

Counters

Young Knives

We're not numbers
We're not numbers anymore
We're the counters
We're not numbers anymore

We're not numbers
We're not numbers anymore
We're the counters
We're the counters

It seems that all the milk's gone sour
And I can't believe my eyes
I drank to put me out of my misery
cruel to be kind
The sweat has dried into my shirt
and I tried to bite my tongue
I know you think that I am joking around
you've got that wrong, wrong, wrong

Sitting in the front seat
Turning on the motor
Sucking on the hose pipe
Keep it turning over

It seems that everything's gone wrong
Since you entered my life
For me to stay here would be a bad idea
And thats not so nice, nice, nice

Sitting in the front seat
Turning on the motor
Sucking on the hose pipe
Keep it turning over
Keep it turning over