

100 Weight

Easyworld

I wear you down
I walk into the room and it gets much colder
Each limb's a ton
Then my hundredweight head and I sink through the carpet
I am sunk so low

What's the matter with you?
You wear your monday morning face
I know, you think i'm a waste of your time
Hello, I'm no-one you'd want to meet

I grind you down
I walk into the room and it gets much darker
Each limb's a ton
Then my hundredweight head and I sink through the carpet
I am sunk so low

What's the matter with you?
You wear your monday morning face
I know, you think i'm a waste of your time
Hello, I'm no-one you'd want to meet