

Hands and Faces

The Used

How can I not taste it,
When it's right there put it in my hand.
And let's not put it in their faces.
Hide the obvious just a little bit,
It's coming to this.
You'll know they'll never face it,
They're just a face all covered with a rag.
And they can't stop talking,
So the bigger it gets.
And yeah they take up space but still nothing's wasted.
A lie is a lie with crossed hearts and hopes to die.
You can find me underground,
Where I can't hear a sound.
I watched you get down on your knees,
In hopes that I would turn around.
So now you'll find me underground,
Where I can't hear a sound.
I tried hard to erase it.
I tried not to use it cause' I can.
And don't tell me what a race is,
Cause I can get fucked up more than a little bit
It's coming to this.
We pay to watch it wasted,
They're just a face all covered with a rag.
And they might keep running,
But the slower they move.
And those moves in time with their perfect placement.
What can I say,
I would have gone another way
Cause that isn't me.
I was born to fade away.
It's nothing you did, just something I felt as a kid.
And now I can't feel
I can't feel anything at all.
It's nothing at all,
I feel nothing at all