

## We Are Numbers

Division of Laura Lee

Fed up with myself  
Staying inside  
Why bother getting up  
Cold hard words  
Meaningless words  
On just how much a life is worth  
I submit to live a life feeling left over  
I submit to live a life where i have nothing  
Lets blame the mailman  
We are numbers  
On your frame  
The voices in the other end  
Who would care  
When i give up  
As the gold keeps coming in  
I submit to live a life feeling left over  
I submit to live a life where i have nothing