

Intact

Ned's Atomic Dustbin

here i stand the self-made victim
i know that you didn't do anything
i'm trying to make something from nothing
you're wasting your breath on these ears
my dear
you're wasting your breath on these ears

you will kill me someday
if you have to cash me in
i will have to be okay
you'll fry the contents of my head
pretend and bend the words i said
and kill me someday, stone dead

i can't help but wish that i was virgo-intact
oh i woudln't care
'cause i just wouldn't know
so don't say in this that you're all alone
you founded the worst of these fears
my dear
you founded the worst of these fears

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