

# Trampled

## The Front Bottoms

I never done it, only sold it  
To a couple of my friends and now they're telling me that they feel fine  
And it's a backwards way of thinking  
But it's all that I got so I will keep it in the back of my mind

And it's a lonely conversation with a stranger I met  
Asking me what I'm gonna do tonight  
But I will never sleep again, so you can come on over  
I bet you think we both could work out fine

And it's a phone call, says you hate me  
Your boyfriend wants to know where I've been  
But it's a waste of time, you see I've lost weight  
My bones are practically sticking through my skin

And it's a question of religion, a question I want answered  
An answer that is in myself  
But I am absent, and I am hollow  
Most of the time I think I'm someone else

And I am bored, just like a summer cop  
Thinking what I'm doing's gonna make a difference  
And I keep screaming and asking him to stop  
But I doubt he will because he never listens

My bed is small but I cannot complain because it won't make a difference  
You could come over if that is what you decide  
And we could both stay up  
Try to watch the sun rise

And it's a phone call, says you hate me  
Your boyfriend wants to know where I've been  
But it's a waste of time, you see I've lost weight  
My bones are practically sticking through my skin

And it's a question of religion, a question I want answered  
It's an answer that is in myself  
But I am absent, and I am hollow  
Most of the time I think I'm someone else

But it's a phone call (it's a phone call), says you hate me (why do you hate me?)  
Your boyfriend wants to know where I've been (why do you hate me?)  
But it's a waste of time  
You see I've lost weight  
Oh, well my bones are practically sticking  
Practically sticking  
Through my skin (through my skin)  
Through my skin (through my skin)  
Through my skin  
Through my skin (why do you hate me?)  
Why do you hate me?

Ah, but it's a phone call, says you hate me  
Your boyfriend wants to know where I've been  
But it's a waste of time, you see I've lost weight  
My bones are practically sticking through my skin (they're sticking through

my skin)

And it's a question of religion, a question I want answered  
It's an answer that is in myself (I got questions, I got questions)  
But I am absent, and I am hollow  
Most of the time I think I'm someone else