

Self-Help

Tomberlin

Electrocuted in the bathtub
Yellow black, my bruises become
The heart is a heavy coffin
Where I lay down everyone I love

I used the self-help book
To kill a fly
I think it worked, Mom
I think I'm fine

Pray for my fifth of a century
The start of the beginning
The light in my eyes
Not the tears that fall out

Well, you have a soft sort of power
But you know I'm not your napkin
This time
This time
This time