

Can't Listen

Tilt

You thought you'd risk my life for me
That kind of help I don't need
But oh what fun it seems to be
Smear all the door knobs with grease
Always keeping one eye free
Unconscious discrepancy
I try to pick the winning side
And you looked like the winning type

No I can't listen to you anymore
You're starting to make some kind of twisted sense
I know you'd love it if you knew how close you are
To persuading me

Got to prove you're not to touch
How can you stand to know so much?
Why do you stop to talk to me?
I'm deaf and dull with apathy
Dead men are the silent type
Tied off too tight with the hype
Did we dine and did we dash
Even when we had the cash

No I can't listen to you anymore
You're starting to make some kind of twisted sense
I know you'd love it if you knew how close you are
To persuading me close to persuading me
You may just take me down with you yet

I feel it seep
The trouble into my brain
Like a slow working corrosive
Eating away inside

Got to prove you're not to touch
How can you stand to know so much?
Why do you stop to talk to me?
I'm deaf and dull with apathy
I try to pick the winning side
And you looked like the winning type
You and me out on the dole
Next time we dance on hotter coals