These metal heads The market research They're so fond of that Those beady eyes The velvet tea cups The arms on the maps I'll never know just what I'm doing I'll never know what is it I never know what is wrong with you, you know It feels so bad The foreign films The skin and matter The thoughts on the shelf The level head The endless shovel The fat on the lap I feel so bad Yet it seems so right You point out every mistake and complain every night I'll never know just what I'm screwing I'll never know what is it I never know what is wrong with you, you know

It feels so bad