

# 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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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

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