Sometimes I like to stick my fingers where they don't belong. Sometimes I like to fake a fever and just stay home. 'Cause we smile in here we don't get too close to sadness. 'Cause what's holding us is just about to break. Ain't it funny how life can drag behind us just like so much dead weight. Sometimes what feels like pretty good music is just the same old song. Sometimes we deal with bygone bruises and find it's been too long. But we laugh in here we don't get too close to sadness. We know good enough is a thousand miles from grace. Ain't it funny how life can drag behind us just like so much dead weight. And my hometown train is pulling from the station. And I know for once I really will be late. And I'll dream that we can leave the past behind us just like to much dead weight. Sometimes I like to stick my fingers where they don't belong.