

Top Left Door

The Flatliners

Come on in, wipe your feet
It's been so damn long since you looked right at me
I'll take your coat just right down the hall
Where everybody else's shit is just hanging on the wall
Are you nervous? Don't ask me
Are you nervous? Don't ask me
Are you nervous? Don't ask me

Wide awake, fast asleep
I've got to admit neither really mean shit to me
I keep digging up, I'm holing up here
And counting the seconds as they sweep me under all that I fear

Get under my skin
Cause I want more
Yes I want more

Living thin, on your feet
You've got your own guilt trip you've set to a backbeat
I'll swallow whole all that we are
So I won't taste how bitter everything's become after all

Get me through this? I am asking
Vicious circle, wrap around me
Fight to control all that I see
So I'll howl just for now

Get under my skin
Cause I want more
Yes I want more

Get under my skin
Cause I want more
Yes I want more

Get under my skin
Cause I want more
Yes I want more