

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