

# Branded

Grinspoon

Burnt Cigarettes  
Old broken Lamp  
That velvet dress  
Your last high-school dance

In from the cold  
Out from the night  
She told the world  
how she wants to die

There is nothing  
To call your own

(HEY)  
So let them listen  
(HEY)  
So let them gather round  
We have all been bitten  
Branded pound for pound

Your useless case  
My broken bell  
Your painting up that old wishing well

There was no truth  
To set you free  
nothing amazing, a false prophecy

There is nothing  
To call your own

(HEY)  
So let them listen  
(HEY)  
So let them gather round  
We have all been bitten  
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It's an empty highway  
And we've traveled very long  
There is nowhere to go  
Now we're on our own

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