Ooh, ahh, ooh-ahh)

I'm Mr. Pain wrapped in cellophane