

## DIAWB

## Microwave

I've been trying to sell my soul  
I'm at the back of the line  
Green mining through ashtrays  
Some things never change  
The bottom shelf is a black hole  
Slow and low, rock and rye  
Knocked me out for a while  
Now, I'm wide-awake

I don't want to...  
I don't want to...  
I don't want it

Chip crumbs on my shoulder  
I always shit where I sleep  
I'm asleep in your living room  
So guard your things  
I really needed a blanket  
I didn't know how to ask  
Buried deep in your cushions  
I'm dead

I don't want to...  
I don't want to...  
I don't want it

(Bury me)  
I don't want to  
(Death is a warm blanket)  
I don't want to  
(Bury me)  
I don't want it  
(Cover up, move on to better things)  
Feel it, feel it  
I don't want to  
(Bury me)  
I don't want to  
(Bury me)  
I don't want to feel