

Surgery

Stone Sour

Check it. It's nothin'
Touch it now and then
And it's indestructible, sometimes it's irrational
Please it. It's bleedin'
Leave, it ain't no friend
And it's irreversible, sometimes it's a curse to bear

Crashin' down again, luck is bad again
You don't care how I feel
Lookin' glass is dim, moldin' 'round the rim
Guess what? You aren't real, real, real, real, real!

Twitchin' in the corner, taste is in your mouth
My God. It's plausible, even though incredible
Gotcha', your attention
Inventive minds at work
Ingenious, so insane, quit fuckin' with my brain!

Crashin' down again, luck is bad again
You don't care how I feel
Lookin' glass is dim, moldin' 'round the rim
Guess what? You aren't real, real, real, real, real!

Oh, yeah!

Well, it's been fun, but I gotta jet
They've got these hooks in me and the walls are spinnin'
OK, one more time, just a closer look
I don't need surgery, but what's a little slice or two?

Crashin' down again, luck is bad again
Don't care how I feel
Lookin' glass is dim, moldin' 'round the rim
Guess what? You aren't real

Burnin' down again, luck is bad again
And you don't care how I feel!
Lookin' glass is dim, moldin' 'round the rim
Guess what? You aren't
Real!