

Numbers

Weezer

There's always a number that'll make you feel bad about yourself
You try to measure up, try to measure up to somebody else
Numbers are out to get you, numbers are out to get you
Numbers, ooh
They say that you're too short to join the team
And your IQ's too low for poetry
Numbers are out to get you, numbers are out to get you
Numbers, ooh

I hear the sadness in your laughter
So call on me and tell me what you need
Just call on me and tell me what you need

Look at him, look at her, they've got a million likes
You better figure out how to multiply, divide
Numbers are out to get you
They'll kill you if they get through
Numbers, ooh

I hear the sadness in your laughter
So call on me and tell me what you need
Just call on me and tell me what you need

I'm a one, I'm a zero
In the end, does it matter?
All that we even really know
Is every nail needs a hammer
But the numbers won't compute
When we love and a two becomes one
(Zero, one, one, two, three, five, eight, thirteen)

I hear the sadness in your laughter
I hear the sadness in your laughter