

My Number

Ima Robot

Fixed on a wall with a piece of gum
Tattooed to a breast like a vest of cum
Kicks on the nights where the dark wind blows
Superstition rules when that's all

You know, my number
Takes a lot of goodbye, baby
And she likes to roll with the thunder
Talks a lotta "join me, darlin'"
Oh oh oh

Checks for a pulse when she's turning' blue
Those are the things that I used to do
Gets the phone ready for 911
Just a daily death wish in the name of fun

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And she likes to roll with the thunder
Talks a lotta "join me, darlin'"
Oh oh oh

Oh oh oh

Well, life ain't easy, and believe me - I know
People gettin' murdered for religion and dough
But once you stop lookin' for a godly sign
The bad lady comes for you every time
When we stopped caring it was time to die
She checked out, and I was left alive
When the dark wind blows, she'll call my name
I've learned to love, live, and die just the same

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Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh

Da doo da, doo da, doo da, da, do
Da doo da, doo da, doo da, da, do
Ba doo da, doo da, doo da, da, do
Ba doo da, doo da, doo da, da, do
Da doo da, doo da, doo da, da, do
Da doo da