

## The Collector

Nine Inch Nails

I pick things up, I am a collector  
And things, well things, they tend to accumulate  
I have this net, it drags behind me  
It picks up feelings for me to feed upon

There are times, plenty of times  
I wish I could let it go  
But it's time to breed  
And it's got to grow inside me

There are times, plenty of times  
I wish I could let it go  
But it's time to make me think things  
I don't wanna know

I'm trying to fit it all inside  
I'm trying to open my mouth wide  
I'm trying not to choke  
And swallow it all  
Swallow it all  
Swallow it all  
Swallow it all

I am the plague  
I am the swarm  
All your heart sticks on me  
And I keep it warm

It'll make me stay  
It won't let me leave  
There are so goddamn many of them  
It gets hard to breathe

I'm trying to fit it all inside  
I'm trying to open my mouth wide  
I'm trying not to choke inside  
I am a good boy, and I will  
Swallow it all  
Swallow it all  
Swallow it all  
Swallow it all

Every last one [19x]