

Rising from the lungs  
Seeping from my pores  
I see your eyes are stung  
I think I want some more

And you breathe it out  
And you sweat out  
And you piss it out  
And you work it out  
And you cannot wash it  
And you just can't you lose it  
And I think I lost it  
Well I'll always choose it

What goes in quiet  
Comes out loud  
I'm working from the inside out

Now I'm going with the smell  
It's working very well

And you sweat it out  
And you piss it out  
And you bring it out  
And you work it out  
And you cannot loose it  
And you just can't wash it  
And I'll always choose it  
Well I think I lost it

It's not your point I'm missing  
You're just fishing

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Inside out