

Native Numb

Enon

doors get a love and the ones get sliced
don't make the first dried least and the rename course

well let's go back to where we started from
a story with a trail of crumbs
i was stellar then today

don't make up a rename
i've done so gone to waste

let's start we'll travel into the weekend home
the times are wicked with the native numb
generation feel OK

to your prison
to a Bordeaux
so say OK

the century's over
pay up, you know you're stayin'
the boys are gonna
there's no one to blame

statistics honor
attentions are overrated
they're either buyin'
gimme gimme that thing

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she's spurting adult with the blood and gore
it's like she's speaking from an open sore
cancellla-communicue

she's a double-wire-crosser
another broken cup-and-saucer
with a kiss and disarray

split it with a razor
it'll be on the way

it doesn't matter
sink it, you'll never save it
the boys are gonna
there's no one to blame

correct-a-rama
save it, but don't mistake it
there is a motto
baby baby don't you bring me no shame

the phone rings but you won't get through