

standing in the rain, a broken window pane
rain drops fall upon my head
nothing left to do, repetition's turned me blue
and all of my thoughts are dead
i can see for miles, in every direction
i can see your hell, in your reflection
tying up in bed, staring at her head
i wonder what she's thinkin now?
all my thoughts are true, of what i said to you
it seems so much like home right now
i can see you with your back to the wall
i will be there when you finally fall
nothing left you could say this time
you can't weasel out this time but
i can see you with your back to the wall
standing in the rain all the people look the same
the raindrops fall upon my head
nothing left to do because my brain's too full of glue
its like my mind is overfed
(nothing witty seems to come to mind though)
cornered with your back to the wall
cornered with your back to the wall...