

Obstacle 1

Interpol

We can cap the old times make playing only logical harm
We can top the old lines clay-
making that nothing else will change.
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read, she
's bad
Oh, she's bad

It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this
face again
You go stabbing yourself in the neck
It's different now that I'm poor and aging, and I'll never see
this place again
And you go stabbing yourself in the neck

We can find new ways of living make playing only logical harm
And we can top the old times, clay-
making that nothing else will change.
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read, she
's bad
Oh, she's bad

[Chorus]

It's in the way that she posed.
It's in the things that she puts in my hair.
Her stories are boring and stuff.
She's always calling my bluff.
She puts the weights into my little heart,
And she gets in my room and she takes it apart.
She puts the weights into my little heart,
I said she puts the weights into my little heart.

She packs it away

It's in the way that she walks
Her heaven is never enough
She puts the weights in my heart
She puts, oh she puts the weights into my little heart.