

There's no doubt that I'll sink my teeth in
Not without depleting everyone around

I'm a seen-it-all type, not easy to thrill
I keep plants indoors, so I have something to kill
I'll conjure up the worst of me
To sing a song so bittersweet

There's no doubt that I'll sink my teeth in
Not without depleting everyone around

I'll come out of hiding just before dawn
When tea tastes like pencils, I've been stirring too long
I'll offer up my aisle seat
In this exit row for the sad elite

There's what I know for certain
I know that I'm not wrong
Suffering has no purpose
'Round Here' is an almost perfect song
(Almost)

There's no doubt that I'll sink my teeth in
Not without depleting everyone around

I dragged my body to the desert's end
To mine for words in this abandoned head
But all the vultures that surrounded said
Was "flesh is flesh whether live or dead"