

The Number No Good Things Can Come Of

Glassjaw

Now let me introject about this little peace we have
And all the months passed dragging through the mud,
Dragging through the mud,
Dragging down.
Helps me comment on virginity.
Help me find the price of humility.
As a matter of fact you owe me some
As a matter of fact you owe me.
And I guess,
And I guess,
And I confess,
I sometimes think I'm God,
Do I exist just to work for you?
Cancer is the proof
We will be going nowhere soon
You're the reason why
I'm always asking of you twice
Cancer is the proof
We will be going nowhere soon
You're the reason why
They're always doubting of us twice.