

Nail I Couldn't Bite

SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

Press play and
I think, um, it should work right now
One, two, three, four, one, two-
Testing, one, two, three, testing, one, two, three
Testing, testing, testing, okay
Good evening ladies and gentlemen
I'm here talking to you, but I'm not

Sometimes you can-
Sometimes you can-
Sometimes you can-
Sometimes you can-

I've seen two hundred compulsions
Ignored and offered to nothing
Not anyone, not any sign
A nail I couldn't bite
In the ocean
I take a piss and
No ones knows it, only me, and I could only cry
Hope there's no explanation
No reason for us to try

(Alright, you little rat)

Sometimes you can be so cute
Sometimes you don't even have to try
Sometimes you can suffer for the world
Sometimes I wish I was sure this lie wouldn't even hurt